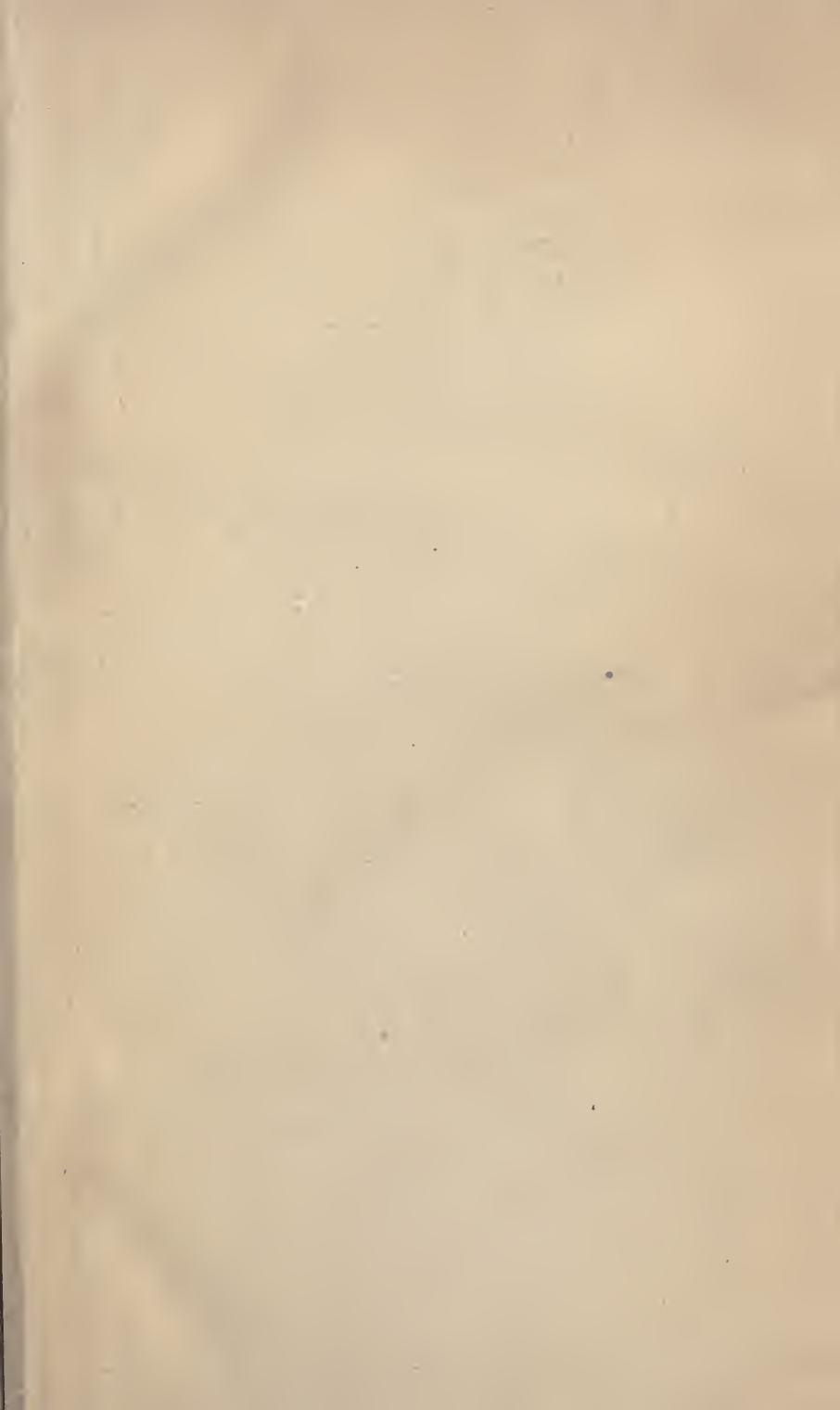






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# MY BOOK.

MY BÓOK is tó mysélf so like,  
Ánd there 's so féw mysélf who like,  
I féar there 's féw my Bóok will like.  
Íf I had cáred to páint less like  
Únadorned Náture, ánd more like  
Dáubings of Bóz, Phiz, ánd such like  
Cáricatúrists, móre would like  
Mé and my Bóok, fewer dislíke.

---

MY BÓOK is a bazáar  
In which my poems áre  
Each óne a separate shóp;  
If in this one you don't find  
What 's exáctly to your mínd,  
Intó the next one póp.

JAMES HENRY.

WA'SENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN,

Fúll of 1853.

BOOKSELLER.

Búy this bóok, it is a góod one,  
Fúll of sénse and wít and léarning.  
Think of thé poor áuthor píníng,  
Hálf fed, hálf clad, ín a gárret.

Hé has máde me his recéiver,  
Fáithfully with him I 'll réckon.  
Búy his bóok, it is a chéap one,  
Fór three shillings yóu shall háve it.

Thánk you, Sír; of thése three shillings  
Thréé pence cléar goes tó the áuthor,  
Óut of which he 'll páy the printer;  
Í 've the bálance fór my tróuble.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 8. 1853.

## POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The Régistrý presérves the dáte,  
Thirtéenth Decémber, Nínety éight,  
When first the spíndle óf my fáte  
Begán to twírl, and át Fiftéen  
Of Hóggín ónce, now Cóllege, Gréen,  
In the Írish cápital óf our Quéen,  
I éntered ón this mórtal státe,  
Néarly two thóusand yéars too láte,  
A chúbby, hándsome, héálthy bóy,  
My fáther's príde, my móther's jóy.  
At twó yéars óld I 'd léarned to wálk  
Ánd my half-nátive lánguage tálk;  
Fórtý months ólder wént to schóol,  
Whére I was fórced to líve by rúle,  
To spéll, make fígures, ánd to hámmar  
Hárd at the quírks and quérks of grámmar.  
My Máster wás one Jóseph Húttón,  
Black brówed, black dréssed, black évery búttón;  
Grim, féruled týrant! skílled to rúle  
By féar, not lóve, his íll-taught schóol;  
Who cóuld of Chrístian chárity préach,  
Yet knéw each schóolboy bý his bréech.  
At tén I fírst begán to dánce;  
w At twélve I 'd wríttén a románce  
Fúll of the Arábian táles and Hómer,

Minérva, Márs, and caliph Ómar.  
At fourteen, sent to grópe for knówledge  
Amóng the mónks of Trinity Cóllege,  
I léarned each hád an íncome cléar  
Of twice five húndred póunds a yéar;  
For which he tóok an óath to préach  
Staunch órthodóxy, ánd to téach  
Saint Pátrick's rising gènération  
To knów, by cèrtain cálculation,  
How mány times four póps make éight,  
And whý a cúrved line is not stráight.  
Fiftéen and hálf yéars óld, one dáy —  
'Twas in this flówery mónth of Máy —  
A páir of blúe eyes béamed on me  
So sóftly, swéetly, ténderly,  
I áll at ónce forgót books, knówledge,  
And órthodóxy ánd my cóllege;  
All vánished, like dissólving víews,  
Fróm my young bráin, or, if ye chóose,  
Fróm my poor héart, and in their pláce  
Came áirs angélic, fórms of gráce,  
Vísions of cónstancy and trúth,  
Dréams of unchánging lóve and yóuth.  
I gázed, I wished, I hóped, I sighed;  
She smíled, looked sád, and droóped and díed;  
Ánd I had wépt, ere quíte sixtéén,  
Upón the chùrchyard híllock gréen,  
That ánswered cöldly tó my sighs:—  
For éver clósed those bríght, blúe éyes;  
Corrúption, clóds and wórms dwell hére;  
Áwáy, young mán, dry úp that téar.

Ígnorant, árdent, ánd seventéen,  
Médícine 's a glórious thíng, I wéen:



How néar a Gód is hé who cán  
 Assuáge the pángs of bróther mán,  
 Smóoth the sick píllow, ánd, with bálm  
 Pótent the thróbbing púlse to cálm,  
 Wóo to the áching lids coy Sléep,  
 And plúnge the sénse in Léthe déep.  
 Five yéars, long yéars, I visitéd  
 Éarly and láte the póor man's béd,  
 Lived midst contágion, filth and gróans,  
 Póred over déad men's móuldering bónes,  
 Or with the anátomiser's knífe  
 And microscópe tracked súbtle Life  
 Fróm her outwórks through nérve and véin  
 Ínto her dónjon ín the bráin,  
 And thénce to hér outwórks agáin,  
 Báckwards and fórwards, róund and róund,  
 O'er áll th' enchánted cástle's gróund —  
 In váin! in váin! — I béat the áir —  
 She hás been hére, she hás been thére;  
 Her fóotprints théy are évery whére;  
 Bút the fay's sélf — put úp thy knífe —  
 Thou séekest thysélf, thysélf art Life.

A Dóctor léarnéd at twéntry twó,  
 Gréat is my wónder Í've so féw  
 Sick cálls; what cán the réason bé  
 Scarce ónce a mónth drops in a fée?  
 There 's Dóctor Láncet — éunning féllow! —  
 Pósting bý in his cárriage yéllow;  
 I dóubt if hé could diagnóse  
 'Twixt Scárlatína ánd the Róse,  
 Yét his door knócker 's ídle néver,  
 Ánd ábout he 's gálloping éver,  
 Paying minute vísits tó the sick,



And writing récípés so quick  
 His pílls and pówders, draughts and dróps,  
 Jóstle in the chémists' shóps.  
 I knów five tímes as múch as hé,  
 Yet rárely cómes a cáse to mé;  
 What is — what cán the réason bé?  
 I 'll ásk himsélf — who knóws so wéll?  
 Knóws, to be sùre — but will he téll?  
 I 'll try. Betíde the wórst that will,  
 Small wáy is máde by sítting stíll.  
 Knock knóck, knock knóck:— "Doctor at hóme?"  
 "Yés sir, step ín." "Doctor, I 'm cóme  
 To bég you 'll téll me, if you pléase,  
 How 'tis you gét so mány fées,  
 So kéepe in ápple-píe condition,  
 While Í, no léss a góod physícian,  
 Pérish, almóst, of inanítion."  
 The Dóctor smíled, and shóok his héad:—  
 "I thínk I knów your cáse," he sáid;  
 "Yóu study síckness ánd deséase;  
 Théy have no móney, páy no fées.  
 Í study mén, and mén to pléase;  
 Mén have the móney, páy the fées."  
 "But if the pátient chánce to díe?" —  
 "Why, thén *God* killed him, ánd not Í;  
 Déath is *God's* will — must bé endúred —  
 Áll that recóver Í have cúred."  
 I bówed and thánked him, ánd saw cléar  
 Two thóusand stérllng póunds a yéar,  
 Fame, liveries and yéllow cóach,  
 Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;  
 And wéepeing Hónor ón the right  
 With óutspread wíngs ready for flíght:—  
 "Stáy, Honor, stáy, we 'll nót part só;

Together through the world we 'll go:  
Fold up thy wings —" and, as I spoke,  
Vanished into thin air, like smoke,  
Coach, liveries, and income clear  
Two thousand sterling pounds a year.

Till twenty eight my destiny  
Kept her best gift in store for me —  
A second self, than self more dear —  
My paper 's blotted — 'tis a tear:  
Four years two months ago this day  
In South Tiról a corpse she lay.  
Wreathed round with lily and with rose  
In yonder marble vase repose  
The relics of her funeral pyre,  
The cinders that survived the fire.  
Still twenty years the lot be mine,  
Fresh roses round that urn to twine  
And on the garland drop a tear,  
As I renew it year by year;  
Then come, my child — my Katharine, come —  
That urn is my long-chosen home;  
There lay my cinders, and each year  
Honor thy parents with a tear  
And a fresh wreath; and, when at last  
Thou too through life's long death hast past,  
Rejoin thy parents in their urn,  
And there with them to dust return,  
Happy if some kind heart a tear  
Drop on that urn the following year,  
Or hang fresh wreath of rosemary,  
And sigh, and say:— "I knew the three."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

And writing récipes so quick  
 His pílls and pówders, draughts and dróps,  
 Jóstle in the chémist's shóps.  
 I knów five tímes as múch as hé,  
 Yet rárely cómes a cáse to mé;  
 What is — what cán the réason bé?  
 I 'll ásk himsél' — who knóws so wél'?  
 Knóws, to be sùre — but will he téll?  
 I 'll trý. Betíde the wórst that wíll,  
 Small wáy is máde by sítting stíll.  
 Knock knóck, knock knóck:— "Doctor at hóm?"  
 "Yés sir, step ín." "Doctor, I 'm cóme  
 To bég you 'll téll me, íf you pléase,  
 How 'tís you gét so mány fées,  
 So kéept in ápple-pié condítion,  
 While Í, no léss a góod physícian,  
 Pérish, almóست, of inanítion."  
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 "I thínk I knów your cáse," he sáid;  
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 Théy have no móney, páy no fées.  
 Í study mén, and mén to pléase;  
 Mén have the móney, páy the fées."  
 "But íf the pátient chánce to díe?" —  
 "Why, thén *God* killed him, ánd not Í;  
 Déath is *God's* wíll — must bé endúred —  
 Áll that recóver Í have cúred."  
 I bówed and thánked him, ánd saw cléar  
 Two thóusand stérllng póunds a yéar,  
 Fame, líveries and yéllow cóach,  
 Ón the left hánd, make théir appróach;  
 And wéeptng Hónor ón the ríght  
 With óutspread wíngs réady for flíght:—  
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Honor thy parents with a tear  
And a fresh wreath; and, when at last  
Thou too through life's long death hast past,  
Rejoin thy parents in their urn,  
And there with them to dust return,  
Happy if some kind heart a tear  
Drop on that urn the following year,  
Or hang fresh wreath of rosemary,  
And sigh, and say:— "I knew the three."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 5. 1853.

POET AND MUSE.

Now, wáyward Múse,  
You 'll nót refúse  
    To síng a sóng,  
A vérse or twó  
Of sómething nów,  
    And nót too lóng,

Síng it yoursélf,  
Poétic élf,  
    It 's yóu 're inspired;  
You 've drágged me thróugh  
Both óld and nów,  
    Till Í am tired,

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.



## EDWARD AND ROSALIE.

There 's a knóck at the dóor, there 's a púll at the béll,  
There 's a stép on the stáir, and she knóws the step wéll;  
The work dróps from her hánd, and she bóunds cross the flóor,  
And the sáme arms enclásp her, that clásped her of yóre —  
That clásped her at pártíng, when ó'er the wide séa  
To the wárs Edward wént, from his fáir Rosalie:—  
“Now, Édward, my Édward, thou lóok'st thin and pále;  
What 's befállen thee, my lóved one? What cán Edward áil?  
Hast been sick, or a prisoner? or trávelled too fár  
And too fást home agáin from the lóng Turkish wár?”  
“I háve not been prisoner, I háve not been sick;  
And whó to his bríde home e'er trávelled too quíck?  
No, Rósalie, Rósalie — Bút I 'll not spéak  
The fátal word óut — rather lét my heart bréak.”  
“Speak it óut, renegáde — for the Créscent I séc  
Glittering hére on thy bréast, where the Cróss used to bé —  
Speak it óut, renegáde — then for éver farewéll —  
From this hóur I 'm the clóister's — thou héarest the béll.”  
“One móment, one móment, my Rósalie, stáy —  
I 'm no lónger poor Édward; I 'm rích Osman Báy;  
The stéed 's at the dóor, and not fár off the séa  
Where the ship rocking lís that shall this night with mé  
Far awáy from the Christian's land béar Rosalie.”

"I knów thee not, récreant — ah, bláck, dismal dáy! —  
Poor Édward my tróth has, not rích Osman Báy.  
Awáy o'er the wáters withóut Rosalie —  
I gíve thee thy tróth back — awáy — thou art fréé."  
He 's gone dówn to the shíp, he 's awáy o'er the séa,  
And the cloíster gate 's elósed upon fáir Rosalie;  
True lóver 's for éver from true lover párted,  
He in sórrow to líve, she to díe broken héarted.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 29. 1853.

#### DING DONG.

"Ding dóng, Ding dóng,  
Pósting alóng  
Through the mórning áir,  
Stop thére, stop thére."  
"What wóuld'st thou sáy?  
Be bríef I práy,  
The mínutes flý,  
Short tíme have Í  
In chát to spénd;  
Make háste, good friénd."  
"Few wórds will dó;  
Just téll me true,  
When Í am déad  
And ón my héad  
By séxton's spáde  
The gréensward 's láid,  
Únder the sháde



Of yón grey bírch  
Behind the chùrch,  
What wilt thou sáy  
Upón that dáy?"  
"Ding dón, Ding dón,  
Dong dín, Ding dón."

"One móment móre —  
And íf, befóre  
The séxton's spáde  
The swárd has láid  
Upón my héad,  
I chánce to wéd,  
And léad a bride  
In beauty's pride  
Úp the church áisle,  
Méeting the smíle  
Of friends, and shówers  
Of bright spring flówers,  
What wilt thou sáy  
Upón that dáy?"  
"Ding dón, Ding dón,  
Dong dín, Ding dón."

"And whén my bride  
Lies bý my síde  
Únder the swárd  
Of thát churchyárd,  
And séxton's spáde  
Has éven máde  
Her sód with míne,  
And children twíne  
Sweet églantine  
And jéssamine

Round that grey birch  
Behind the church,  
Or sit and weep  
By the new raised heap,  
Oft wondering why  
Up to the sky  
Mother should go  
That loved them so —  
Upon that day  
What wilt thou say?"  
"Ding dong, Ding dong,  
Dong ding, Ding dong."

"Begone, Ding dong;  
Thou 'st staid too long.  
Through the morning air  
Whitherso'er,  
Or quick or slow,  
Thou lik'st to go,  
Begone, Ding dong,  
And sing thy song.  
Whether thou guide  
To th' altars side  
Bridegroom and bride,  
Or to the tomb  
Bride and bridegroom,  
I care not, so  
From hence thou go,  
Sad voice of woe.

### GOOD NIGHT.

Sweet, good night;  
Till morning light  
In slumber lie,  
Then come and stay  
By me all day  
And I 'll not sigh.

Sweet, good night;  
Till morning light  
Dream but of me,  
Who dream alway  
Both night and day  
Only of thee.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 13. 1853.

### GOOD MORROW.

Good morrow, Sweet;  
Pleasant to meet  
Thee and the light;  
Dark without thee  
Were day to me,  
Dark as midnight.

Good morrow, Sweet;  
Pleasant to meet  
Thee and the light;  
Stay but with me,  
And I 'll not see  
Darkness in night.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 14. 1853.

## Liebchen, gut' Nacht.

Aus dem Englischen des Dr. J. Henry.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!  
Bis der Morgen lacht  
Ruh' in Schlummer gewiegt.  
Dann komm, bleib hier  
Den Tag bei mir,  
So seufz' ich nicht.

Liebchen, gut' Nacht!  
Bis der Morgen lacht  
Träum' nur von mir,  
Der schlafend und wach  
Bei Nacht und Tag  
Träumt nur von dir.

Dresden, 15. Mai 1853.

M. Lindemann.

---

“Prétty máid, tell mé the réason  
Whý you blúsh when Í come néar you?  
Whý you trémbles, cást your eýes down,  
Ánd so fúmble with your knitting?”

“Ráther téll me, silly yóung man,  
Whý you 're éver hóvering néar me?  
Whý I néver cán alóne be,  
Súnday, wéekday, mórn or évening?”

“Prétty máid, it is so pléasant  
Tó be álwáys lóoking át you;  
Í would líke to bé your bróther,  
Ór your sístér, tó be néar you.”

“Sílly yóung man, Í ’m no pícture  
Tó be ídly stáred and gázed at;  
Gó, get sómething tó emplóy you;  
Húnt or físh — or knít as Í do.”

“Cóme with mé and wé ’ll go húnting,  
Ór with mé come tó the ríver,  
Ór I ’ll sít down héré beside you,  
Ánd assist you with your knítting.”

“Ídle yóung man, Í ’ll emplóy you.  
Hére ’s a létter fór my Trúelove;  
Gó and find him, gíve it tó him,  
Ánd bring báck the ánsWER quicklY.”

“Whére shall Í look fór your Trúelove?  
Ín the cíty, ór the cóuntry?  
Whát ’s his náme? there ’s nó áddrÉss here,  
Nót one wórd of súpÉrscription.”

“Gíve ’t me báck — I ’m sÓ forgÉtful —  
Lét me sée — what is ’t they cáll him? —  
Thére — wíte yóu the súpÉrscription;  
Í ’m too búsy with my knítting.”

“Prétty máid, I ’ve fóund your Trúelove;  
Ánd he sÉnds you báck thís ánsWER.  
Ón your fínger éver wÉar it.

Dróp your knítting; cóme with mé, Love.”

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 6. 1853.



## POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

Through the wide world go where I will,  
Two shadowy forms go with me still:  
One tall and handsome, fresh and bright,  
And gaily clad, keeps on my right;  
To look on him from morn till night,  
And night till morn, is my delight.  
A stunted dwarf in shabby clothes  
The other on my left hand goes,  
Odious to look on or be near.  
Who these forms are I'd like to hear,  
Or why with me for ever so  
Round and round the world they go.

FRIEND.

Though you're no Sphinx, no Oedipus, I,  
To read your riddle I will try.  
Those forms are shadows of yourself;  
He on the left — that stunted elf —  
Your very image, all declare,  
Sir poet's likeness to a hair.  
The right hand figure, I confess,  
Is far less like you, yet, I guess,  
Is still your silhouette; painted bright,  
As you appear in your own sight.  
By two such shapes, one on each side,  
Each traveller's accompanied  
Along life's road. I'll lay my head  
Against a pin, your riddle's read.

### HUMBUG'S SECRET.

It happened, or by chance or fate,  
One evening promenading late  
Upón the mall, Humbúg and Í  
Fell into each óther's cómpany:—  
“Cóme, knowing Húmbug, téll me why  
So mány yéars in váin I trý  
Úp in this wórld one stép to rise;  
Though riches, hónors, dignities  
Róund me descénd in héaven-sent shówers,  
Gláddening this thirstý éarth of óurs,  
They néver on mé their déw let fáll,  
Í néver come ín for a dróp at áll.  
There 's nóne can téll so wéll as yóu  
If hálf men sáy of yóu be true.”  
Húmbug looked gráve, and shóok his héad,  
And thús in sólemn áccents sáid:—  
“There 's sóme good cáuse; let 's féel your skúll:  
Here 's Cúnníng smáll, and Hónor fúll —  
A fátal cómbinátió that —  
And Wórldly-míndednéss quite flát;  
And this bump, like an órange, hére  
Upón your fórehead, hów I féar  
It 's Póetry, not Cálculátió;  
And thén I find no Ádulátió,  
And nót a gráin of Vénerátió,  
But húge Philósophý instéad —  
I néver félt a wórse shaped héad.”



I dréw a déep and héartfelt sigh:—  
“Shów me but hów, I ’ll gládly trý  
To exchánge my héad, Humbúg,” said Í,  
“For óne of á more módern cút —”  
“You táke me quíte too sérious; tút!  
I was ónly jóking, héads are bút  
Of sécondáry cónséquence,  
Unléss they ’re quíte weighéd dówn with sénse.”  
“Then whát ’s the máin throw, Húmbug, práy?  
The chíef point óf impórtance, sáy?  
The first great thíng which Í must dó  
To gét on in the wórld like yóu?”  
“Accórding tó their várious vIEWS,  
Sóme men the hát praise, sóme the shóes,  
Sóme say kidglóves are thé main thíng,  
Óthers that yóu must léarn to síng  
Not first, but sécond; sóme insíst,  
A mítre hás been gót by whíst:  
You múst believe in héaven and héll  
So lóng as yóu in Éngland dwéll;  
But, gó to GÉRmanÝ, they ’ll stáre  
And flý perháps intó your háir,  
Íf you but hínt it póssible  
A góod God éver máde a héll —”  
“Stop thére,” I ánswered shórt and grúff;  
“Your rígmárole is lóng enóugh;  
I ásked you hów best tó succéed  
In éarthly thíngs, not fór a créed.”  
“And só, young mán, you thínk you ’re wiser  
Than hé you ’ve chósen for yóur advíser?  
Gó, rise to hónors and dígníties  
Whátéver shórtér wáy you pléase;  
I ’ve dóne with yóu.” “Stay, Húmbug, stáy —  
Forgíve me — léave me nótt this wáy;

Command me, bid me, Í obéy."  
 "I 'll take your word," Humbúg replied,  
 And came up kindly bý my side,  
 And took my árm, and in my éar  
 Close whispered, thát none élse might héar:—  
 "The sécret lies neithér in hát,  
 Créed, nor kidglóves, but in a cát."  
 "A cát?" said Í, cocking my éar;  
 "A cát? or did I rightly héar?"  
 "A cát," said hé, close whispering báck,  
 "Whéther gray, tórtoiseshéll, or bláck,  
 Or white, you 've ónly tó take cáre  
 To stróke her cánny with the háir:  
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,  
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir,  
 Púrring her féline grátitude;  
 But shóuld you chánce with áction rúde  
 To rúb her ónce agáinst the háir,  
 Bewáre her fángs. The wórld 's a cát —"  
 "Enóugh!" said Í, and thrice my hát  
 Pitched into the áir, "I háve it pát:  
 Stróke with the háir the húman cát,  
 Íf you 'd not fáre worse thán a rát.  
 The húman cát stroke with the háir,  
 She 'll rúb hersélf agáinst your cháir,  
 And fóllow you úp and dówn the stáir.  
 Ah, Húmbug, bútt true wisdom 's ráre!  
 And nów, you rógue, I 've stróked you right,  
 And gót your sécret — só, good night."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.

## EDWARD AND MARY.

EDWARD.

Máry, I swéar —

By this light and áir —

By héaven abóve —

Thou árt my Lóve —

For thee I sigh —

For thee I díe —

Stáy, Mary, stáy —

Ah, dísmal dáy!

And cánst thou gó?

And léave me só?

Then fáre thee wéll!

How hándsome 's Néll!

Her eýes how bríght!

Her skín how whíte!

What rúby líps!

How light she tríps —

MARY.

I dón't believe.

You bút decéive.

It is not true.

I lóve not yóu.

In váin, in váin.

'Twill cúre your páin.

Good býe, good býe.

How háppy Í!

Gone, góne for éver.

To cóme back néver.

What did you sáy?

Who 's Néll, I práy?

You dó but jést.

You plágue, you pést!

Édward, I sáy —

I 'll stáy, I 'll stáy.

How like a fawn —

Acróss the láwn!

When Néll is nigh —

I néver sígh.

Her silver voice —

Makes my héart rejóice.

And thén her mínd —

As sóft as kind!

There líves but óne —

One, óny óne —

Whom Í prefér —

To Néll prefér —

And thóu art shé —

Máry, thou 'rt shé —

Máry, thou 'rt míne —

And Í am thine —

Then góod bye, Néll —

Máry and Í —

I 'm yóurs alóne.

I 'm Édward's ówn.

I 'm in despáir.

I 'll téar her háir.

Discórdant screám!

Do I wáke or dréam?

I 'll frét her yét.

The pért Grisétte!

How rásh was Í!

I díe, I díe.

Stay, lét me héar —

I féar, I féar —

What díd you sáy?

Blest dáy, blest dáy!

Yes, Édward, yés.

O háppinés!

And góod bye, sórrow —

Are óne tomórrow.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 20. 1853.

## TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Promenáding as úsual alóng the same stréet  
Todáy and Tomórrow once háppened to méet:—  
“Now, good cóusin Tomórrow,” thus sáid sad Todáy,  
“How cómes it you ’re álwáys so mérry and gáy?  
Not a clóud shades your brów, not a téar dims your eýe,  
All súnshine and rósés and bríght, sapphíre ský.”  
“Don’t móck me, dear Yésterday,” ánswered Tomórrow;  
“I am héavy and sád, my heart bréaking with sórrów.  
It ’s *yóu* have the súnshine and bríght, sapphíre ský,  
A brów ever clóudless, a téar undimmed eýe.  
From mórning till níght *I* do nóthing but sigh —  
Sigh for Yésterday’s háppiness, Yésterday’s jóys;  
It ’s Yésterday ónly no tróuble annóys.”  
“Alás! dear Tomórrow, and dó you say só?  
And that smíle on your fáce only lídes your heart’s wóe?  
I could néver have thóught you wore súch a false shów.”  
“Your unfórtunate cóusin you ’d nót so upbráid,  
If you knéw with what gríefs to the gróund he is weíghed.”  
“Forgíve me, dear Cóz; from the dépth of my héart  
I píty your cáse. Could I cómfort impárt —”  
“Nay, náy, that ’s impóssible — Cóusin, good býe;  
Enjóy your good fórtune, and léave me to sigh.”  
So sáid, he went ón, and no wórd added móre,  
And Todáy slowly fóllowed, more sád than befóre.



## RECOVERY.

Hush, ye rude ones, stir not, breathe not —  
Slumber 's falling on his eyelids;  
From the fever's heat and tossing  
The tired frame at last is resting.

Softly draw the window curtains —  
Shut out the intrusive daylight —  
Stay; stay: let one little ray in,  
Just to show how calm he 's sleeping.

Pale and sunk although his cheek is,  
Yet it 's soft, and cool, and placid;  
And he draws his breathing even;  
And there 's dew upon his forehead.

Richly now how ye 're rewarded,  
All my nights and days of watching!  
More than payment this one moment  
For a hundred years of sorrow.

Down my cheeks the tears are stealing,  
On his blanched hand noiseless dropping;  
Blessed, blessed Sleep, I thank thee —  
They 're a wife's tears, not a widow's.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 7. 1853.

M A R Y.

Máry, plúck me yónder rósebud;  
Fróm thine hánd I 'm fáin to háve it.  
Íf thou wilt not, lét it háng there —  
Whát care Í abóut the rósebud?

Máry, síng me thé new bállad;  
Fróm thy líps I lóng to héar it.  
Íf thou wilt not, líttle cáre I  
Íf I néver héar the bállad.

Máry, cóme, and lét us sáunter  
Hálf an hóur abóut the méadow.  
Íf thou wilt not, Í will stáy here —  
Lét who will, stroll ín the méadow.

Máry, sít down hére beside me,  
Till we chát a while togéther.  
Íf thou wilt not, Í 'll be sílent —  
Í care bút to chát with Máry.

Máry, cánst thou gó and léave me  
Hére alóne to pine in sórrow? —  
Áh, she 's góne! and líttle cáre I  
Íf I néver sée tomórrów.



BESSIE, 'TIS A SUNNY MORNING.

Béssie, 'tís a súunny mórníng,  
Ánd the lárks are síngíng gáíly;  
Gét your bónnet, láy your bóok down —  
Théy are át the háy alréady.

Táke your fórk, toss óut the láp-cocks —  
With the déw they 're wét and héavy —  
Spréad them tó the sún and áir well,  
Thére 's a mórníng sóon will drý them.

Sháke them, tóss them, túrn them óver,  
Lét no twó stalks líe togéther,  
Tíll the whóle field wé have cóvered  
With a líght, soft, spríngy cárpet.

Whát a pléasure tó be wórking —  
Máking fód for hónest Pieball —  
Ín the bríght, sunshíny mórníng,  
With the lárks abóut us síngíng!

Bút it 's néíther hónest Pieball,  
Nór the lárks abóut me síngíng,  
Nór the frésh, sunshíny mórníng  
Thát makes mé work with such pléasure;

Fór were yóu not with me, Béssie,  
Hélping mé to tóss the háy out,  
Í 'd scaree knów the lárks were singing,  
Ór sun shining ón the háyfield.

Tóss it, túrn it, spréad it wéll out  
Tó the hót sun ánd the dry áir;  
Ín the évening wé will cóck it:  
Yóu 're a bráve haymáker, Béssie.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 11. 1853.

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Ónce it háppened ón a Fríday —  
Frídays álwáys wére unlúcky —  
Ín the dóubtfúll mónth of Ápril,  
Í walked óut withóut umbrélla.

Í had ón thín shóes and stóckings,  
Ánd a cóat more fit for Júly  
Thán the tréacherous mónth of Ápril,  
Ánd my trówsers wére of nánkeen.

Í was thinking óf my Trúelove,  
Ánd my wáy lay tóward her dwélling  
Twó miles dístant ás the bírd flíes —  
Shé expécted mé that évening.

Óf the wáy I 'd máde a quártér,  
Éver thinking óf my Trúelove,  
Whén the ráin begán to pátter,  
Ánd to spót my nánkeen trówsers.

Túsh! said Í, it is no máttér —  
Ápril shówers were néver lásting,  
Nánkeens wón't be lóng a-dryíng —  
Í 'll not díssappóint my Trúelove.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,  
Ánd the dróps grew éver lárger,  
Ánd befóre long mý nankéens stuck  
Tó my skín like wét brown páper.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,  
Ánd the dróps fell thíck and thícker,  
Ánd the róad grew déep and spláshy,  
Ánd my shóes let in the wáter;

Ánd the stréam that fróm my hát ran  
Dówn behind upón my shóulders,  
Wóuld have túrned a líttle míll-wheel  
Hád there béen one át my cóat tail.

Néver wétter wás Leánder  
Tó his Héro níghtly swímmíng,  
Néver wétter wás a drówned rat,  
Nóah's árk was néver wétter.

Súre I ám, she 's thínkíng óf me,  
Lóokíng óut upón the wéather;  
Wéll she knóws the ráin won't stóp me,  
Wéll she knóws there ís no shéltér.

Pátter, pátter, still the ráin went,  
Ánd the róad grew éver déeper;  
Wéll! said Í, it ís smáll máttér —  
Cóme what wíll, I 'll tó my Trúelove.

Ás I spóke, a súdden gúst came;  
Ín a twinkling óff my hát flew;  
Pútting úp my hánd to sáve it,  
Dówn into the dích my fóot slipped.

Ín the strúggle Í fell óver;  
'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me,  
Élse I 'd spráined my wrist or áncle,  
Ór perháps put óut my shóulder.

'Twás the friendly brámbles sáved me —  
Cáught me bý the nánkeen trówsers —  
Bróke my fáll — but áh! my nánkeens —  
Whát a rént! — What sháll I nów do?

Récreant, cánst thou túrn and léave her  
Wáiting, wáatching át the window? .  
“Whát is 't kéeps my Lóve from cóming?  
Trúelove néver mínded wéather.”

Thére 's the hóuse in víew alréady;  
Ánd the hóur, I héar it chíming —  
Spite of trówsers, spite of wétting,  
Í 'll-be with thee, Lóve, this évening.

Fórtune éver smíles on cóurage:  
Ín my sléeve behóld a stróng pin —  
Táilored in a trice my trówsers,  
Júst enóugh to kéep my shírt in.

Pócket hándkerchief, tied néatly  
Twice round héad and éars and témples,  
With extémporáncous túrban  
Lóss of béaver hát repláces.

Brávo! Brávo! Í have cónquered;  
Hére 's th' appróach up tó the hóuse leads;  
Ráin, wind, fáll, lost hát, torn trówsers,  
Í despise you — thére 's my Trúelove.

Thére she 's át the wíndow stánding;  
Tó the dóor she flíes to méet me —  
Néver in sunshíny wéather  
Hád we hálf so pléasant méeting.

Fírst she láughed, and thén she máde me  
Tén times óver téll my stóry,  
Ás she héaped the fíre with bíllets,  
And set dówn tea, wíne, and swéetmeats.

Ánd she lóoked so kíndly ón me,  
Ánd so cálléd me hér Leánder,  
Ás she chíd me fór persísting  
Tó come ón despíte the wéather,

Thát as Í sat thére beside her,  
Dryíng mý wet clóthes, and sípping  
Thé hot téa that hér own déar self  
Máde, poured óut, and hánded tó me,

Í could nótt but práy in sécret  
Í might álways gét a drénching,  
Lóse my hát, and téar my trówsers,  
Ón my wáy to sée my Trúelove.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 9. 1853.

## WILLIAM AND LUCY.

WILLIAM.

Like a summer morning éarly  
Frésh, and swéet, and míld is Lúcy.

LUCY.

Like a summer nóonday 's William,  
Rádiant, bríght, and stróng, and hándsome.

WILLIAM.

Ténder, pénsive, mélanchóly  
Lúcy 's like a summer évening.

LUCY.

William, whén he 's sád, is like a  
Summer's níght when stárs are twinkling.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like a gólden wíllow  
Bénding ó'er a gárden fóuntain.

LUCY.

William 's like a státely cédar  
Whén it 's in full léaf in Júly.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the áutumn móonlight  
Ón the yéllow córnsheaves sléeping.

LUCY.

William 's like the crímson súnbeams  
Ón the nów-ploughed úpland fállow.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the glássy, cléar lake  
Whén no bréath its bósom wrínkles.

LUCY.

William 's like the déep, full ríver  
Ónward rólling tóward the ócean.



WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like Acánthus vólute  
By the hánd of Phídias chiseled.

LUCY.

William 's like the pórophyry pillar  
Thé entáblature sustáining.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the nuns' chant stéaling  
Through the cloíster bárs at véspers.

LUCY.

William 's like the ánthem péaling  
Through the áisles of thé cathédral.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the tímíd ríngdove  
Cooíng in the fórest's cóvert.

LUCY.

William 's like the gállant góshawk  
Sóaring through the ský at mídday.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like the máid I dréamt once  
Stóod beside me át the áltar.

LUCY.

William 's like the yóuth I twice dreamt  
Pút the ríng upón my fínger.

WILLIAM.

Lúcy 's like — aye, bý this ríng, Love —  
Lúcy 's like the bríde of William.

LUCY.

William 's like — by this same ríng and  
Héaven I swéar it — Lúcy's brídegroom.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.

Ín the fields or ón the róadsíde  
Néar a líttle cóuntry víllage,  
Múttéríng tó hímsélf and líltíng,  
Áll day lóng a yóung man sáunters.

Múttéríng, líltíng, ás he sáunters,  
Chíldrén póínt the fínger át híim,  
Ánd wíse párents cáll híim ídle,  
Crázy, góod for nóthíng póet.

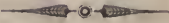
Thát yóung mán sees nótt the víllage;  
Gréat thóughts ín híis sóul are bármíng —  
Héroes, Césars, fáme ímmórtal —  
Thát yóung mán ís Públius Máro.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 10. 1853.

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Where wás I ére there wás ány Whére?  
Ére there wás ány Whát, wát wás I?  
When wás I ére there wás ány Whén?  
And hów or whý made Í mysélf  
Ére there wás ány Í or Hów,  
Or ány Whén, Where, Whát or Whý?

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 12. 1853.



## S U P R E M E L Y   B L E S T .

“Six little góslings in one nést,  
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,  
Áll benéath one sóft warm bréast,  
Áll by óne kind bill caréssed,  
Áre ye nótt supré mely blést?”

“Six little góslings in one nést,  
Áll in yéllow vélvet dréssed,  
Wé are nótt supré mely bléssed.  
Wé will léave the sóft warm bréast,  
Wé will léave the párent nést,  
And gó of nóvelty in quést,  
And thén we’ll bé supré mely blést.”

Written while travelling from SLIGO to DROMORE WEST. CO. SLIGO  
May 10. 1852.

## L I T T L E   F L Y .

Sip on fréely, little fly;  
Í’ll not hárm thee; nó, not í.  
Sóme are gréat and sóme are smáall,  
But Gód is fáther óf us áll;  
And in the párent’s équal éye,  
Mán ’s the bróther óf the flý.

Sip on fréely, little flý;  
 Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.  
 Fórméd like mé for jóy and páin,  
 Wárméd by súnshine, wét by ráin,  
 Bórn like mé, like mé to díe,  
 Thóu art déar to Gód as Í;  
 Sip on fréely, little flý;  
 Í'll not hárm thee; nó, not Í.

Written while travelling from DROMORE-WEST to WESTPORT.

May. 11. 1852.

# CHATTERING MEG.

Bláck and whíte  
 Páinted bríght,  
 Stóut of límb,  
 Of bódy líght,  
 Fierce in báttle,  
 Swift in flíght,  
 Called by bírds  
 The róbber kíght.

Kéen of síght,  
 Ít's mý délíght  
 Fróm the áiry héíght  
 Of áspen bóugh,  
 Or rócky brów,  
 Tó spý aróund  
 Where ón the gróund  
 For' cháttering pýe  
 Fít próg may líe  
 Of crúst or bóne,

There cáreless thrówn

By fárm-yard Jóan;

Or jóyful márk

Where éggs of lárk

In méadow gréen,

Half híd; half séen,

Or téallow thrúsh

In háwthörn búsh,

Meg's áppetite

Daintý invíte.

But Még, not rásh

To máke a dásh

Like háwk, or kíte,

Stays áppetite,

And hóps abóut,

And mákes no róut;

And wáatching slý

With pérking eýe,

Steals tó the búsh

And dines on thrúsh;

Then súcks lark's égg,

Hardhéarted Még!

And óff to nést

Flies with the bést

Old crúst or bóne

Of thrífless Jóan.

Such life lead Í,

Blithe cháattering pýe,

Oft wóndering whý

Man só should sígh,

And kéeep such cóil,

And cárk and móil

Till swéat, and tóil,

And cáire to sáve  
Dig déep his gráve.

I énvý nót  
Pálace or cót;  
The life I léad  
On hÍll and méad  
Is life indéed;  
And, while I ránge  
Round fÍeld and gránge,  
I wóuld not chánge  
For mán's high státe  
Meg's háppier fáte.

Written while travelling from WESTPORT to CLIFDEN. May 12. 1852.

### FALSEHEARTED JOAN.

In móuntain déll,  
BesÍde a wéll  
And móssy stóne,  
Únder a thórn  
I sát forlórn,  
And máde my móan: —  
“This wórld and Í  
Cannót agrée,  
No chárm hath nów  
This wórld for mé.  
She has bróke her tróth,  
Falsehéarted Jóan,  
And léft me hére  
To díe alóne.



Hére in this wild,  
Untródden déll,  
Únder this thórn,  
Beside this wéll,  
I'll strétch me ón  
This móss-grown stóne,  
And wéep, and cry: —  
'Falsehéarted Jóan.'

'Falsehéarted Jóan',  
I'll wéep and cry  
'I lived for thée,  
For thée I'll die';  
Write on my tómb: —  
'He died alóne,  
Forsáken bý  
Falsehéarted Jóan.  
Ye fáithful swáins,  
His déath deplóre,  
And néver trúst  
To wóman móre'.

As thús I láy,  
And máde my móan,  
Strétched on that gréy  
And móss-grown stóne,  
I héard a light,  
Small fóotstep néar;  
A kindly vóice  
Fell ón my éar,  
That swéetly saíd: —  
"Why dóst thou móan,  
And whó is this  
Falsehéarted Jóan?"

'Twas Jóan hersélf —  
 My téars were stáyed;  
 I thréw my árms  
 Abóut the máid:  
 I cáannot téll  
 What wórds we sáid;  
 — But thére in thát  
 Untródden déll,  
 Únder that thórn,  
 Beside that wéll,  
 As Í wept ón  
 That móss-grown stóne,  
 I fóund my ówn  
 — Truehéarted Jóan.

Written while travelling on Bianconi's car from CLIFDEN to GAL-  
 WAY. May 13. 1852.

### B E T H A N K F U L.

“Be thánkful”; — tó a silly lámb  
 I ónce heard sáy its bléating dám —  
 “Be thánkful thou art clád so wárm,  
 And in this párk kept sáfe from hárm,  
 And évery dáy supplied with fóod  
 So swéet, and pléntiful, and góod.”  
 “Sáfe in this párk” — thus tó its dám  
 I héard reply that silly lámb —  
 “Sáfe in this párk I'm képt from hárm;  
 To yíeld man fóod, and máke him wárm.  
 Todáy I léad an éasy life,  
 Tomórrow cóme the shéars and knífe.”

Written in Railway Carriage while travelling from GALWAY to  
 DUBLIN — May 14. 1852.

# TRUE LOVE.

As arm in arm upon the shore  
We listened to the breakers' roar,  
She picked and put into my hand  
The fairest pebbles from the strand.

As through the meadow green we walked,  
And of our happy future talked,  
She culled the flowers I loved the best,  
And placed the nosegay in my breast.

A lock she gave me of her hair,  
Set round with pearl and ruby rare,  
And a cornelian signet stone,  
Engraved with her name and my own.

For me she left father and mother,  
For me she left sister and brother,  
House, home, and friends she left for me,  
With me to live and mine to be:  
She left them all to be mine own,  
And ever live with me alone.

She had no joy when I was sad,  
No grief had she when I was glad;  
To make me glad was her delight,  
Her thought by day, her dream by night;  
When I was glad her eye grew bright,  
To charm my spirit's gloom away,  
She 'd sing me song or roundelay,  
As stretched on the greensward I lay,  
Or tell me tales the livelong day.

She 'd téll me of the róbber-chief,  
Ánd of the téarless máiden's grief,  
Ánd of the ópal-háfted knife  
With which she tóok the róbber's life.

She 'd téll me óf the diamond tówer,  
Ánd of the wóndrous wórd of pówer  
To ópen wide its gáte of bráss,  
And lét the white-robed figure páss.

Stóries she 'd téll me óf the Éast,  
Of vizier, pácha, dérvish, priest,  
Of mósque, kiósk, and músselman,  
Of Ál-Raschid and Kúblí Khán;  
But still her lást and swéetest tále  
Wás of the róse and nightingále.

Ánd when she sáw me pleásed and gáy  
She 'd dánce as ón her brídál dáy,  
Or wréathe her fíngers ín my háir,  
And líft to hér guitár this áir: —

“Let míserers ín their hóards take pleásure,  
Séek not thóu the yéllow tréasure,  
Gréed of góld is bút a mádness,  
Néver énding cáre and sádness:  
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

She sáng, she sickened, and she díed;  
Ánd with her lást farewéll she cried: —  
“Wríte on my tómb no wórd of sádness,  
Ín true lóve 's the ónly gládness.”

## T O M   S H O E B L A C K .

Your shóes, good Sír; your shóes to cléan;  
Such dírtý shóes were néver séen.  
With dírtý shóes upón his féet  
What géntlemán would wálk the stréet,  
Whén he might háve them bríght and cléan  
For júst two hálf-pence óf the Quéen?  
A pénný, Sír, you'll nótt refúse;  
One pénný, Sír, for cléan bríght shóes.

Here, Sír; sit dówn: I prómise yóu,  
You sóon shall háve a cléan bríght shóe;  
The ríght foot fírst; yes, thát wíll dó;  
A lóvely thíng 's a cléan bríght shóe,  
As smóoth as gláss, as bláck as jét:  
Stay, Sír; this fóot 's not hálf done yét;  
A cléan bríght shoe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A cléan bríght shóe sets óff a kíng.

There, Sír, it 's dóne; this shóe is cléan:  
A bríghter shóe was néver séen,  
Glóssy and smóoth as ráven's wíng;  
A wéll-blackéd shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A wéll-blackéd shóe sets óff a kíng.

The léft foot, Sír; fie, whát a shóe!  
One scárcé can sée the léather thróugh  
This míry, slímý, múddy glúe.  
Now dó your wórk, my brístles trúé,  
And lét us háve a shíníng shóe;  
A shíníng shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A shíníng shóe sets óff a kíng.



These bristles, Síir — a bétter sèt  
Néver in one bláck-box mét —  
Arc néither quíte worn-óut, nor nów;  
And évery háir 's a bristle trúe;  
You sóon shall háve a shíning shóe;  
See thére 's the pólish cóming through.  
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A shíning shóe sèts óff a kíng.

My “Dáir and Mártín” 's frésh and nów,  
As bláck as ínk, as bríght as déw,  
Fít pólish fór a gémman's shóe.  
Rúb rub-a-rúb, my brístles trúe,  
And lét us háve a shíning shóe;  
A shíning shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A shíning shóe sèts óff a kíng.

Rúb rub-a-rúb, my wórk is dóne:  
My pénný fée is fáirly wón:  
No bríghter shóe the sún shínes ón.  
Lét wíser fólk say whát they wíll,  
Í'm of the óne opínion stíll,  
Bárefóot or shód, a mán 's a mán,  
But blácking mákes the géntlemán.  
I méan no slúr to smárt cravát,  
Or jémmy whíte, or glóssy hát,  
Or smáll-clothes smóoth; but áll won't dó,  
Unléss you háve a wéll-blácked shóe.  
A wéll-blácked shóe 's a lóvely thíng;  
A wéll-blácked shóe sèts óff a kíng.

And nów I 've képt my prómise trúe,  
Each fóot has gót its eléan bríght shóe,  
And póor Tom Shóebláck bíds adíeu:



Adieu, kind Sir, and don't complain,  
 If dirty footways, dust, and rain  
 Soon bring you to poor Tom again:  
 It's an ill wind blows no one good,  
 And dust and rain are poor Tom's food.

EPPING FOREST; near LONDON. May 30. 1852.

### THE CRYSAEIS.

In long loose drawers, and stockings without feet,  
 Wide flannel vest, grey shirt, and nightcap neat,  
 Wearied mine eyes of sights, of sounds mine ears,  
 Mine anxious fluttering heart of hopes and fears,  
 The light put out, and locked my chamber door,  
 I laid me down upon my bed once more,  
 To rest, to sleep, to dream, perhaps to snore;  
 My left cheek heavy on the pillow pressed,  
 My right arm crossed obliquely on my breast,  
 Blanket and counterpane tucked tightly in  
 Round by the shoulder quite to the ear and chin.  
 If you had seen me in the park that day  
 Or at the levee or subscription play,  
 All bright with diamonds, all alert and gay,  
 And then been shown that shapeless heap of clothes  
 With scarce an air hole left for mouth and nose,  
 And told it was essentially the same,  
 The same in spirit, substance, even in name,  
 How you'd have stared, and rubbed your eyes, and vowed  
 That freakish nature had at last allowed  
 To man the privilege of the butterfly,  
 To cast his figure off, and yet not die,  
 To flaunt a gaudy insect all the day,

And dróne, a sénseless grúb, the níght awáy!  
Whére, even in wóndrous Óvid, is there chángé  
One hálf so trúe, miráculóus and strángo?

Written in bed. ANTWERP. June 9. 1852.

#### MODEL PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

Dear lóvely Dóris, Í admire thee móre  
Than éver mán admired a máid befóre;  
Thy smíles, thy dímples, and thy vírtues ráre,  
Thy chárms, thy gráces, and thine áuburn háir,  
Each párt, no léss than thé harmónious whóle,  
Has máde a prisoner óf thine Édward's sóul.  
In cháins and sórrow Í conféss, thou árt  
Gréater than Wéllington or Buónapárt;  
Théy conquered bódies ónly, thóu the héart.  
Dear lóvely Dóris, hów can wórd's expréss  
One hálf the amóunt of Édward's ténderness!  
Hów from the shádes of éven till dáwning líght  
He dréams of thée alóne the lívelong níght!  
Hów the whole dáy of thée alóne he thínks,  
Whéther he stánds, or wálks, or éats, or drínks!  
Hów he cries stíll! — "Ah! wére but Dóris míne  
In whát true cómfort Í might súp or díne;  
Nót as I nów do, in the dísmal glóom  
Of cíty cóffee-house or díning-róom,  
Midst stifling smélls and déafening Lóndon cries,  
Bút in the álcove of some páradise!"  
Hów from the dáwn of líght till shádes of éven  
Thou ónly árt his thóught, his hópe, his héaven!  
Dear lóvely Dóris, héar thine Édward's crý,  
One kíndly lóok, or sée thine Édward díe,

Die of the misery of this bachelor's life,  
 More slów, but quite as sùre as córd or knife.  
 Dear lóvely Dóris, mine 's no ídle móan;  
 Nó sentimentál sórrow makes mé gróan;  
 Réal and substántial are the wóes Í féel  
 At hóme, abróad, at mórn or évening méal.  
 At hóme, I sít in dúsky, díngy róom,  
 Where néver wóman's smíle dispéls the glóom,  
 And wáteh the children pláying in the láne,  
 Or cóunt the flíes, that créep along the páne;  
 Or cróuch beside the fire and pénsive eýe  
 The cúrling wréaths that úp the chimney fly;  
 Or páce impátient úp and dówn the flóor,  
 Betwéen the window and the clóset dóor,  
 Oft stópping, to inscribe my Dóris' náme  
 On cúpboard-dóor, or wáll, or window-fráme,  
 Ór in the thícK dust of the táble tráce  
 With fínger-énd the óutline of her fáce;  
 Ór to turn óver a book's léaves begin;  
 Ór from the flóor pick úp a héadless pín;  
 Ánd in the sófa-cóver prick all shápes  
 Of dógs, trees, stéeples, wíndmills, cócks and ápes;  
 Ór, pleased with nóthing, ríng and ásk Janétte,  
 Whát is 't o'clóck, and if the téa be wét;  
 For mílk give hér one hálfpenny, twó for bréad —  
 Ah Dóris! Dóris! bétter fár be déad,  
 And déep in the churchyárd, than live to sée  
 One lónely cup and sáucer láid for téa.  
 Dear lóvely Dóris, túrn not thús awáy;  
 Góds themselves lísten whén poor mórtals práy;  
 Pity 's a gráce dívine, even héathens sáy.  
 Let óthers with the póet's wóndrous árt  
 Dréss up a tále, to tóuch the féeling héart;  
 Mý story néeds no glóss; see, Dóris, whére

My new shirt-ruffle 's gót this ugly téar,  
 And unmatched stóckings wedded folk invite  
 To táunt with mány a jóke the unmárried wight.  
 Last évening, ón the Máll, an úrchin cried: —  
 "He wálks a sólo!" bút the úrchin lied;  
 That móment, lóst in thóught, I wálked with thee  
 Fár from the Máll, upon the móon-lit léa,  
 And préssed thy hánd, as with a róguish smíle  
 Thou sáid'st: — "Dear Sir, pray hélp me ó'er the stíle."  
 Yés Dóris, ít 's a bárgain; lét 's agrée:  
 I 'll hélp thee ó'er the stíle, thou 'lt máke my téa;  
 And lóving man and wife we 'll éver bé,  
 Till gréat-grandchildren tóddele róund our knée.

Written while walking from ANTWERP to LOUVAIN. June  
 12. and 13. 1852.

### THE ELFIN KNIGHT.

My stóry 's óf an élfín knight,  
 So fúll of vénom and pure spíte,  
 That dóing hárm was his delíght,  
 Both mórn and nóon, and dáy and níght.  
 In trúth, he wás a ráncorous wíght,  
 To whóm no thíng on éarth seemed ríght  
 But míldew, rót, decáy, and blíght;  
 He strípped the bráñch of flówer and frúit,  
 And tóre the trúnk up bý the róot,  
 Ínto the íron áte with rúst,  
 And gróund the márble róck to dúst.  
 Still móre he lóved on líving thíng  
 Mísery and pain and déath to bríng:  
 Bírð, béást, and físh he láughed to sée



Writhing in mortal agony;  
But never was his heart so glad,  
As when he made man sick and sad,  
Wounded him sore, or set him mad,  
Robbed him of house, and home, and friend,  
And brought him to a wretched end,  
To die in pain and misery  
Not all at once and suddenly  
(For that were downright charity)  
But by sure step and slow degree;  
He pulled his teeth out, one by one,  
Plucked out his hair, and left him none;  
With a thick flail-staff cudgelled him,  
Till every sinew, joint, and limb  
Was black and blue, and stiff and sore;  
And, to torment him more and more,  
Sealed up his ears, scooped out his eyes,  
And cut him down to half his size;  
Then pitched him, gasping hard for breath,  
Into the gaping jaws of Death.

Man suffered sore, and suffered long,  
But saw no author of his wrong;  
Felt every blow, but saw no arm,  
No lifted hand to do the harm.  
Invisible as mountain wind,  
The catiff came his prey behind,  
And kicked and cuffed him hard and sore;  
Then came, and stood his prey before,  
And kicked and cuffed him more and more.  
Poor man lamented, and in vain  
Cursed the foul author of his pain,  
And watched by day, and watched by night,  
To catch of his fell foe a sight.

At lást with páin and wáching wórn,  
Ánd of his féll foe láughed to scórn:—  
“A háppy thóught” (’twas thús he sáid)  
“Has cóme at ónce intó my héad;  
Let ’s sée, if Í can ’t máke a béll,  
That sháll my ényemy’s cóming téll.”  
So sáid, so dóne; a smíth by tráde,  
Has sóon a páir of slíppers máde,  
And ón each slípper fástened wéll  
A stróng steel clásp and sílver béll.  
The slíppers láid upón the flóor,  
The smíth ’s to béd and bárréd the dóor; —  
“Íf he comes néar the béd,” says hé,  
“The slípper bélls will wáken mé.”  
He sáid, and tó the wáll turned róund,  
And féll asléep, both fást and sóund.  
How lóng he slépt I cánnót téll,  
When tinkle tinkle wént the béll;  
The smíth awóke, and cried:— “What hó!  
A líght, a líght — I ’ve cáught the fóe.”  
“Not quíte so fást, good smíth”, quoth hé;  
“You ’ve lóst your slíppers, nót caught mé;  
I ’ll wálk hencefóorth with slíppers néat  
And sílver bélls upón my féet,  
That fóolish mán may súrely knów,  
Both, whén I cóme, and whén I gó,  
And whéther Í move fást or slów.”  
So sáying he déalt such héavy blów,  
As máde the smíth cry:— “Wóe! more wóe!”  
“More wóe indéed”, the kníght replíed,  
And strúck him ón the óther síde:  
“Think’st thou. becáuse thy dóor is bárréd,  
My stálwart árm will strike less hárd?  
What thóugh thy tínkling sílver béll



An énémy's appróach may téll,  
And whéther hé move swift or slów,  
Thínk'st thou 'twill sérve to wárd the blów,  
Dealt ón thee bý thine únseen fée?"  
No wórd the élfín knight said móre,  
But, viewless, thróugh the wéll barred dóor  
Passed óut as hé passed ín befóre,  
And dówn the stáir into the stréet,  
The sílver bélls upón his féet.

Full mány a yéar and dáy has spéd,  
Sínce the green túrf closed ó'er the héad  
Óf the brave smíth, that máde the bélls  
Of which my trúthful stóry télls;  
Yet óft by dáy, and óft by níght  
I héar the tréad of the élfín knight,  
And trémble át his slíppers' sóund,  
From hóuse to hóuse, as he tákes his róund.  
In váin like thé brave smíth of yóre  
I bólt and bár my chámber dóor,  
The élfín fóot is ón the stáir,  
The élfín knight, viewless as áir,  
Pásses thróugh bárréd and bólted dóor,  
Crósses with méasured stép the flóor,  
And grípes me hárd, and híts me sóre.  
"Tórment me nó't" in váin I crý;  
"Tormént me nó't, but lét me díe."  
He sáys no wórd, but móre and móre  
Pínches and cúffs me thán befóre.  
My tále's trúth lét these gáshes spéak,  
These zígzags ón my ónce smóoth chéek,  
This sállow skín once sóft and fáir,  
This súnken eýe, these témples báre  
Where ónce so séemly cúrled the háir.

In dárk dismal wéeds I wánder abóut,  
Úpstairs and dównstairs, and indoors and óut;  
No pléasant thought nów ever énters my héad;  
My pléasant thoughts áll with my yóung days are fléd.

When I sée a pair háppy, and smíling, and gáy,  
I túrn away fróm them, and tó myself sáy: —  
“Sport ón, happy insects, while spórt on ye máy;  
Black and dámp falls the night on the súnniest dáy.”

When I héar the great báss and the clárionet sóund,  
And the light tripping fóotsteps’ elástic rebóund,  
I think to mysélf, how these sáme tripping féet  
Will soon líe stiff and stárk in the lóng winding shéet.

Amidst cháplets of róses, by chándelier líght,  
When I sée the feast spréad, and the wíne circling bríght,  
I think, how soon róund every sightless eyebáll  
The mággot of flésh-fly, and béetle will cráwl.

But mány a lóng year has cóme and fléd,  
Since in bláck weeds I wándered, and wépt o’er the déad;  
Time, that ’s áble the náme on the tómb to effáce,  
Begíns from my héart the loved fórm to eráse.

I can sée a bríde smíle, without thinking of *Hér*;  
I can héar a bríde síng, yet not féel my heart stír;  
Alóne though I wánder, I néver compláin;  
To all jóy if I ’m déad, I am déad to all páin.

My téars are dried úp, and my sórrors are pást;  
Sweet Oblívion, I sée thee appróaching at lást;  
Come! pillow my héad on thy cáre-soothing bréast,  
And clóse my tired eyélids, and lúll me to rést.

Written when walking from LOUVEIGNEZ in BELGIUM to  
LOSHEIM in PRUSSIA. June 18<sup>th</sup> to June 22<sup>nd</sup> 1852.

## MIGHT AND RIGHT.

"Mighty Sir Wind,  
Pray, bé so kind,  
Pass civilly,  
And hárm not mé,  
Who néver yét  
Did hárm to thée."

"Sturdy Sir Trée,  
Lécture not mé;  
I fáin would bé  
Civil to thée,  
But in my wáy  
I find thee stíll,  
Stópping my páth  
Acróss this hill."

"This hÍll ís míne,  
As Í opíne;  
For máný a yéar  
My fáthers líved  
Free búrghers hére;  
Í am their héir,  
And wÍll not sháre  
My bírthríght fáir  
WÍth són of éarth,  
Or són of áir;  
So máke no róut,  
But gó abóut,  
And tóuch not mé,  
An indépendant  
Fórest trée."

“Of sòn of éarth  
Or sòn of áir,  
I little knów,  
And little cáre;  
But this I knów,  
I ’ll háve my will,  
And gó the shórt way  
Cróss the hìll.”

“Not só, not só,  
Unrúly Wínd;  
Some óther pássage  
Pléase to fínd;  
Thére on the léft  
The páth stands cléar;  
No búsiness hást thou  
Tó pass hére.  
Stróng though thou árt  
I ’m fáin to expéct  
Thou ’lt shéw the láw  
Its dúe respéct.”

“I wére indéed  
A sílly wíght,  
To wáit upón  
The láw for ríght,  
When in this árm  
I háve the Míght,  
That mákes alóne  
Both Láv and Ríght.”

No móre words pássed;  
Sir Trée stood fást;  
On cáme Sir Blást,

Like páynim knight,  
Fúrious in fight,  
With púsh and crúsh  
And héadlong rúsh;  
Or like the gúsh  
Of flóod let lóose  
Through milldam slúice.

Stóut though he bé,  
What cán Sir Trée

Agáinst a shóck,  
Would máke a róck  
Or cástle wáll  
Tóttér, and fáll?

Yield he will nót,  
Or fróm the spót  
Retréat one inch,  
Or báckward flinch;  
Or stép aside,  
The híl though wide,  
One single stride,  
To lét Sir Blást  
Rush hármless pást.

Leónidás

In Pýlæ's páss,  
As stóries téll,  
Fírm against Might  
Stóod for the Ríght,  
And nóbly féll:  
And só fell hé,  
Stúrdy Sir Trée;  
And só will áll  
Those wóρθies fáll,



Whoé'er they bé,  
That fór the Right  
Strive against Might  
And týranny.

Written while walking in the EIFEL between LOSHEIM and  
BITBURG, June 23 and 24. 1852.

Four knights there áre far in the East,  
Where wónders háve not yét quite céased,  
All bróthers, and abóut one size,  
Not óne has éither éars or eýes,  
Or móuth, or nóse, or féet, or hánds,  
Yét to obéy their Lórd's commánds,  
More réady théy than mány a knight  
With pérfect límbs, héaring, and sight.  
Each óne to hélp him háa a bánd  
Of fóur knights móre at his commánd.  
Sixtéén subálterns, léaders fóur,  
The brótherhóod 's in áll a scóre;  
A scóre of súch preux cávaliers  
As rárely, éven in thóse bright yéars,  
When hístory was stíll a fáble,  
Togéther mét aróund one táble.  
In yéllow léather áll are cásed,  
A bélt some wéar abóut the wáist,  
Of góld, studded with súch bright gémis  
As shine in Éastern diadéms.

Nót for base lúcre ánd rewárd  
Atténd these knights upón their Lórd;  
To atténd upón him dáy and night,  
Itsélf their jóy is ánd delight.



So soon as in the morning red  
His royal Highness leaves his bed,  
Two chief knights and subalterns eight  
With clothes and breakfast on him wait;  
His face they wash, and comb his head,  
Feed him with butter, eggs, and bread,  
Carry his tea-cup to his lips,  
And hold it steady while he sips.  
Two chiefs and eight subalterns more  
Crouch round his footstool on the floor,  
Ready his Mightiness to bear  
Upon their shoulders any where,  
Indoors or out, or high or low,  
Backward or forward, quick or slow;  
Like steam-engines obedient still  
To the driver's sovereign will.

If sad their Lord, these knights divide  
Into two bands, ten on each side;  
And while one band a merry tune  
On fiddle plays or loud bassoon,  
The other beats time to the measure,  
Or, to afford him livelier pleasure,  
Takes him, and to the music's sound  
Whirls him the chalked floor round and round.

Néver from their Sovereign's side,  
In life or death, these knights divide;  
Through ill, through weal, with him they go;  
His joy 's their joy, his woe 's their woe;  
Into the world with him they came  
On the same day, and on the same  
Day that he dies have vowed to die,  
And with him in the same tomb lie.

Say yé, that wiser are than Í,  
Whére under áll our Wéstern ský,  
On Héathen or on Christian gróund,  
Such twénty knights are tó be fóund?

Written while confined to bed with a sore toe, in BITBURG,  
RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 25 and 26. 1852.

### SWEET AIR.

A cripple slów,  
On féstered tóe  
Límping I gó,  
And crý "Woe! woe!"

The Grécian só,  
As schóolboys knów,  
In Lémnos' ísle,  
Shóuted erewhíle  
To rók and séa  
His míserý.

Like him to thée,  
Kind, géntle Séa,  
For hélp I flý,  
And shóut and crý: —  
"Woe! woe is mé!  
Ah míserý!  
Woe! woe is mé!  
Ah míserý!"

Kind, géntle Séa,  
Ah! pity mé;

Quick with thy bálm,  
My páins to cálm.  
Benéath thy wáves,  
In córal cáves,  
Gróws there no wéed;  
Whose pótent séed,  
These pángs may lúll,  
These fires may dúll?  
No ánodýne,  
Of pówer divíne  
The sénse to stéep  
In slúmber déep?

Fierce, ráging Séa,  
Thou héar'st not mé;  
Ah míserý!  
Woe, woe, is mé!  
Ah míserý!

Soft, ténder Stóne,  
Hear thóu my móan;  
Thy véins explóre  
For sóme fine óre;  
Some Ámmonite's  
Or Crýsolite's  
Benígnant spár,  
Glittering afár  
With pówer to cùre  
Spéedy and sùre.  
Ín thy deep mínes,  
Where néver shines  
Day's chéerful light,  
But bróoding Night  
In ébon célls

For éver dwélls,  
Séarch till thou find  
Some loadstone kind,  
Some précieux jét  
For ámulét,  
By mýstic láw  
Empówered to dráw  
Pain's víper fángs,  
And éase these pángs.  
From cléar, cold spring,  
Elixir bríng,  
Or ámber dróp,  
Of pówer to stóp  
This thrób, this thróe,  
This búrning glów.

Vain, vain, my móan;  
Ídle, my gróan;  
Thou héar'st me nót,  
Hardhéarted stóne;  
Fixed to the spót,  
Thou túrn'st deaf éar,  
And hástenest nót  
From déep, cold spring,  
Or míne, to bríng  
Elixir cléar,  
Or ámber dróp,  
Or ámulét  
Of précieux jét,  
Pótent to stóp  
This thrób, this thróe,  
This fiery glów;  
Woe! wóe! ah, wóe!

Come, géntle Wind;  
 Be thóu more kind;  
 Blów, sóftly blów,  
 And cóol this glów.  
 Of Prócris' spóuse  
 Thou héard'st the vóws,  
 When át high nóon,  
 Alás, too sóon!  
 (Ye Góds, why hád  
 That mórn a nóon?)  
 Ín the deep sháde  
 Of mýrtles láid,  
 His lónging árms  
 Exténder wide  
 On éither síde,  
 Gásping, he cried:—  
 'Aúra, sweet Aúra,  
 Hither hie,  
 For thée I pánt,  
 For thée I die!'  
 Thou héard'st his práyer;  
 Hear míne, sweet Air;  
 Hither repáir,  
 And sóftly blów,  
 And cóol this glów,  
 'This héat assúage,  
 This fiery ráge.

Ah, nó! ah, nó!  
 Woe! wóe! more wóe!  
 A déeper, rédder,  
 Fiercer glów!  
 Whose bréath is thát  
 Fánning the fire?

Whose hánd heaps fúel  
Hígh and hígher?  
Sirócco hót,  
I cálléd thee nóť;  
Plágue - spot and déath  
Áre ín thy bréath;  
Fróm thy crisp háir  
Red méteors fláre;  
Shrivelled and dry  
Thy blóodshot éye,  
And néver yét  
By kind tear wét.  
Hénce to thine ówn  
Dry sándy zóne,  
Where crócodile  
Infésts the Níle,  
And ráttlesnáke  
Lúrks ín the bráke;  
Hénce with thy bréath  
Of plágue and déath;  
And thóu, sweet Áir,  
Hither repáir;  
Áir, Áir, sweet Áir,  
Hither repáir.

Nymph débónnáire,  
And frésh and fáir,  
Elástic, gáy,  
And yóung alwáy,  
Áir, Áir, sweet Áir,  
Hither repáir.

Free móuntain - chíld,  
Búoyant and wild,



Yet méek and mild,  
Air, Aír, sweet Aír,  
Híther repáir.

From bréezy hill  
Where, néver still,  
Whirs táll windmill;  
From whíspering sháde  
Of cólonnade  
Or fórest gláde;  
From rippling side  
Of ríver wíde,  
From wáving sédge  
On blúe lake's édge,  
Air, Air, sweet Aír,  
Híther repáir.

Cóme with perfúme  
Of ápple blóom,  
And mignonétte  
With frésh showers wét,  
And bláckeyed béan,  
Sweet ódours' Quéén,  
And lily whíte,  
Lóver's delight,  
And háwthorn gáy  
In éarly Máy,  
And háy new-mówn,  
And róse just blówn;  
Come, cóme, sweet Aír,  
Híther repáir,  
Sweet Aír, sweet Aír.

With músic cóme  
Of wild bee's húm,

Or lárk's shrill sòng,  
Néver too lóng;  
Or líquid nóte  
From tóad's smooth thróat,  
Or évening pláint  
Of níghtingále,  
Or chùck - chuck fáint  
Of ámorous quáil;  
Or swéeter sóund  
Of hárp or flúte,  
Or óf thine ówn  
Eólian lúte,  
Or rústling léaves,  
Or wáterfáll;  
Or mán's deep vóice  
Swéetest of áll;  
Come, cóme, sweet Aír;  
Hither repáir,  
Sweet Aír, sweet Aír.

Yes, yés, sweet Aír,  
I féel thee thére,  
An ángel méek,  
Kíssing my chéek,  
And in my háir  
Wéaving thy déwy  
Fíngers báre.

Yes, yés, bless'd Aír,  
Thou héar'st my práyer,  
And hóverest thére,  
Chármíng my cáre,  
Stílling this thróe,  
Cóoling this glów,

No móre I cry,  
“Woe! woe! ah, woe!”

Pain-sóothing Air,  
All dáy stay thére;  
Stay thére all dáy,  
The lívelong dáy,  
And spórt and pláy,  
Angélic méek,  
Kíss my flushed chéek,  
And in my háir  
Wéave thy lank fingers  
Cóol and báre;  
And whén at níght  
Thou ták'st thy flíght,  
To móuntain héight,  
Or whíspering sháde  
Of cólonnáde  
Or fórest gláde,  
Or rippling síde  
Of ríver wíde,  
Or wáving sédge  
On blúe lake's édge,  
Léave in thy stéad  
To wáth my héad,  
And guárdian stánd  
Abóut my béd,  
Thy pláymate míld,  
Health's plácid chíld,  
Delícious Sléep;  
Till át first péep  
Of mórning líght  
Thou cóm'st agáin,  
Blithe-héarted spríte,

And bring'st me frésh,  
 New-bórn delight;  
 An úrn of ódours  
 Shák'st aróund,  
 And stéep'st mine éars  
 In thé full sóund  
 Óf the harmónious  
 Mátn sóg,  
 With which all Náture's  
 Créatures thróng  
 Befóre the fóotstool  
 Óf their Quéen,  
 Who háas anóther  
 Súnrise séen.

Written while confined to bed by inflammation of the toe.  
 BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, June 26. to July 1. 1852.

## THE POET.

A Póet is a spíder, and his líne,  
 As ány cóbweb's délicate and fíne,  
 Spún into stánzas, in a córner líes,  
 And gáthers dúst and blüemold, móths and flíes.

A Póet is a máker of fine láce,  
 Brússels, Valenciéennes, or Páys de Wáes:  
 Upon the cúshion of his bráin all dáy  
 And hálf the níght, the twirling bóbbins pláy;  
 From pín to pín in éndless dánce they gó,  
 Cross-hánds and Quéue-de-chát, and Dós-a-dós;

Turn at the sides, and sét, and dówn the middle,  
Ín as good time as if they héárd the fiddle.

A Póet is a pástry-cook, and bákes  
Ín his brain's óven, púddings, tóurts and cákes;  
Fáncy 's his míller, thóught his bólted flóur,  
Góod nature is his swéet, and ill his sóur;  
Wit his fine sált, húmour his ratafié;  
Fór his short-cáke he must have íroný.  
Plain trúth 's his báttér, which he 's fórced to thín  
With mány a wéll-meant líe — fórgive the sín —  
Élse the weak stómach it were síure to clóy,  
Ánd with fierce cólic páins the bówels annóy.  
Your Póet's tárts of épigrams are máde,  
Of élegies his órange mármaláde,  
Sónnets and sóngs his bárnbracks are and búns,  
And pónderous épics are his sállelóns.  
Wide o'er the wórld the réputátion flíes  
Of his romántic cúrrant and rhúbarb píes;  
None skílléd like hím to béat up húman více  
And húman fólly ínto páncake níce  
Whích he calls sátyr, délicatest tréat  
Where whólesome bítter 's híd in lúscious swéet.  
Táught by expérience díre how wéary slów  
Works bréwer's bárn to ráise a Póet's dóugh,  
When préssed for tíme he úses ránt ínstéad,  
And fínds it ánsWER wóndrous wéll, 'tís sáid.  
Where vúlgar cóoks throw bíts of cássia ín,  
Or láurel léaves, or órange-páring thín,  
Or pínch of gráted nutmeg, ór a squéeze  
Of lémon júice, men's várious tástes to pleáse,  
Our Póet úses for the sélfsame énd  
The nóbler gífts the líberal Múses sénd:



Figures of spéech and trópes and símilés,  
He knóws, are síre the léarnéd táste to pléase;  
But símpler héarts by símpler árts are wón,  
Bróad innuéndo, fárcé, and jólly pún.  
So évery tíme he sés abóut to báke,  
Whéther it púdding bé or píe or cáke,  
The séasoning is the thínq that fírst demánds  
Thé thóughtful héad, and wéll-perfórmíng hánds;  
An érror héré and áll his lábour 's lóst;  
Tíme, fíre and swéat, and the matéríals' cóst;  
Thís lást, some sáy howéver, ís but smáll  
Tó the póetic cóok, or nóne at áll.  
But bé that ás ít wíll, one thínq ís síre,  
Hís púdding, ónce íll-séasoned, 's pást áll cùre:  
Nót áll the stréams of Hélicon's sácred híll,  
Nót áll the déws Parnássus' tóps dístíl,  
Of Býron's púddíngs cóuld abáte the sténch,  
Of Býron's píes the sùlphurous ódour quénch:  
Nót éven Apólló's sélf wíth áll hís Níne,  
Góds thóugh they bé, and évery háír dívíné,  
Cóuld gíve to wíshy-washy Wórdsworth's dóugh  
One smáck, by wích the únínfórméd míght knów  
Thát 'twas real píecrust báked ín póet's bráín,  
And nót shoemáker's páste fróm Gólden Láne.  
Ye póets áll and pástry-cóoks atténd  
Thé pártíng cóunsél óf your cómmón fríend,  
Ín cóokíng póetry and cóokíng píes,  
Thé rúle 's the sáme and ín smáll cómpass líes;  
Néver on gráíns and hálf gráíns péddlíng stánd,  
Thrów lárqely ín, God lóves a líberál hánd.  
Let nó bold spírít tó the práíse aspire  
Of mástership of púddíng-pan or lýre,  
So lóng as ín hís héart's core lúrks one spíce  
Óf pársimony's méan and ódíous více.

Cursed be the c  ok, that first with fr  gal c  re  
 Cut raisins into sixths, good fruit to spare,  
 And in his d  ugh one sixth here dr  pped, one there;  
 Of Milestone P  dding whence the s  ubriquet  
 To him and to his heirs down to this day;  
 And cursed the poet, wh   with   ne poor thought  
 Cut into sixths, the first dull S  nnet wrought,  
 Let drop a sixth in   very s  cond line,  
 Then clapped his h  nds and called his w  rk divine,

BITBURG, in RHENISH PRUSSIA, July 6. 1852,

## D I R G E

FOR THE XIII. DEC. MDCCCLII.

The t  urret's   wful v  ice cries —   NE.  
 An  ther h  ur its w  rk has d  ne,  
 And fl  wn aw  y viewless as   ir,  
 Wh  re to be f  und ag  in? Ah! wh  re?  
 Six times nine y  ars have r  lled aw  y,  
 Since at this h  ur, on this same day,  
 A h  lpless n  w-born b  be I l  y,  
 In a fond m  ther's   rms car  ssed,  
 L  lled by a m  ther's v  ice to r  st,  
 And n  urished   t a m  ther's br  ast.

The t  urret's   wful v  ice cries — TW  .  
 How swift life's s  nds an h  ur run thr  ugh!  
 Five times five y  ars have   'er me sp  d,  
 Since in my   rms my child lay d  ad,  
 J  st at this h  ur r  l  ased from p  in,  
 My f  rstborn child, my M  ry J  ne;

A painful breath four months she drew;  
'Twas all of this sad world she knew.

The turret's awful voice cries — THREE.  
'Learn what thou art,' it says, 'from me:  
A pulse, a sound, a moment's chime,  
A ripple on the flood of time.'

It thrills me to the bosom's core  
To hear that awful voice cry — FOUR.  
The same its cry when Ballitore  
Echoed along its hillside hoar  
My second infant's funeral knell,  
And sad and slow my teardrops fell  
On my dead Anna Isabel.

The turret's awful voice cries — FIVE.  
Ah, heartless son! that couldst survive  
The closing in eternal night  
Of those kind eyes, that poured their light,  
Never but with new delight,  
On thee, a mother's hope and joy,  
Her firstborn child, her best loved boy.  
Heavy and slow seven years have passed,  
Since I beheld her breathe her last;  
Since in the room her father died,  
Her weeping children at her side,  
She meekly whispered: — "It is death" —  
And blessed us with her parting breath.  
Seventy six years had o'er her rolled,  
Yet who had called my mother old?  
So clear her voice, so bright her eye,  
Her step so full of dignity,  
And Oh! her heart as warm as ever,

And tóward her lóved ones áltered néver.  
We láid her cásed in píth beside  
Hím, that in yóuth called Káte his bríde,  
The móther óf his children five,  
Queen-bée of óur doméstic híve.  
Róbert and Káte, six times six yéars,  
Ye sháred each óther's hópés and féars,  
Each óther's jóys, each óther's téars.  
Your hópés, féars, jóys, and téars all pást,  
Rést, Kate and Róbert, rést at lást,  
Ín your bléssing children blést,  
Side by side for éver rést.

Síx — is the túrret's áwful crý,  
Wárning all mén that áll must díe,  
Léave the sweet áir and life and light,  
And lie down in etérnal níght;  
But mé more thán the rést that crý  
Wárns that áll who live must díe,  
For súch the crý I héard that níght  
From Árco tówer, when mý díelíght,  
My Ánn Jane léft me hére to móurn,  
And wént the ród whence nóne retúrn.  
Níne dáys and níghts I wátched her béd,  
Ón the tenth dáy at éve she sáid:—  
"I díe, dear Jámés, and ám contént;  
Twénty three yéars with thee I've spént,  
A háppy bríde, mothér, and wífe,  
The háppiest óf my yéars of lífe:  
Líve, and be háppy, ánd sometímes  
Thínk, when thóu héar'st the túrret's chímes,  
Of hér, who wíth thee héars them nów,  
Fór the last tíme, and Óh! may'st thóu,  
Whén they ring fórt h thine hóur to díe,

Be háppy ánd resigned as Í.”  
She sáid, and páused; then lánguidly  
Her eýes uplifting, gázed at mé  
A móment’s spáce; then droóped her héad,  
Ánd in a trémulous whísper sáid:—  
“And if thou éver chánce to wéd,  
All bléssings fáll upón the héad  
Óf thy new bríde, and máy’st thou bé  
Háppy with hér as ónce with mé.  
And nów all ’s dóne, but tó’ resígn  
Ínto the hánds that máde it míne  
Thís ríng, to kéeep while thóu hast bréath,  
And gíve, when stríkes thine hóur of déath,  
Tó our dear child, our Kátharine,  
Memórial óf thy lóve and míne.”  
Fáltering she sáid, and ón her chéek,  
Whíle she continued yét to spéak,  
Whíle from her hánd the ríng she dréw,  
Séttled death’s pále and áshy húo,  
Ánd her exténderd hánd fell cóld,  
The ríng upón the pávément rólled,  
And Ánn Jane is — a tále that ’s tóld.  
Where Álmonds scátter thér perfúme,  
And Péaches shéd their éarly blóom,  
Withín the sóund of Sárca’s wáve  
We láid her ín her lónely gráve,  
Till bígotry should céase to ráve;  
For Árcó’s bígots, tó the sháme  
Of áll who béar the Chrístian’s náme,  
Agáinst her clósed their chúrhyard gáte;  
Áh! if thou hádst but héard them práte  
Of fáith, and créed, and héresý,  
And hów no córpse should búried bé  
In fáithful córpse’s cómpány,



That hád not, ére it died, conféssed  
 Tó the same crédence ás the rést.  
 Twice thírty dáy's we visitéd  
 On Sárca's side her lónely béd,  
 And bý it ón the gréen sward láy,  
 And wépt the móurnful hóurs awáy;  
 But wén the Péach its blóom had shéd,  
 And Ápril's látest dáy's were spéd,  
 And pétty Árcó's bigotrý  
 Bégán to rámp less fúriously,  
 We cóme with spádes at déad of níght,  
 And with the lántern's flíckering light,  
 And córpse and cóffin fróm the cláy  
 Raise sílently, and béar awáy  
 To whére on lónely Céole's híll  
 Gáped the tile búrner's blázing kíln.  
 Two hóurs befóre the rising sún,  
 The héat inténsé its wórk has dóne,  
 And with the rélics ín an úrn,  
 Sáfe to óur lódgings wé retúrn.  
 Spéedy and shórt our lást adieu  
 To Árcó ánd its zéalot créw,  
 Forgíve them héaven; and if their créed  
 The ónly trúe one bé indéed,  
 Téach them the wáy its trúth to próve  
 By déeds, not óf ill wíll, but lóve.

SÉVEN — is the túrret's áwful crý;  
 Lónely wídower whý not díe?  
 Why líve whére óthers smíle to sígh,  
 And móurn thy dáy's of jóy gone bý?  
 A wídower, bút not lónely, Í,  
 So pléasant is my cómpány:  
 A bróther ánd dear sísters thrée

Peóple this wildernéss for mé,  
Ánd my loved child, my Kátharine,  
If é'er to sádnéss Í inclíne,  
Bíds me fór her déar sake chéer,  
And kísses fróm my líds the téar.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — ÉIGHT.  
Éarly lét it cóme or láte,  
Cálm and conténted Í awáit,  
The arríval óf the appóinted dáte,  
Last límit óf my hópes and féars,  
And áll my sád or jóyful yéars.

NÍNE — is the túrret's áwful crý:  
Kátharine, my child, thou too must díe;  
And Óh! when Í think ón 't I sígh,  
Perháps withóut one kínd hand nígh,  
Thy líps to wét, or clóse thine eýe.  
Éven while thy púlse of lífe beats lígh,  
And fár off yét thine hóur to díe,  
Kátharine, my child, let nótt thine eýe  
Too fónclý rést on váníty;  
Lóve not too múch this wórld of strífe;  
At bést a dóubtfúll bóon is lífe:  
And whén at lást thine hóur draws nígh,  
Héir of thy móther's énergý,  
Áwáy from lífe thy clósing eýe  
Túrn, and withóut a síngle sígh,  
Díe, as thou sáw'st thy móther díe:  
Remémbering wéll that déath 's the clóse  
Nótt of jóys ónly, bútt of wóes.

The túrret's áwful vóice cries — TÉN.  
Whó wóuld líve ó'er his hóurs agáin?

Agáin the unéqual cóntest wáge  
With páin and sickness, grief and áge;  
See, óne by óne, his pléasures flý,  
See, óne by óne, his lóved ones die,  
See Více triumphant, Virtue póor,  
The pród man's scóffs and scórns endúre,  
Ánd in the ántechámber wáit,  
Swélling the págeant óf the gréat;  
Writhe under wróns unmérited,  
Ánd to the týrant bów the héad;  
Ór for sórrors nó't his ówn  
Héave the sýmpathétic gróan,  
Ánd for griefs he cánnót héal  
Únaváiling ánguish féel;  
Whó is hé, so fón'd of páin,  
Thát wóuld live ó'er his hóurs agáin?

ELÉVEN — 's the túrret's áwful crý:  
To cóunt my sórrors lét me trý;  
False friends, vain hópes, declining áge;  
O! láy me in some hérmitáge,  
Fár from the wórld's discórdant járs,  
Beyónd its énvies, feúds, and wárs;  
Beyónd the bígot séctaries' réach,  
Whó, when they óught to práctise, préach.  
Thére òn the dial I'll fix mine eýe,  
And cóunt the hóurs as théy go bý;  
One, twó, three, fóur, five, six, and séven;  
Fóllowed by éight, nine, tén, eléven;  
The hóurs shall bé my hómilies,  
On évery hóur I'll móralise,  
Ánd to the héart a lésso'n réad  
Far trúer thán the séctary's créed.

TWELVE — is the túrret's áwful crý:  
The mídnight móon is ríding high,  
I héar the fítful níght-breeze sígh,  
I héar the móping ówlet crý;  
Vísions óf the dáy's gone bý  
Flit befóre my hálf-closed eýe;  
With my nów-betróthed I róve,  
Ín the whispering áспен gróve,  
Ánd our tálk is áll of lóve;  
My ríght arm 's clásped abóut her wáist,  
Her léft arm 's ón my shóulder pláced;  
But whénce that shriek, that súdden stárt?  
Whý that convúlsive béat of héart?  
My lóve, my lífe, what dóst thou féar?  
Cóme to my bósom, cóme more néar;  
Good Gód of héaven, what clásp I hére?  
A wínding shéet wrapped róund dry bónes;  
And thén I stúmbles ón tomb-stónes;  
And fáll íntó a nów-made gráve;  
Chínless skúlls íts bóttóm páve;  
Stríngs of téeth festóon íts sídes;  
Whóse the béck'ning hánd that guídes  
Thróugh the chárnel-hóuse my wáy?  
"Make háste, my Jámess, why dóst thou stáy?  
Tomórrow ís our wéddíng dáy;  
Héar'st not the túrret clóck stríke Óne?  
Pút this ríng thy fínger ón;  
Hást forgót '*Auf éwig deín,*'  
Thíne I ám and thóu art míne;  
Cóme, my Jámess, and lét us síng  
The scróll upón our wéddíng ríng;  
Thíne I ám, and thóu art míne;  
Cóme lét's síng '*Auf éwig deín.*'

Háste, my Jámes, and lét 's awáy,  
 Tomórrów is our wédding dáy."  
 I wóke, and Í was áll alóne;  
 The móon in át the window shóne;  
 I réad the scróll upón the ríng,  
 But nóne was thére the scróll to síng;  
 And ás I sát there áll alóne,  
 The túrret's áwful vóice cried — ONE.

Written while travelling on foot between MILAN and BOTZEN  
 from Sept. 22<sup>nd</sup> to Oct. 1<sup>st</sup> 1852.

## Trauerlied

für den 13. December 1852.

Aus dem Englischen des

Dr. James Henry

in's Deutsche übertragen von

B. Carneri.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Eins!  
 Noch eine Stunde hat ihr Werk vollbracht  
 Und ist entflohn, unsichtbar wie die Luft;  
 Wer weiß, ach, wer, wo man sie wieder fände?  
 Sechsmal neun Jahre sind dahin gerollt,  
 Seit ich an diesem Tag, um diese Stunde,  
 Ein hilflos neugebor'nes Knäblein, lag,  
 Von einer Mutter Liebesarm umschlungen,  
 In Ruh' gelullt von einer Mutter Stimme,  
 An einer Mutter Brust genährt.



Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Zwei!  
Wie schnell verrinnet eine Stund' im Lebenssand!  
Fünfmal fünf Jahr' sind über mich gegangen,  
Seit tobt mein Kind in diesen Armen lag;  
Um diese Stunde ward von allem Schmerz,  
Ach, Mary Jane<sup>1</sup>, mein erstes Kind, befreit;  
Hier Monde peinlich athmen, dies war alles,  
Was sie gekannt von dieser düstern Welt.

Vom Thurne ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Drei!  
"Von mir" — spricht's — "lerne, was du bist: ein Schwingen,  
"Ein Schall, ein flücht'ges Glockenspiel, —  
"Im Zeitenstrom ein Wellenschlag."

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurne: Vier!  
Mir rieselt's bis in's Innerste des Herzens!  
Es war derselbe Auf, als Balltore  
Das Hügenglöckchen meines zweiten Kindes  
Die grauen Berg' entlang erschallen ließ,  
Als trüb' und langsam meine Thränen sanken  
Auf meine tobt Anna Isabell.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Fünf!  
Herzloser Sohn, du konntest 's überleben,  
Daß ew'ge Nacht die lieben Augen schloß,  
Die stets mit immer sich erneuerndem  
Entzücken über dich ihr Licht ergossen,  
Ach, über dich, der Mutter Freud' und Hoffnung,  
Das erstgeb'orne Kind, den meistgeliebten Sohn.  
Langsam und schwer hinschwanden sieben Jahre,  
Seit ich geseh'n ihr letztes Athmen,  
Seit im Gemach, wo einst ihr Vater starb,  
Die Kinder weinend ihr zur Seite,  
Sie mild gelispelt: "'s ist der Tod" —

Und uns gesegnet mit dem letzten Athmen.  
Sieben und steckzig Jahre waren über  
Ihr Haupt dahin gerollt: jedoch  
Wer hätte meine Mutter alt genannt!  
So klar war ihre Stimm' und hell ihr Blick,  
So voll von Würde war ihr Gang,  
Und, oh, ihr Herz so warm als je  
Und gegen ihre Lieben stets dasselbe!  
Wir legten sie, mit Harz umgossen, Dem  
Zur Seite, der in seiner Jugend  
Kate<sup>2</sup> seine Brant genannt,  
Die Mutter der fünf Kinder sein,  
Die Königin in unserm Zinnenhaus.  
Robert und Kate<sup>2</sup>, sechsmal sechs Jahr'  
Habt Einer Ihr des Andern Furcht und Hoffen,  
Einer des Andern Lust und Schmerz getheilt;  
Doch Furcht und Hoffen, Lust und Schmerz verschwanden,  
Ruh't endlich, Kate<sup>2</sup> und Robert, ruhet,  
Beglückt von Eurer Kinder Segen,  
Auf ewig Euch zur Seite!

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Sechs!  
Und mahnet All', daß Alle müssen sterben  
Und lassen von der süßen Lust, vom Licht,  
Vom Leben, — um sich hinzulegen  
In ew'ge Nacht. Doch mich mehr als die Andern  
Mahnt dieser Ruf, daß Alle,  
Die leben, sterben müssen;  
Denn diesen Ruf vernahm ich jene Nacht  
Von Arco's Thurm, als meine Seligkeit,  
Als meine Ann Jane<sup>1</sup> mich der Traner überließ,  
Gingehend, woher Niemand wiederkehrt.  
Kenn Tag' und Nächte hab' ich ihren Pfuhl bewacht;  
Am zehnten Tag, es war am Abend, sprach sie:

“Ich sterbe, theurer James<sup>3</sup>, und bin's zufrieden;  
“Hab' drei und zwanzig Jahr' mit Dir verbracht,  
“Beglückte Brant und Weib und Mutter, —  
“Die glücklichsten der Jahre meines Lebens.  
“Leb' und sey glücklich und von Zeit zu Zeit,  
“Wann Du des Thurmes Glockenspiel vernimmst,  
“Gedenk' an Die, die nun es mit Dir hört  
“Zum letzten Mal; oh, mögest Du,  
“Wann es Dir kündet Deine letzte Stunde,  
“So glücklich und ergeben sehn, als ich!” —  
Sprach's und hielt inne; drauf den matten Blick  
Erhebend, sah sie mich ein Weilschen an;  
Dann senkte sie das Haupt und lispelte mit Beken:  
“Und sollt' es jemals wieder Dir begegnen,  
“Dich zu vermählen, möge jeder Segen  
“Herniederträufeln auf die neue Brant,  
“Und mögest Du mit ihr  
“So glücklich sehn, wie einst mit mir.  
“Und nun ist's aus; und was mir bleibt,  
“Ist, diesen Ring in Deine Hand, die einst  
“Zum meinen ihn gemacht, zurückzustellen,  
“Auf daß Du ihn bewahrst, dieweil Du athmest,  
“Und, wann die Stunde Deines Scheidens schlägt,  
“Du unserm theuern Kinde,  
“Du unsrer Katharine<sup>4</sup> ihn gebst,  
“Ein Andenken Dein und meiner Liebe.” —  
Sprach's mit gebroch'ner Stimme, und während sie  
Noch sprach und sich den Ring vom Finger zog,  
Festsetzte sich des Todes kasse Farbe  
Auf ihren Wangen;  
Erkaltet sinkt die ausgestreckte Hand,  
Der Ring rollt auf den Boden nieder  
Und Ann Jane<sup>1</sup> ist — ein Sang, der ausgesungen. —

Wo ihren Duft die Mandelbäum' ergießen,  
 Des Lenzes Nah'n die Pfirsichblüte kündet  
 Und wohin noch des Sarca Brausen reicht,  
 Versenkten wir sie in ihr einsam Grab,  
 Bis Frömmerei zu wüthen aufgehört;  
 Denn vor ihr hatten Arco's Frömmler,  
 Zur Schande Aller, die sich Christen nennen,  
 Des Friedhofs Thore zugeschlagen.  
 Oh, hättet Ihr sie nur gehört  
 Von Kezerei und Glaube faseln,  
 Und wie man Keinen, der sich nicht vor'm Sterben  
 Zum Glauben all' der Uebrigen bekannt,  
 Begraben dürfe neben gläub'gen Leichen! —  
 Durch zweimal dreißig Tag' besuchten wir  
 An Sarca's Ufer ihr verlass'nes Bett,  
 Und vor dem Grabeshügel,  
 Gelagert auf dem Rasen,  
 Verweinten wir die trauervollen Stunden.  
 Und als die Pfirsichblüte war gefallen,  
 April zu Ende war, die Frömmerei  
 Des winz'gen Arco minder wüthig ras'te,  
 Da kamen wir, bei flackerndem Laternenlicht,  
 Mit Schaufeln, in der Todtenstille  
 Der Nacht, und hoben schweigend aus den Schollen  
 Leichnam und Truhe, brachten sie hinan,  
 Wo von des stillen Geole Hügel  
 Des Ziegelbrenners Ofen lodernd gähnte.  
 Zwei Stunden vor Sonnenaufgang hatte  
 Die Glut ihr Werk vollbracht, in einer Urne  
 Die Ueberreste, langten ungefährdet wir  
 Zu Hause an, und sagten kurz und eilig  
 Arco und seiner Frömmerschaa'r Fahrwohl.  
 Vergieb, o Himmel, ihnen; und wenn wirklich  
 Ihr Glaube der alleinig wahre ist,



So lehre sie durch Thaten ihn bewähren,  
Die nicht von Bosheit, doch von Liebe zeugen.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurme: Sieben!  
Einsamer Wittwer, warum stirbst du nicht?  
Was lebst du, wo die Andern lachen,  
Zu seufzen nur und deine Tage  
Entschwund'ner Freude zu betrauern? —  
Wol bin ich Wittwer, aber einsam nicht  
Im trauten Kreise Derer, die mir bleiben:  
Ein Bruder und drei theure Schwestern  
Bevölkern diese Wüdnis mir;  
Und wann ich je zur Trauer neige,  
Dann bittet mein geliebtes Kind,  
Dann bittet meine Katharine,  
Daß, ihr zu Lieb', ich mich erheit're,  
Und küßt von meinem Augenlied die Thräne.

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme ruft: Ach!  
Laß früh sie kommen oder spät, ich harre  
Befriedigt, ruhig, auf die Ankunft  
Der festgesetzten Stunde,  
Der Grenze meiner Hoffnungen und Kengsten,  
All' meiner freudigen und düstern Jahre.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Neun!  
O Katharine<sup>4</sup>, mein Kind, auch Du mußt sterben!  
Muß seufzen, wann ich denke, daß vielleicht  
Dir keine liebe Hand wird nahe seyn,  
Die Deine Lippen neße, Deine Augen schliesse!  
Wenngleich noch voll des Lebens Puls Dir schlägt  
Und weit entfernt noch Deine Sterbestunde,  
Laß, Katharine<sup>4</sup>, mein Kind, Dein Auge nicht  
Zu glühend auf dem Eiteln ruhen;



Lieb' diese Welt des Streitens nicht zu sehr;  
Im besten Fall ist dieses Leben  
Ein zweifelhaftes Gut.  
Und wann auch Deine Stunde endlich naht,  
Dann, Erbin Du der Stärke Deiner Mutter,  
Wend' ab Dein brechend Aug' vom Leben,  
Und ohne einen einz'gen Seufzer  
Stirb, wie Du Deine Mutter sterben sahst,  
Gedenkend, daß der Tod nicht nur der Freuden,  
Rein, auch der Leiden Abschluß sey.

Mit ernster Stimme ruft's vom Thurm: Behn!  
Wer möchte seine Stunden wieder leben  
Und wieder kämpfen den ungleichen Kampf  
Mit Schmerz und Krankheit, Alter und Verdruß,  
Und seh'n, wie seine Freuden nach einander flieh'n,  
Wie seine Lieben nach einander sterben,  
Und Laster im Trinnph  
Und Tugend tief im Elend seh'n;  
Des Stolzen Spott und Hohn von neuem tragen  
Und in der Antichambre harren,  
Der Großen Hofstaat zu vergrößern;  
Sich krümmen unter unverdientem Unrecht,  
Das Haupt vor dem Tyrannen beugen; oder  
Für Schmerzen, die nicht seine eig'nen sind,  
Des Mitleids Flechten wieder ächzen,  
Für Kummer, den er nicht vermag zu heilen,  
Fruchtlose Todesangst empfinden;  
Wer ist in's Leiden so vernarrt, daß er  
Noch einmal möchte seine Stunden leben?

Des Thurmes ernste Stimme rufet: Eils!  
Laß mich versuchen, meine Leiden anzuzählen:  
Trennlose Freunde, eitle Hoffnungen,

Sinkendes Alter . . . legt, oh, legt in eine  
Einsiedelei mich, ferne von der Welt  
Mistönender Entzweiung, ferne  
Von ihres Neides Fehd' und Krieg,  
Aus dem Bereich der frömmelnden Sektirer,  
Die, wo sie handeln sollten, predigen;  
Dort will auf eine Sonnenuhr  
Mein Aug' ich heften und die Stunden zählen,  
Wie sie vorüber zieh'n:  
Eins, Zwei, Drei, Vier, Fünf, Sechs und Sieben  
Und darauf Acht, Neun, Zehn und Gilt,  
Die Stunden werden meine Kanzelreden sehn;  
Will über jede Stund' moralisiren,  
Dem Menschenherzen lesen einen Text,  
Weit wahrer, als der Glaubenszünfiler Crebo.

Vom Thurme ruft's mit ernster Stimme: Zwölf!  
Hoch fährt der Vollmond durch die Mitternacht;  
Die Nachtkluft seufzt und seufzt,  
Der Uhn schreit, der Freund des Dunkels,  
Und Bilder aus vergang'nen Tagen schweben  
An meinem halbgeschloss'nen Aug' vorüber.  
Mit meiner Neuverlohten wandle ich  
Durch einen Hain von Bitterpappeln;  
All' uns're Reden drehen sich um Liebe;  
Um ihre Mitte schlinget sich mein rechter Arm,  
Ihr linker Arm auf meiner Schulter ruht.  
Doch woher dieser Schrei,  
Dies plötzliche Zusammenfahren?  
Was schlägt das Herz so krampfhaft?  
Mein Leben, meine Lieb', was fürchtest Du?  
Komm an mein Herz, komm näher — Großer Gott  
Des Himmels, was umarm' ich hier!

Ein Leichentuch, umhüllend dürrer  
Gebeine!

Und über Grabgesteine strandle ich  
Und stürze in ein frisch gegrab'nes Grab;  
Kinnlose Schädel pflastern seinen Grund  
Und angereichte Bähne kränzen seine Wände.  
Weß ist die Hand, die winkend leitet  
Durch dieses Beinhaus meinen Weg?

“Eile, mein James<sup>3</sup>, was zauberst Du?

“’s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag!

“Horch! Hoch vom Thurme schlägt es Eins.

“An Deinen Finger stecke diesen Ring.

“Hast Du vergessen das ‘Auf ewig Dein?’ —

“Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!

“Oh komm, mein James<sup>3</sup>, und laß uns singen

“Die Inschrift un’res Eherings;

“Dein bin ich, Du bist mein!

“Komm, singen wir ‘Auf ewig Dein!’

“Eile, mein James<sup>3</sup>, und laß uns fort,

“’s ist morgen unser Hochzeitstag.” —

Ich wachte auf und war allein,

Zum Fenster sah der Mond herein.

Ich las die Inschrift auf dem Ring;

Doch da war Niemand, sie zu singen,

Und wie ich saß so ganz allein,

Rief’s hoch vom Thurm mit ernster Stimme: Eins!

Wien, November 1852.

(1) Jane ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.

(2) Kate ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.

(3) James ist nach englischer Weise einsilbig auszusprechen.

(4) Katharine ist nach englischer Weise dreisilbig auszusprechen.

WHAT I SAW MOST CURIOUS IN ALL  
MY TRAVELS.

Í have róamed the wórld abóut,  
Séarching each cúrious óbject óut;  
Whatéver things have máde a róut,  
Whéther théy be gréat or smáll,  
Í have hád a péep at áll.

In Éngland Í have séen the Quéen;  
In Íreland Í 've Killárney séen;  
In Scótlánd Í 've seen Hólyróod,  
And cút a stíck in Bírnám Wóod,  
And cárríed it to Dúnsináne  
Ánd the cástle óf the Tháne  
Whose crúel lády shéd the blóod  
Of Scótlánd's kíng, Duncán the góod.

In Bélgium Í 've to Brússels béen,  
Ánd admired the city eléan,  
Strólléd in its párks and álleys gréen,  
Ánd Vesálius' státue séen;  
And ón the mónument óf the bráve  
Who díed their fátherlánd to sáve,  
Ánd lie móuldering in one gráve,  
The náme of évery héro réad,  
And whére he féll, and hów he bléd.  
Whéther he 's búrgomáster béen,  
Or dúke, or prínce, or bárber méan,  
Éach has éarnéd his wréath of fáme,  
Ánd stands thére an hónored náme,  
If áll, like mé, had tíme to réad,  
And trávelled with so líttle spéed.



Out of B elgium into France;  
 Not to stay, but take a glance  
 At the  ever restless nation,  
 That loves to spread such consternation  
 Amongst Europe's lords despotic,  
 Yet by all its pranks Quixotic  
 Has but got a stronger master,  
 And riveted its fetters faster.  
 Louis Nap, I thought thee  ever,  
 Even when others did not,  lever;  
 And though I wish thou hadst been more l oth  
 To break the sanction of an oath,  
 I thank thee for thy castigation  
 Of popular representation,  
 That quintessence, by sublimation,  
 Of the worst follies of a nation;  
 And that thou hast a-packing sent  
 The job they call a parliament;  
 That vast club of eternal praters,  
 That Pandemonium of debaters,  
 That sell their v ery souls for places,  
 And cheat like jockies at the races.

In Switzerland I 've seen Mont Blanc  
 Hiding his head the clouds among;  
 Dined on cold Mont Anvert's top,  
 And purchased knick-knacks at the shop  
 Just opened on the shivering side  
 Of the mighty glacier wide  
 By travellers called the M er de Gl ace,  
 And there they got me on an ass,  
 That brought me, up the dizzy pass  
 Of C ol de B alme, to the Val ais,  
 Where snug in Gemini's baths I lay



And stéwed myself the lívelong dáy,  
And dined on chéese and dránk goat's whéy;  
Then óver Símplon máde my wáy,  
Like Hállnibál, to Ítalý,  
Ónce the lánd of the bráve and frée.  
And thére I sáw the fáamous rópe-  
Dáncers in Génoa, ánd the Pópe,  
Ánd Vesúvius' búrning cráter,  
Ánd the hóuse of thé man-háter  
In Vénice, ánd the Góndolétta  
In whích he rówed his Guicciolétta,  
Ánd the tómes whence hé compiled  
Licéntious Júan ánd The Childe.

I 've séen in Flórence thé Bargéllo;  
Ánd, of márble bláck and yéllow,  
Thé Cathédral's Cámpanile,  
A wónderfúl tall bélfry réally;  
And Sánta Cróce's áisle alóng,  
The míghty búried déad amóng,  
Háve with an Énglish swágger wálked,  
Ánd with Énglish ímpudence tálked  
Of Mácchiavél and Mágalótti  
And Míchel Ángelo Búonarótti;  
Wóndered at Gíotto's wánt of sháde,  
Ánd why Cimabúe máde  
The Vírgin's fáce so róund and flát:  
Is 't trúe she fór the líkeness sát?

Písa, thy Dúomo 's móre than fíne;  
Its véry gáteway hálf dívíne;  
But whý its tówer should só inclíne  
Out óf the pérpendícular líne,  
And yét not tópple héadlong óver,

After pains-taking to discover,  
And endless beating of my brain  
Some three long summer-days in vain,  
I turned about in sheer despair,  
And, as I found it, left it there,  
A column leaning on the air,  
To puzzle architectural sages  
As long as stone-masons get wages.

Should I begin to tell of Rome  
I'd scarce end ere the day of doom:  
Besides I have given to Rome before  
Twenty five pages, less or more,  
In that gathering of Windfalls,  
Which every grubbing wit so mauls,  
Scratches and scrapes and claws all over  
With his crow-foot, to discover  
Some crack or flaw to peck and bite at,  
And, to earn a penny, write at.  
So if a sketch of Rome content ye,  
In my Windfalls ye'll find twenty;  
If more ye want, bid God keep home;  
And off across the Alps to Rome.

Three weeks I was in Naples I  
Scarce took my eyes off the blue sky.  
How soft, how sweet, how limpid clear  
The Neapolitan atmosphere,  
Ye cannot have a notion here,  
Upon whose heads so heavy lowers,  
Charged with fogs and mists and showers,  
This arctic hemisphere of ours.  
Thrice lovely Naples, when I die,  
Let me, beneath thy violet sky,

Sómevhere néar the Mántuan lie,  
Ór in the spréading pálm tree's sháde  
Clóse by the físher hút be láid,  
Beside the símple físhermáid,  
Whóm the coldhéarted Fránk betráyed.  
Bý no Frénchman's fóot be tród,  
Gráziélla, thý grave-sód;  
But thére let Crócus éarliest péep,  
And bénding Willow ó'er thee wéep,  
And Bája's máidens cúrse a náme  
That Gául takes pride in, tó her sháme.

Had Milan nóthing bút her Dóme,  
Milan were sécond scárce to Róme;  
I knów it wéll, each flág and stóne;  
But bést where thróugh the stáined-glass shóne  
The évening súnbeams sóft and méllow  
Tínging the clústered cólumn's yéllow,  
That cróss the lóng aisle's cólonnáde  
Flíng their déep and sólempn sháde,  
And stréaming, with soft lústre méek,  
On mány a brúnette's lóvely chéek,  
Lówly amóng the knéeling crówd  
Befóre the féstooned áltar bówed.

In Gérmány, as áll agrée,  
'Are mány cúrious thíngs to sée:  
Lét us óur beginníng máke  
At dírtý Hámbug, fór the sáke  
Of éase and pérspicúitý,  
For thére my ill fate lánded mé  
Óut of clean Éngland; grievously  
Thróugh my nérves olfáctórý  
Hámbug's dírt offénded mé;

Nór less shócked mine eýes to sée  
 The inky flóods that dówn the stréet  
 Rán in the driest sùmmér héat,  
 When sólstice sùns baked mé alive  
 And Réaumur stóod at thirty five.  
 Escáped from Hámburg's filth and smóke,  
 Ánd its kéen commérceial fólk,  
 Tó the Hártz I táke my wáy,  
 To lét the móuntain bréezes pláy  
 Abóut me frée, and blów awáy  
 Fróm my frésh-washed skin and shírt  
 The ódour óf the Hámburg dírt.

In Léipzig, néxt, I 'm tó the fáir,  
 Ánd at the lóng and bláck beards stáre  
 Óf the Jew mérchants; ánd decláre,  
 That wére I nót a Chrístian bórn,  
 Í wóuld endúre the Chrístian's scórn  
 For Ábrahám's and Jácob's séed,  
 And Ísrael's únbéliéving créed,  
 To win the privilége to wéar,  
 Ón my own chin, my nátive háir.

In Múnich thé grand Glýptothék  
 Ánd still gránder Pínacothék  
 Bég you 'll nót one fáult díscóver  
 In Lóla Móntes' róyal lóver:  
 And gréat Bavária, géant táll,  
 Stánding in frónt of Glóry's Háll,  
 In stréngth of yóuth and béauty's prídé,  
 With the grim Líon át her síde,  
 Hólds the wréath of hónor fórt  
 Tó rewárd the híghest wórt.

In Cónstance Í 've seen Húss's cèll,  
Ánd the Háll where he spóke so wèll,  
Fór his cónscience ánd his life,  
Ágáinst the fágot ánd the knífe.

In Drésden Í 've the highly prized  
Sístine Madónna criticized,  
Ánd pronóunced the dráwing trúe,  
Bút the cólor áll too blúe,  
Ánd the two little ímps belów  
Fit ónly fór a ráree-shów,  
With their duck's wings, and fóolish grín,  
And élbows própping úp their chin.  
The réason why I só admire  
The Drésdenérs, if yóu inquire,  
It is not thát they 're óver cívil,  
Ór less úgly thán the Dévil,  
Ór that their hóuses dó not stínk  
Like ány chárnel-váult or sínk;  
Bút, in one wórd, its fór the sáke  
Óf their right róyal Bibliothék,  
So nóbly tó me ópen thrówn,  
To úse as íf it wére my ówn,  
And 'rével thére, the whóle day lóng,  
Dear Léarning's tréasured swéets amóng,  
Till, tired, I túrn for récréation  
To Klémm, and tálk of Cívilisátion,\*  
Oft wóndering how sáusage-fúll  
Of knówledge is the Gérman skúll.

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\* Dr. Klemm, the learned Oberbibliothekar of the King's Library in Dresden, has just completed, in 10 vols. 8<sup>vo</sup>. his Cultur-Geschichte, the labor of twenty five years.



In Prágue I 've séen the Clémentinum,  
Laurenzibérg and Cárolinum,  
And Dálibórka's dónjon táll,  
And Ládisláus' góthic háll,  
Ánd the thrice sáinted, pickled tóngue,  
That hígh up ín the Hrádschin 's húng,  
In hónor óf the Quéen's conféssor,  
That silent tóngue's quondám posséssor,  
Whó in the Móldau's mídnight tíde,  
Thé conféssional's mártyr, díed.

And, lást and gréatest, Í have séen  
The Káiser-Stádt, impérial Wíen;  
With its San Stéphan's Thúrm so hígh,  
And Práter lów, and gáy Bastei,  
And Eísenstóck, and Góttes-ácker;  
And hád my tóe by á Fiácere  
Run óver ón the flágway, thóugh  
Néar to the wáll as Í could gó.  
So clóse and nárrow — whát a pity! —  
The crówded stréets of thát gréat cíty,  
Such jóstling ín them, crúshing, stríving,  
Such cártíng, w héelbarro'íng and dríving,  
You néither cán get ón, nor stóp;  
But wíll-ye, n'íll-ye, ín must póp  
Ínto pórté-cochère or shóp,  
In óne street's léngth ten tímes at léast,  
If yóu 'd not gíve work tó the príest  
And nótary and úndertáker,  
And lóng farewéll bíd tó the báker.

And nów I 've cóme home, sáfe and wéll,  
Áll these cúríous thíngs to téll,

There 's a thing more cúrious stíll,  
 Which, if I cán describe, I wíll;  
 Tóo many wórds mar sénse, 'tis sáid,  
 So whát I méan 's a Gérman béd.  
 A wóol stuffed pincushión; I wéen,  
 Géntlest réader, thóu hast séen;  
 Quadrángulár, wood ón each síde,  
 And twice as lóng as it is wíde.  
 Sét this pincúshion ón four féet,  
 And, ón its óne end, píllows néat  
 Some hálf a dózen togéther píle —  
 Náy, gentlest réader, dó not smíle;  
 True Gérman néver *lies* in béd,  
 But *síts*, and léans his wéary héad  
 Báckwards agáinst such stéep inelíne  
 As gíves exáctly éighty níne  
 For the ángle's méasure which his spíne  
 Mákes with the hórízóntal líne.  
 With his one shéet benéath him spréad  
 Thus síts the Gérman in his béd,  
 And ón his twó knees strétched out stráight  
 Suppórts his *Féderdéckbett's* wéight,  
 That léaves his féet and ánkles báre  
 To shíver in the míd-night áir:  
 Yet nót one wórd will hé compláin,  
 Intó whose métaphýsic bráin,  
 Of blánket ór of cóunterpáne,  
 With áll his tóil and áll his swéat,  
 No cléar *Begríff* has éntered yét.

So, ás I 've súng or ráther sáid,  
 Agáinst the Glácis óf his béd  
 The Gérman léans supíne his héad;

And sléeps with héedful cáution nice,  
 While on each síde a préecipice  
 Four féet down pérpendiculár,  
 Forbids one wéary jóint to stir  
 Éither to léft side ór to right,  
 Thróugh the whole lívelong winter night;  
 And thréatens évery déviátion  
 From réctilíneal réclinátion  
 Alóng the míddle óf the crib,  
 With bróken héad or bróken rib.  
 Your Gérman, whó admirer wárm is  
 Of whóle bones, swéars "*tutissimus dórmiis*"  
 Ís the true réading, and your "*ibis*"  
 The intérpolátion óf some scribe is,  
 Who knéw not 'twás a Gérman béd,  
 Good fáther Sól had in his héad,  
 Whén he admónished his rash són,  
 Fidgetty, réstless Pháëton,  
 Right in the míddle tó keep stráight,  
 Íf he disliked a bróken páte.  
 The góod advice díd bút annóy  
 The sílly, sélf-concéited bóy,  
 Who, tíred of thé exáct stráight líne,  
 Fidged to the síde óf thé inclíne,  
 And túmbling dówn, as schóolboys knów,  
 Ínto the bróad, o'erflówing Pó,  
 Wás by his wéeping sísters móurned  
 Till ínto póplars théy were túrned.

Réader, shóuldst thou éver bénd  
 Thy stéps to Gérmany, a friénd  
 Than Cóleridge móre expérienced, wóuld  
 Persúade thee, íf he dúrst and cóuld,

To bring with thee, not one poor pair  
Of blankets, from the midnight air  
Thy hips, sides, shoulders to defend;  
But bring with thee, so says thy friend,  
Bedstead and bedding all complete,  
Six feet in length and wide five feet;  
So shall the astonished *Kellnerin*,  
When at daybreak she brings thee in  
Thy cup of coffee, find thee warm,  
And safe escaped all nightly harm  
Of damp or frost or sudden fall;  
And wonder how it comes at all,  
There should be in the world a rug,  
So fleecy soft, so cozy snug,  
Yet of the vast, unheard-of size,  
A man to cover as he lies  
Stretched at full length, and hang down wide  
Below the bed on either side.

Reader, farewell; and pardon me,  
Some winter's night in Germany  
If scanty coverlet, steep high bed,  
And frozen toes or broken head  
Make thee remember what I've said.

Written while travelling on foot from BOTZEN, to INNICHEN  
in the PUSTERthal, October 1. to October 4. 1852.

## MY JOURNEY

IN THE AUTUMN OF 1852 FROM MUNICH THROUGH THE BAVARIAN  
HIGHLANDS UP THE VALLEY OF THE INN AND OVER THE STELVIO  
INTO LOMBARDY.

With shirt fresh washed, and cravat néat,  
And worsted socks upon my féet,  
And shoes half worn and newly sóled,  
And double póckets lined with góld,  
And ón my héad brown Wide-awáke  
Cócked on one side for fáshion's sáke,  
And gráy Alpácha light and wárm  
Hung lóosely óver thé left árm,  
To wéar in cáse of cóld or stórm,  
And sílk umbrélla in my hánd,  
Behóld me in a fóreign lánd.

Let thóse who lóve their déar-bought éase,  
Bring rúmbling with them, if they pléase,  
Valíse and trúnk and équipáge,  
Ánd, at Boulógne, couríer engáge,  
To sit upón coach-bóx in státe,  
And fór Milórd inside transláte;  
Or, fórward sént, annóunce the appróach  
Of Énglish géntlemán and cóach,  
And át the Póste bespéak reláy,  
Thát there may bé no stóp nor stáy  
Ín the impátient tráveller's wáy  
Pást every óbject wóρθ the víew  
Ín the strange lánd he jóurneys thróugh:  
But Í profess anóther créed,  
And different fár my ráte of spéed,  
And féw and smáll the hélp I néed;



Trunk, b6x, or 6quip6ge, I 've none;  
And 6s for c6urier — I 'm my 6wn;  
And y6t I g6 not 6ll 6l6ne,  
For 6t my side is 6lways 6ne  
Whose sw66t comp6nionship more sw66t  
Makes 6very 6bje6t which I m66t;  
More s6ft the 6ir, the ský more blúe,  
Each field and fl6wer more bright of húe,  
The m6rn more fr6sh, less gr6ve the 6ven;  
And wh6re she br66thes there is my h6aven.

An h6ur before the m6tin chime,  
I h66r a v6ice:— "To rise it 's tíme;"  
And th6n I f66l a d6ughter's kiss —  
"The m6rning h6ur we m6st not miss;  
No m6re of sl6ep; the ský is bright;  
We 've tw6nty m6les to m6ke ere night;  
Make h66ste, Pap6." And th6n she br6ings  
Those 6tems which the s6x call things,  
And m6n their cl6thes; cravat and v6st,  
Coat, shirt and st6ckings — 6nd the r6st;  
And wh6le, with 6ver 6nd 6n6n  
Her h6lping h6nd, I pút them 6n,  
Rem6nds me h6w the minutes p6ss,  
And m6kes brief t6ilette 6t the gl6ss.  
Dr6ssing achieved, we h6rry d6wn  
T6 the *Gast-St6be*; m6ddy br6wn  
Whose n6ked t6bles, w6lls and fl66r,  
Cúshionless s66ts and 6ft-turned d66r;  
Our c6ff6e in all h66ste desp6tch,  
Disch6rge our r6ck6ning, r6ise the l6tch,  
And, wh6le 6r6und the whole h66sehold crý  
'*Gl6ckliche R6ise*,' bid good býe,  
And 6ut up6n our r66d 6g6in,

Alónġ the vlley, 'crss the plin,  
Throúgh villge, hmlet, city, twn,  
Now úp the muntin nd then dwn.

Nw by the side of rppling lke,  
Lngering, slw, our wy we tke;  
And wtch with vr nw delight  
The freks of the reflcted light;  
Hw from wve to wve it glnces,  
Hw it shivers, hw it dnces;  
Hre spread ut so wrm and mellow  
Únder some sft cloud's mrning yllow,  
There wrnkling blck benath the frwn  
Of yn o'erhnging muntin brwn.

Nw our wy leads throúgh the shde  
By scamre and wlnut mde;  
Whre the bech spreads verhad,  
nd the rwan brries rd  
Droop grceful frm their slnder stlk:  
Plasant inded it is to wlk  
Únder this vr-vying scren,  
This twinkling cnopy of gren,  
And wtch the tmid squrrel sprng,  
And har the shy wood thrstle sng;  
Or pering dwn some dm-lit isle  
Of plne or pplar, se defile  
ut of the thcket nd the shde  
Ínto the sn-illminated glde  
The rd deer's sttely cvalcde;  
Like trin of mnks from the dark dor  
Of scristy or clister har,  
Forth íssung ínto the brght,  
Illminated chncel's light.

And nów with lightsome fóotstep frée,  
 We 're bóunding ó'er the móuntain léa  
 With eúphrasy and dáisy píed,  
 Alóng the múrmuring bróoklet's síde,  
 Whére a thóusand núbbling shéep  
 Súch a tinkle tinkle kéep;  
 And sée the shépherd ón a rók  
 Séated ténd his wóolly flóck;  
 Róund his néck his whistle 's húng,  
 'Cróss his báck his wállet 's slúng;  
 Émblem and éngine óf commánd,  
 His séven-foot cróok 's in his right hánd;  
 In váin, bold rám, that thréatening lóok,  
 Thine híd leg 's in the mérciless cróok;  
 Submít, proud rám; thy strúggle váin  
 Dóes but to tórture túrn thy páin.  
 And nów, "whee! whée!" his whistle shrill  
 Commánds his dóg down fróm the híll  
 To túrn, with bárk and wéll-feigned bíte,  
 The stúrdy wédder, thát in spíte  
 Of shówers of cláy from thé crook's scóop  
 Has dáred to strággles fróm the tróop.

A róughér scéne salútes us nów;  
 Lean óver yónder rók's steep brów;  
 Héar what an úproar réigns belów;  
 Sée hów the héadlong tórrént rúshes,  
 Hów it éddies, fóams and gúshes,  
 Hów from rók to rók it túmbles,  
 Héar how the gróund abóut thee rúmbles:—  
 "Take cáre my child, come fást awáy,  
 Thy fáce and háir are wét with spráy."  
 "Do stáy, Papá, a móment stáy;  
 Thóugh with sómewhat bóisterous pláy,

The wáters spírt and fóam and híss,  
 Ás they plúnge into the abyýss,  
 Ánd with spráy have wét my háir,  
 Ánd with dámpness filled the áir,  
 See yónder whát a lóvely Bów  
 Spáns the áwful chásm belów,  
 Wárm red and yéllow, blént with blúe,  
 Ánd the violet's ténderer húc;  
 Bridge búilt for thé new-wéddeð bride  
 Óf some fáiry king to ríde,  
 Bý her róyal cónsort's síde,  
 Ón her práncing pálfrey píed,  
 Sáfe acróss the stéep ravíne,  
 Tó the cástle néver séen  
 Bý presúptuous mórtal eýe,  
 Till mídnight's páll has wrápped the ský,  
 Ánd from báttlemént and tówer  
 The phántom wátch have cálléd the hóur:  
 Then súdden ón the astónished síght  
 Búrst the cástle blázing bríght  
 With a thóusand tápers' líght;  
 Ánd on the éar peals fróm wíthín  
 The Mándolín's ríght mérry dín,  
 Ánd sóng and dánce and révelrý  
 Lást till the phántom wátch cry — THRÉE;  
 Whén in a tríce the líghts are out,  
 Húshed in a tríce sóng, dánce and shóut,  
 Ánd the enchánted cástle 's góne,  
 Léaving no rélic, stóck nor stóne,  
 To márk the síte it stóod upón:  
 Till at the sáme hóur thé next níght,  
 With its thóusand tápers bríght,  
 It búrst agáin upón the síght;  
 Ánd sóng and dánce and jóllitý

Agáin last till the wáitch cry — THRÉE;  
When áll at ónce from mórtal. kén  
Vánish the fáiry tówers agáin;  
And the éarly trávellér thróugh the wóod  
Gáthers múshrooms whére they stóod."

The mídday sún has scáled the ský;  
Our páth leads úp a móuntain hígh;  
Grádual at fírst, then stéep and shéer;  
How dwindled dówn to míce appéar  
The shéep, that ón yon hílls belów  
Grázíng we léft two hóurs agó!  
Our fórest fríends have óne by óne  
Léft us to táke our wáy alóne:  
Soft Wíllow fírst begán to wáil  
And wéep that shé had léft the vále;  
Then Póplar tíred, and céased to clímb,  
Sáying he 'd cóme anóther tíme,  
But nów wóuld ráther stáy with Líme:  
Next stúrdy Oák stópped fár belów,  
And Wálnut cóuld no fúrther gó,  
And Cýpress shívered wíth the cóld,  
And Chésnut wás too stíf and óld,  
And sáid that úp the stéep inclíne  
We néeded bút stout hárdy Píne  
For cómpany; for hé wás lóng  
Ínured to dwéll thóse héights amóng,  
Ánd wóuld néither tíre nor stóp  
But kéeep close bý us tó the tóp.  
Sweet wóords of cómfort, Chésnut blánd,  
And fálse as swéet, thou hast stíll at hánd;  
Móre than a góod hálf hóur agó  
Stout Píne grew tíred, and stáid belów,  
Gáspíng for bréath: and sáid that hé



Was lóth to párt good cómpany,  
 But cóuld not béar an áltítúde  
 Abóve the spót whereón he stóod.  
 Só, while thou tóil'st up life's stéep hÍll,  
 Thou 'rt léaving frÍends behind thee stÍll;  
 And óne is wéak, and óne is slów,  
 And, bréathless, óne stops fár belów;  
 And tén are fálse, and twénty díe,  
 That tó thy yóuth gáve cómpany:  
 And thóu, ere hálf the stéep thou hast wón,  
 Look'st róund, and ló! thou stánd'st alóne,  
 Unléss, for mútual shÍeld from hárm,  
 Thou hast línked thee ín a bróther's árm,  
 Or sóme dear sÍster wálks besÍde,  
 Or kínd Heaven 's bóund thee tó a brÍde  
 In háppy fétters; ór a míld  
 And dútiful dáughter, líke mý chÍld,  
 Mý belóved Káthariné, hóvers néar,  
 Thine áge's fáinting stéps to chéer.

Stárk desolátion wóuldst thou sée,  
 Úp to the high móuntains, úp with mé;  
 Belów thee léave the shélttered glén;  
 Dótted with the abódes of mén;  
 Belów thee léave the shépherd's pén;  
 Fár belów ín the dístance dínn,  
 Léave the chárcoal-búrner grím,  
 With his dun óxén ánd his lóad  
 Lúmbering dówn the dángerous róad;  
 Fár belów leave the lást green spót  
 Ánd the highest Sénner's lónely cót;  
 Ánd with unwéaried límb and bréath  
 Press úpwards 'cróss the dámp brown héath,  
 Whose mátted fÍbres' slów decáy,

Yéar after yéar, day áfter dáy,  
Clóthes with a déeper quággiér móld  
The móuntain grável wét and cóld.  
Sprínging from túft to túft acróss,  
Thou hast léft behind bog, héath and móss,  
Ánd with no jót of vígour léss  
Toilst úp the stóny wildernéss  
From whénce, a thóusand yéars agó,  
Tórrents and ráins and mélting snów  
Have wáshed down tó the vále belów,  
And thénce borne tó the séa awáy,  
The finér débris sánd and cláy,  
Léaving the grósser stónes behind  
Bléaching in súnshine ráin and wínd,  
Till gráin by gráin awáy they 're wórñ,  
And grádual dówn the sáme path bórne.

Look róund; what óbjects méet thy síght?  
“Stónes, only stónes, left hánd and ríght;  
Befóre, behind, stónes, ónly stónes,  
Thick stréwn as déadmen's móuldering bónes  
Upón some chárnel-hóuse's flóor.”  
Look úp abóve thee; wát see'st móre?  
“The gáunt cheeks óf the móuntain hóar,  
By mány a tórrent rávined déep,  
Each rávine énding ín a stéep  
Délta of grável, fróm the crówn  
Óf the ever crúmbling súmmit dówn  
Bróught by the wáters, ánd outspréad  
To bé their wáste and rúgged béd.”  
Still hígher lóok; what sée'st thou nów?  
“Crówning the táll cliff's cláunmy brów  
I sée the éverlásting snów,  
Líke the white cáp that wráps the héad

Of cold corpse in the coffin laid,  
 Or outstretched on the funeral bed;  
 Light on the deadcap rests the shroud,  
 And light upon the snow the cloud,  
 Whose thick impénétrable háze  
 Shields the highest pinnacles from the gáze,  
 And, by no ráy of sun pierced through,  
 Shuts in all round the úpward view."

A móuntain circus capped with snow,  
 Dark mists above, grey stónes below,  
 No living thing, no spéck of gréen,  
 No print to márk where life has béen,  
 The déathlike silence ónly bróke  
 Bý the torrent's róar or fálling róck —  
 Háste, thou that life hast, háste away;  
 Great Náture súffers nóth thy stáy.  
 In thése her óutskirts; in the wáste  
 And hórrible wilderness shé has pláced  
 Ón her extrémest fróntier's édge,  
 Ón her vast glóbe's most próminent lédge.  
 Stárk desolátion if there 's hére,  
 What is there quíte beyónd the sphére?

Tó the vast glácier lét us nów  
 Descénd alóng this slóping brów;  
 With stéady fóotstep, súde and slów,  
 Dównward in broad zígzags gó;  
 Ínto the grável press hárd thy héel,  
 Thy tóe the gróund must scárcely féel:  
 And nów upón thine *Álpenstóck*  
 Thrów thy whole wéight, and tó yon róck,  
 As *Gémisen-Jäger* féarlessly,  
 Acróss the wide chasm spríng with mé.

Well done — Is 't not a glorious sight  
Th' untródden glácier's dázzling white,  
Wáve beyond wáve spread éndlessly,  
Frozen billows óf a frózen séa?  
Look down this fissure, twó feet wide  
And fifty déep; on éither side  
Light pierces fár into the máss  
Of sólid, gréen, crystálline gláss,  
That fílls the móuntain rávine wide,  
From tóp to bóttom, side to side;  
Benéath dissólving gráduallý  
And éver dráining tóward the séa;  
Abóve repláced continuallý  
By snówslips fróm the súmmits high,  
And ón its súrface, tóward the vále,  
Down wáfting in perpétual sáil  
Its fréight of thóusand, thóusand tóns  
Of fálled-down grável and bóulder-stónes.

Móuntains and snóws behind us lie,  
Abóve us spréads a sóft blue ský;  
Wárm in the sún the lándscape glóws,  
A fréshening zéphyr róund us blóws,  
Fánning us with the rich perfúme  
Of órange ánd acácia blóom.  
Cast róund thine éyes; on évery side,  
Through áll the rólling chámplain wide,  
Éxtend in mány a párallel' line  
The póllard próppings óf the víne;  
Fréely betwéen from línk and nóose  
Háng the broad flóating féstoons lóose  
Óf the wónder-wórking júice,  
That ópen láys the héart of mán,  
Tó his bróther's éyes to scán,



And láic, clérghy, súbjeets, kíngs,  
 To óne and thé same lével bríngs;  
 That chéers the síck-bed ánd ínspíres  
 The póet's ánd the lóver's fíres,  
 And húes of héaven, odóurs of róse,  
 Round life's exháusted pílgím thróws.  
 Let Céres bóast her gólden shéaves,  
 And Flóra hér enámelled léaves,  
 Let Pállas kéeep her ólive wánd,  
 The mýrtle stíll grace Vénus' hánd,  
 And Mórphéus róund afflíction's béd  
 Stíll wáve his drówsy póppyhéad,  
 Déarer to mé than flówer or shéaf,  
 Or ólive bráñch or mýrtle léaf,  
 Or póppy's bléssed ánodýne,  
 Déarer to mé and móre dívíné  
 One téndril, Bácschus, óf thy víne,  
 One spárkle óf a cúp of víne.

Abóve, the wíne festóons float frée;  
 Belów, wíde-spréading líke a séa,  
 Waves státely ó'er the gólden pláin  
 The Kúkurítz' sun-lóving gráin,  
 Chéquered with mány a vérdant spót,  
 Where róund the péasant's wóodroofed cót  
 Gay Búckwheat shéws his búskin réd,  
 And Míllet dróops her pénsive héad.

But wésteríng Sól bíds ús maké háste,  
 And nót our précíous mínutes wáste  
 In tóo contéplative a gáze  
 On váríous Náture's wóndrous wáys,  
 Whén on níght quárters wé shóuld thínk,  
 And sómething gét to éat and drínk;



And hints that though his sister Dí  
May dó for lovers tó swear bý,  
She 's nót to bé depended ón  
By twó who, bý themsélves alóne,  
Trável on fóot a lánd unknoẃn.  
With SóI I 'll nót the póint dispute,  
For SóI 's not éasy tó confúte,  
And Í mysélf shrewdly íncline  
To súpper ánd a pínt of wíne,  
Snug párlour, sófa, ánd warm béd  
With thrée down píllows át the héad  
And óne alóng the fóotboard láid,  
Thére to repóse my weáry bónes  
And léave hills, válleys, rócks and stónes,  
Vines, búckwheat, mílet, Túrkish córn,  
To shíver ín the cóld till mórn:  
Then ére the sún has léft his béd,  
Or típped the úpland pínes with réd,  
We rise refréshed and óut agáin  
'Cross móuntain, válley, híll and pláin,  
Through cópse and thicket, láwn and gláde,  
In súnshine nów, and nów in sháde;  
Léaving to óthers éase and weálth,  
And gáthering, dáily, stréngth and héalth,  
And swéet conténtment, dáughter fáir  
Of éxercise and ópen áir;  
Ánd, with discóurse varíous and frée  
On áll the nóveltíes we sée,  
Bréaching the thícK walls óf the céli  
Whére our blind ígnorance lóves to dwéll,  
With her íll-fávored chíldren thrée,  
Pride, préjudíce and bígotrý,  
And létting ín warm ráys of líght  
To íllumínáte our méntal níght.

## SPEND AND SPARE.

Twin brothers in old times there wére,  
The óne called Spénd, the óther Spáre;  
And thús, once in the mórning réd,  
Togéther ás they láy in béd,  
One bróther tó the óther sáid:—  
“Good bróther Spáre, it bréaks my héart,  
Bút from each óther wé must párt;  
Two ópposites cannót agrée,  
And thóu ’rt as ópposite to mé  
As wét to drý, as hót to cóld,  
As high to lów, as yóung to óld:  
So táke which wáy thou líkest bést,  
To Nórth or Sóuth, to Éast or Wést,  
And Í will táke the ópposite wáy,  
Ánd at the énd of a yéar and dáy  
We ’ll méet upón this spót agáin,  
And cálculáte our lóss or gáin.”  
Agréed: they kíss, shake hánds, and gó,  
At first with thóughtful stép and slów,  
Óne to the éastward úp the híll,  
Wéstward the óther dówn the ríll  
That túrned the óld, patérnal míll;  
And óft, with wáve of hát and hánd,  
A stép or twó retúrning, stánd  
In múte farewéll a móment stíll —  
And nów betwéen them líes the híll,  
And éach, his childhood’s hélpmate góne,  
Is léft to táke his wáy alóne.

Fór a húndred dúcats góld  
These bróthers, ás the stóry ’s tóld,

Hád the mill ancéstral sóld,  
Ánd, for bétter ór for wórse,  
Fifty dúcats in his púrse  
Each bróther hád upón the dáy  
He sèt out ón his séparate wáy.

As sóon as Spénd was óut of sight,  
Spare tóok his púrse, and tied it tíght  
With thrée hard knóts, and túcked it in  
Betwéen his wáistband ánd his skín;  
Then wént and éarned a gróat that dáy  
Beside free lódging, ánd did páy  
A quártér gróat for bréad and béer,  
And fire his évening héarth to chéer.  
Next dáy he éarned anóther gróat,  
Anóther quártér páid his scót,  
And Spáre that évening át his fire  
Was háppy tó his héart's desíre,  
Ánd, as he láy down in his béd,  
Thús to himsélf, conténted, sáid:—  
“The fifty dúcats yéllow góld,  
For which my hálf the mill I sóld,  
May wéll with góod ecónomý  
A húndred gólden dúcats bé,  
Befóre the dáy and twélvemonth's énd,  
Whén I 'm to méet my bróther Spénd.”  
And só Spare éarned a gróat a dáy,  
And stíll thrée quárters bý did láy,  
Augménting stíll his wéll saved stóre,  
Ánd to his dúcats ádding móre.  
Indústrious, frúgal ánd contént,  
Áfter the dáy in lábor spént,  
He 'd sháre his fire and évening chéer  
With sóme dear fríend or néighbour néar,

And smóke his pípe and cráck his jóke  
Like óther sprúce, well dóing fólk;  
Thén like a tóp sleep, rise at light,  
And lábor till retúrníng níght,  
And thínk, as hé tíed úp his púrse,  
How wáste bríngs wánt, and wánt bríngs wórse.

Meántíme Spénd éárned híis dáiely gróat,  
And spént ít tóo; — why shóuld hé nóť?  
Wíth fífty dúcats ín híis púrse  
Why shóuld Spénd híis éárníngs núrse?  
Abstáín fróm ínnocent récréátíon  
And práctíse sélť-mórtífícatíon?  
Whó búť a míser wóuld táke pléasure  
Ín héápíng úp a úseless tréasure?  
Besídes tó spénd, some wíse men sáy,  
Ís, tó be gréat, the shórtést wáy,  
And Cáto, cáreful óf híis pénce,  
Múst tó the vást munífícénce  
Of glóríous César yíeld the dáy,  
Ánd, at the lást, sore réckoníng páy  
For píttíng ágáíst míghty ‘*Dándo*’\*  
Ánd stíll míghtíer ‘*Súblevándó*’,  
Ánd magnétíc ‘*Ígnoscéndó*’,  
Híis stíngy ‘*Níhíl lárzíéndó*’.  
“Ánd só tó máke the wórld my fríend  
I ’ll úse my cásł,” thóught máster Spénd,  
“Ánd thús at ónce twó óbjects gáín,  
Pléasure and prófít bóth attáín;  
Ánd, ás philósophers récomménd,  
The *útilé* and *dúlce* blénd.”

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\* “Caesar dando, sublevando, ignoscendo; Cato nihil largiendo, gloriam adeptus.” SALL. *Catil.* 54.

So Spénd lived éasy, frée, and gáy,  
 And tó no bórrowér said náy,  
 And thóught no mán did éver wórse  
 Than tie a tíght string róund his púrse,  
 And whén at níght he wént to béd  
 Self-grátuláting thús he sáid:—  
 “I éarn with éase a gróat each dáy,  
 And thóugh two gróats be mý outláy,  
 Or sómething móre, I dó not féar  
 Bút that I sháll withín the yéar  
 Be twice as rích, at léast, as Spáre,  
 Ánd with one hálf the tóil and cáre.”

The yéar and dáy 's come tó an énd;  
 Mét are the bróthers Spáre and Spénd:  
 In ráptures éach to sée the óther:—  
 “Dear bróther, hów dost?” “Hów dost, bróther?”  
 Éach has a thóusand thínks to sáy,  
 To éach it is his háppiest dáy:  
 Éach will the óther tréat to wíne  
 And dínnér átt the Gólden Víné;  
 Bóth order dínnér, bóth will páy:—  
 “Náy”—“Yés, dear bróther”—“Náy”—“Yés”—“Náy”—  
 The wórld ne’er sáw a mérríer páir  
 Than wére that évening Spénd and Spáre;  
 Good dínnér, wíne, a déar loved bróthér;  
 Éach talked lóuder thán the óther,  
 Tóld how the whóle yéar hé had fáred,  
 Thís, how he had spént; that, hów he had spáred;  
 And éach grown rích a dífferent wáy:—  
 “And dóst thou méan, dear Spénd, to sáy,  
 Withóut one dúcat ín thy púrse,  
 Thou art áll the bétter ánd no wórse?”  
 “Góld is but trásh whíle ín purse pént;



It gains its wórch by béing spént;  
And míne 's spent fór the bést of énds,  
To wín me pléasure, pówer, and friends:  
With rích, with póor, with hígh, with lów  
I 'm wélcome whéresoe'er I gó;  
On évery síde I ám caréssed;  
I 'm évery whére an hónored guést;  
I méet no mán but ís my fríend,  
Réady to gíve me, ór to lénd —"  
"Then páy the réckoning, bróther Spénd."

The lándlord 's cálléd; makes óut the bíll;  
Spénd dóubts not búit he kíndly wíll  
Óver tíll néxt wéek lét ít líe;  
Fór he had béen unlúckilý  
Preváiled upón, that mórn, to lénd  
His lást páir dúcats tó a fríend,  
Who had prómised páyment thát dáy wéek,  
Ánd by no chánce his wórd wóuld bréak.  
"Nay, dón't look gráve, thou wílt and múst;  
Thóu 'rt the fríst mán I 've ásked for trúst,  
Trúst for one wéek tíll cásh comes ín —  
Dámnn ít! he lóoks as bláck as sín.  
Spare, páy the féllow, ánd let 's gó;  
So múch for á few dáys I 'll ówe  
Tó my dear bróther. Whý, thou art slów!"  
"Ánd whát else mákes me háve, this dáy,  
A chókeful púrse our bíll to páy,  
Bút thát I 'm álwáys slów to spénd,  
Lóth to gíve, more lóth to lénd?  
Áh! íf thou wóuldst bútt léárn from mé,  
Whát háppy bróthers wé míght bé,  
Whíle éách his sávings wéll díd núrse,  
Ánd nóurish ín a clóse-watched púrse!"

He said, and under his waistband  
Félt for his purse; first with one hand,  
And, missing it, then with the óther,  
And félt and gróped; then át his bróther  
Fúll in the fáce stared, and turned pále  
As cándle hánging fróm a náil,  
Or nún just dráwing ón the véil,  
Or schóol-girl, whó first time the tále  
Drinks ín of hápless Léonóre,  
And thinks she héars knock át the dóor  
That stéel-cased wárrior grím and gráy,  
Who is, befóre the dáwn of dáy,  
Behínd him ón his stéed awáy  
To béar her with him, áll alóne,  
Full gállop óver stóck and stóne  
Ínto his spéctral réalms unknowñ:—  
“They ’ve cút my purse, the thieves!” he sóbbed,  
“And óf my éarnings Í am róbbed,  
My hárd, hard éarnings fór the yéar,  
Beside the fifty dúcats cléar,  
For whích my hálf the míll I sóld,  
In áll a húndred dúcats góld —  
Purse, éarnings, cápítal, ín one swoóp!  
Ah, fáithless wáistband, knót, and lóop!”

Spend láughed, and róse up fróm his cháir,  
And kindly préssed the hánd of Spáre:—  
“Our cáses áre alike, dear bróther,  
And óne ’s no wíser thán the óther.  
Each tóok to wéalth a dífferent wáy,  
And éach has fáiled. Some fúture dáy  
We ’ll méet upón this spót agáin,  
To cóunt, perháps, not lóss, but gáin.  
“Máy it be só!” said Spáre, and síghed;

“It máyn’t be só!” the lándlord cried;  
“Enóugh once in my hóuse to méet” —  
And púshed both óut into the stréet.

Begun at POERTSCHACH in CARINTHIA, Octob. 12. 1852;  
resumed between KINBERG and LANGENWANG in UPPER STYRIA,  
Octob. 24; and finished at VIENNA, Nov. 4.

## Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter.

Unbeschrieb’ne Blätter gleichen  
Wolkenlosen Himmelreichen;  
Wenn ich ihre Reinheit sehe,  
Fühle ich der Wehmuth Nähe.

Wolken kommen bald gezogen,  
Düster wird der Himmelsbogen;  
Thränen bald den Blick umhüllen,  
Um der Blätter Weiß zu füllen.

B. Carneri.

## BLANK LEAVES.

SUGGESTED BY THE “UNBESCHRIEB’NE BLAETTER” OF B. CARNERI.

O’er áll yon clóudless sápphire ský  
Roams únrefréshed the pílgim’s eýe;  
Túrn where it will, North, Sóuth, East, Wést,  
No spéck it finds, no spót to rést.  
Cóme, rainbow clóuds, come háck agáin,  
Thóugh ye should drénch him with your ráin.

So o'er my páper's spótless white  
Roams unrefréshed my áching sight,  
Till with her füll pen Phántasy  
Cómes, and fills the blánk for mé  
With misty visions, hópes and féars,  
Oft énding in a flóod of téars.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1852.

### Der Großvater.

Komm zu mir, geliebter Knabe,  
Setze dich auf meinen Schoos.  
Wie du frisch bist, schlank und feurig,  
Für dein Alter stark und groß!

Gib den Arm um meinen Nacken,  
Spiele mit dem Silberhaar,  
Daß wie deines, junger Knabe,  
Einst so schwarz und lüppig war.

Wann du Mann bist, wirke, handle,  
Schaffe, deiner Kraft bewußt;  
Doch in Abendstunden denke  
An des Alters stille Lust.

Scheue nicht das müde Alter,  
Ist es doch die Zeit der Ruh'.  
Der dem Alter zugelächelt,  
Lächelt einst dem Tode zu.

B. Carneri.

## So war es einst.

Sobald es getagt,  
Stürmte die Jagd  
Bei Hörnerklang  
Und Jubelgesang  
Den Strom entlang;  
Ueber Berg und Thal, durch Wiesen und Wald  
Hinriß mich der Jugendglut Fiebergewalt.  
So war es einst!  
Hast Recht, mein Herz, wenn du zu brechen meinst.

Mein Lebensmark  
War gesund und stark;  
Das freie Feld  
Unterm Himmelszelt  
War meine Welt;  
Ich kannte den nagenden Trübsinn nicht  
Und heiter und froh sah mein frisches Gesicht.  
So war es einst!  
Hast Recht, mein Blick, wenn du zu Zeiten weinst.

Bin krank und matt,  
Wie lebensfatt,  
Und geben muß  
Ich den Abschiedsgruß  
Dem gewohnten Genuß;  
Gehemmt ist der Jugend begeisterter Flug,  
Muß ketteln um jeden Athemzug.  
So war es einst?  
Hast Recht, mein Hirn, wenn du zu wanken scheinst.

B. Carneri.



A G E.

WRITTEN AFTER READING "DER GROSSVATER" AND  
"SO WAR ES EINST" OF B. CARNERI.

Cóme, little child, sit ón my knée;  
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;  
Náy, thou canst nót sit still for glée;  
Then gó, my child, I sét thee frée:  
Ónce on a time I wás like thee,  
And skipped and láughed and frólicked só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come hére, young mán, and sit by mé;  
And téll me trúly whó was shé  
That árm in árm so lóvingly  
Wálked with thee lást night ó'er the léa,  
Nóne but the móon in cómpany.  
Náy, if thou blúshest, téll not mé;  
Ónce on a time I tóo blushed só,  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Widower, come hére, and drý thine eýe;  
Lét thy breast héave no móre the sigh;  
Thínk no móre of the dáy's gone bý  
And bónes that ín the cóld earth lie.  
Náy, if thy téars but fáster flów,  
Í 'll not bíd them stóp; no! nó!  
There wás a time my téars flowed só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Childless fáther, wéep no móre;  
Déath 's but, tó repóse, the dóor;  
Thy children áre but góne befóre;  
Óver that úrn no lónger póre.  
Nay, fróm it if thou wilt not séver,  
Í 'll not bíd thee; néver! néver!  
Í to my children's úrn clung só;  
Áh! it is lóng, long lóng agó.

Come báck, sweet child, sit ón my knée;  
Hold úp thy héad, and lóok at mé;  
Íf but thy life 's spared, thóu shalt bé,  
In áll things, súch as thóu see'st mé,  
Ánd to some swéet child ón thy knée  
Shalt tálk as nów I tálk to thee,  
And sáy thou dídst the óld man knów,  
With héad like thine as white as snów,  
And báck bent quáite into a bów,  
And tóothless gúms, and dripping nóse,  
And shánts too smáll for his wide hóse,  
And jóints swelled with rheumátic páins,  
And blótted hands ribbed with lárge black véins,  
And, if thou wért not stíff, thou 'dst gó  
Ánd his grave in the chúrchyard shéw,  
Whére in thy yóuth they láid him lów,  
Áh! it was lóng, long lóng agó.

VIENNA, Nov. 6. 1832.

## THERMOMETER AND BAROMETER.

“Good mórning, Thermómeter, hów dost todáy?”

“I thánk thee, Barómeter, múch the same wáy;

Sometimes hót, sometimes cöld, not two mínutes the sáme;

In the wórld there ’s no rést for this sénsitive fráme.

Ah! how háppy ’s my friend that the différence knows nót

Between lúke warm and bóiling, betwéen cold and hót,

To whóm ice and fire differ ónly in náme,

And fréezing and búrning are óne and the sáme.”

“Do téll me but hów to relieve thy sad cáse;

Let me thínk — stay — I háve it now — Lét us change pláce —

Just for twénty four hóurs — one dáy and one night — ”

“That indéed is true friendship” — “There — nów we ’re all right.

From the Sóuth-west that night came the wild hurricáue

With thúnder and lightning and tórrents of ráin;

Sound, sóund slept Barómeter áll the night thróugh —

Such a sléep such a night was to him something nów —

And awáking next mórning, as lárk fresh and gáy,

His res pécts to Thermómeter hástened to páy

With “My déar friend, how dóst thou? feel’st bétter todáy?”

Such a gróan as Thermómeter dréw from his bréast,

By páinter poétic may nót be expréssed;

Such a gróan in this wide world háš néver been héard

Since to sléeping Enéas dead Héctor appéared,

And cried:— “O Enéas, the cíty ’s on fire;

Awáke, save thysélf and thy Góds and thy síre.”

Such a gróan heaved Thermómeter ás he replíed:—

"Than have pássed such a níght, better fár to have died.  
 Oh! hádst thou foreséen, honored sire Fahrenhéit,  
 That thine óffspring belóved was to páss such a níght,  
 Thou 'dst have dáshed him to píeces the dáy of his bírth,  
 And scátted his frágments through áir, sea and éarth.  
 Oh, hów my heart sánk when the thúnder begán!  
 What a thrill, what a trémor through áll my blood rán!  
 Befóre éach blue flásh how my whóle soul did quáil,  
 And how óften I énvied the tóo happy snáil,  
 Who, when dänger appróaches, can dráw himself quite  
 Back ínto his búlb, and be áll safe and ríght;  
 But the lówer *I* sánk, and the móre *I* drew ín,  
 Only blúer the fláshes and lóuder the dín,  
 The stórm only fierceer shook céílíng and wáll,  
 And in óne ruin thréatened to búry us áll.  
 So, Barómeter déar, let us quíck change agáin;  
 Take thóu back thy stórm, thunder, líghtning and ráin,  
 And Í will retúrn to my cóld and my hót,  
 And líve for the fúture' contént with my lót."

Every óne has his tróubles; keep 'thóu to thine ówn:  
 Only léss seem thy néíghbour's, becáuse they 're unkówn.

Written while walking from VIENNA to SCHOENBRUNN and  
 back, Nov. 7. 1852.

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"Put no trúst in this wórld," wíse men téll you and sígh;  
 "It 's a hóllo w delúson, a chéat to the éye,  
 Unréal, unsubstántial, the sháde of a sháde —"  
 What wónder? this wórld out of nóthing was máde.

VIENNA, Nov. 19. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

“Seh't in die Welt kein Vertrau'n,” — so sagen die Weisen und senzen. —

“Hohle Täuschung nur ist sie, ein Trug für das Aug',  
Unwahr, ohne Gehalt, der Schatten von einem Schatten —”

's ist kein Wunder; die Welt ist ja erschaffen aus nichts.

Wien, 25. Nov. 1852.

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Man looks up to the ský, and sees plainly the sún  
From the Éast to the Wést his immense journey rún:  
Man looks dówn to the gróund, and sees plainly it 's stíll;  
He féels it — it 's stéady, dený it who will.

Upón his own inward self mán casts his víew,  
And distinctly a will sees to dó or not dó,  
Distinctly a will feels unféttered and frée;  
Dený it who wíll, a free ágent is hé.

VIENNA, Nov. 8. 1852.

THE PRECEDING TRANSLATED INTO GERMAN BY B. CARNERI.

Himmelwärts blickt der Mensch und sieht wahrhaftig die Sonne  
Gehen von Ost nach West den unermesslichen Gang;  
Blickend zur Erde, gewahrt er diese vollkommen in Ruhe,  
Fühlt's, daß sie stille steht — mag es verneinen wer will!  
Und in sein Inn'res hinab versenkend die Blicke, ganz deutlich  
Eine Willenskraft sieht er zum Lassen und Thun;  
Deutlich den Willen fühlt er, den fessellosen und freien; —  
Mag es verneinen, wer will! — selbstthätig handelt der Mensch.

Wien, 26. Nov. 1852.



## · U N C E R T A I N T Y .

For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séeek;  
Oh! gíve me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.  
Sure and cértain 's the pást, but it 's áll dead and cóld;  
The gráve has closed óver it, ánd the knell tólléd;  
In the fúture's long vísta what sées my sad eýe?  
Nothing súra, nothing cértain, but thát all must díe:  
While with vísions of háppiness, prómise of jóys,  
Dear Uncértainty ónwards our tíred steps decóys,  
In bóth hands holds óut to us lóng life and héalth,  
Power, friends, pleasure, hónor, and wísdóm, and wéalth;  
And, clóthed in the stár-spangled mántle of Fáith,  
Triúmphantly póints through the pórtals of Déath  
To a bríght world beyónd, where with áll we loved éver  
We shall líve reunítéd, to párt again néver.  
For the Cértain and Súra let philósophers séeek;  
Oh! gíve me Uncértainty, ére my heart bréak.

VIENNA, Nov. 9. 1852.

## C E R T A I N T Y .

Let Uncértainty flátter the tímid and wéak,  
And lúre the wretch ónward untíl his heart bréak;  
I háte the deceíver and áll she can gíve,  
And áwáy from her túrn; with thee, Knówledge, to líve.  
Thóugh to prómise thou 'rt slów, thou art súra to perfórm,  
With thee súnshine means súnshine, with thee storm means stórm.  
Thou art cándíd and téllest me whére thou hast béen,  
All thy cómings and góings, and whát thou hast séen;  
Thou art hónest and déal'st not in púff or grímáce,  
And hídest no fálsehood behind thy plain fáce;

When thou sée'st me awáy from the múltitude túrn,  
To wéep in despáir by the cýpress and úrn,  
Thou cóm'st and with stróng arm awáy from my síde  
Pushést ignorance, sélfishness, fóly and príde;  
And áskest me, if I could, wóuld I the rést  
Everlásting distúrb of the friends I love bést,  
And not ráther préfér by their síde to be láid,  
In the bróad weeping willow and cýpress sháde,  
Sure and cértain that néver while tíme lasts, shall páin,  
Trouble, síckness or sórrow, come néar us agáin.

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

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I knów not whéther it be stréngth or wéakness,  
But óft, toward évening, whén all róund is still,  
And whén that dáy my mínd has nótt been stirred  
By ány óf the unhóliér gústs of pássion,  
I féel mysélf in thé immédiate présence  
Of sómething áwful, yét most fáir and lóvely,  
And véry déar, that, without sígn, or áction,  
Or spéech, communicáting fréely wíth me,  
Infúses á sweet péace intó my sóul,  
And fills it wíth a séntimént of jój  
And háppinéss, that lásts till, fróm without,  
Some sóund alárms me, and I stárt, and find  
The pícture óf my déad Love in my hánd:  
And théy that háve to dó wíth mé, thóse évenings,  
Obsérve, for sóme hóurs áfter, in my fáce,  
And vóicc, and mánnér, án angélic áir  
Of swéet contént, and plácíd résignátion.

VIENNA, Nov. 17. 1852.

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On that dárk, dismal night, which you áll may remémber,  
 Betwéen the eightéenth and ninetécnth of Novémber,  
 As, the lights all put out and her órisons sáid,  
 Our lády the Quéen lay aslécp in her béd,  
 One árm round Prince Álbért, one únder her héad,  
 It háppened — “What háppened?” Nay, dón’t interrúpt —  
 A stóry ’s worth nótthing that ’s tóld too abrup’t —  
 The clóck in the ánteroom júst had struck “Twó!”  
 And the clóck on the mántle-piecc swórn it was trúe,  
 When the Quéen in the árm that lay únder her héad  
 A súdden cramp félt, and turned róund in the béd,  
 And from únder Prince Álbért the óther arm dréw,  
 Who, sóund as a tóp sleeping ón, nothing knéw  
 Of the grím, grisly ghósth that on púrpose that night  
 Rose up out of the gráve our loved Quéen to affríght.  
 A blue líght in his hánd he threw ópen the dóor,  
 And, with a field-márshal’s step cróssing the flóor,  
 Stalked up stráight to the bédside, and:— “Mádam,” he cried,  
 “Be so góod as to lóok up, and nót your head híde  
 Under blánket or quílt: you have séen me befóre,  
 I have léctured you óften, and nów one word móre.  
 Next time that that gréatest of cónquerors, Déath,  
 Of a cónqueror and státesman like mé stops the bréath,  
 And Éngland ’s left mínus the bést of her sóns  
 At the móment her néíghbours are lóading their gúns,  
 It ’s áll the same whéther by fít epiléptic,  
 Or éánnon he ’s mówed down, or stróke apopléctic,  
 Remémber he ’s nót like a chíld to be tréated,  
 And with flípfap and flám and tomfóolery chéated,  
 With gílding, and gíngerbread-núts, and paláver,  
 And móúths running óver with twáttle and sláver;

He cáres not — what cáres he? — for fúneral or páll,  
Who could sléep his last sléep without cóffin at áll;  
But if you must give him a búrial in státe,  
And máke living pride on dead róttleness wáit,  
Then dó it in éarrest, and nó in a shám,  
And stánd there chief móurner, my róyal Madáme.”

“I protést I was quíte unprepáred, my Lord Dúke,  
To receive from your Gráce’s lips súch sharp rebúke;  
But my cónscience acquits me, Sans péur sans repróche,  
For I sént to atténd you my cóachman and cóach,  
And six spanking báys; and my Álby todáy  
From his bést Durham’s cálvling I máde stay awáy,  
To dó you more hónor; and óut at the shów  
Looked mysélf from the windows of Búckingham Rów;  
And I hópe that my péople all sáw in my éye  
The téar that stood glittering there ás you went bý.”

In the Bélvedere pálace in fár distant Wíen,  
Mephistóphes’ pícture perháps thou hast séen,  
And márked how, like spárks from eléctrical wire,  
From ánkles and shóestring leaps fórt the blue fire;  
Such fire from the Dúke’s eyes shot livid and blúe,  
As with vóice that the Quéen’s bones and márrów thrille  
through:—

“Words enóugh, and too mány; and só, ’twas for yóu  
I wón, on the éighteenth of Júné, Waterlóo!  
Nay, I knów what you ’d sáy; go to sléep, and remémber  
The éighteenth of Júné and éightéenth of Novémber.”

He sáid, shook his héad, grinned, and bléw out the light,  
And léft the Quéen lýing there in the dark night.  
Yet thóugh he was góne, and the róom still as déath,  
And no stír to be héard but her ówn Alby’s bréath,  
The Quéen twenty times in the cóurse of that night



Thought the Dúke was still stánding there with his blue light,  
 Twenty tímes quilt and blánket drew óver her héad,  
 And twénty times, Áve María! had sáid,  
 Had it nót been for féar what the góod Earl Shaftesbúry  
 And Bishop of Glóster might dó in their fúry,  
 When they héard that the héad of the Prótestant Chúrch  
 Had turned Pápist, and léft all her flóck in the lúrch.  
 So she láy still as míght be untíl the daylight,  
 When she wóke her dear Álby, and tóld him her fríght.  
 He yáwned, and half sléeping said, ánd awake hálf:—  
 “Have you séen it, dear Vicky? and is ’t a fine cálf?”

VIENNA, Nov. 24. 1852.

## THE LOVER AND SUNRISE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE “SONNENAUFANG” OF B. CARNERI.

’Tis the móment of súnrise the bríght and the gáy,  
 All náture with rápture salútes the new dáy,  
 Mists and dárkness have fléd with the dâmp night awáy;  
 The róse her cup ópens, the lárk tunes her sóng,  
 And prátting and láughing the bróok trips alóng.

What áils the young mán whom I sée passing bý?  
 His stép why so héavy, so dówncast his éye?  
 With the night he has bíd to his Trúelove good býe;  
 The mórning to him ’s come a céntury too sóon —  
 Set, sèt, hateful sún, and rise quick, friendly móon.

VIENNA, Nov. 29. 1852.



"A Bussel a-n a-g'schreckt's,  
Ah! dös war' ja a Graus —  
Non! wann 's Läut'n vabei is,  
Aft busselt 's as aus!"

SEIDL.

A yóuth and a máid  
Sat únder the sháde  
Of a wíde spreading béech;  
I will téll you of éach.

Each was hándsome and fáir,  
And had lóng, flowing háir,  
And an innocent héart,  
Withóut guile or árt.

Each was tímíd and shý,  
And, withóut knowing whý,  
Would trémble and sígh  
When the óther came nigh.

Had it nót been their glánce  
Was downcást and askánce,  
You 'd have thóught them no óther  
Than síster and bróther,

As they sát there togéther,  
In the wárm summer wéather,  
Undernéath the deep sháde,  
By that spréading beech máde.

How lóng they sat só,  
I don't cértainly knów;  
But, withóut knowing whý,  
They grew léss and less shý,  
And drew móre and more nígh,  
Till, by sóme chance or slíp,  
They tóuched lip to lip.

Surprised and amázed,  
At each óther they gázed,  
And half pleásed, half afráid,  
Said the yóuth to the máid:—

“And if thát be a kíss,  
'T wouldn't bé much amíss,  
If we tried it agáin;  
Doesn't gíve any páin.”

So they léaned their mouths óver  
Till you cóuldn't díscóver,  
Betwéen the two fáces,  
The bréadth of two áces.

But they hádn't tóuched quíte,  
When, in súdden affríght,  
Both sprang báck with a stárt,  
And stood twó feet apárt.

So gréat a rebóund  
You have séen from the ground  
Or the síde of a wáll  
Seldom máde by a báll.

The twó are at práyer;  
For they 've héard through the áir  
The bóom of the béli  
All good Chrístians know wéll,

And "Háil Mary!" súnġ  
By the gréat iron tóngue,  
Warns to túrn thought and eýe  
From the éarth to the ský.

As two sóldiers at drill  
Ground their árms and stand stíll,  
At the wórd of commánd;  
So the yóuth and maid stánd,

Till the péal has rung óut;  
When, quick túrning abóut,  
Says the máid to the yóuth  
In all swéetness and trúth: —

"It was néver a críme  
To make úp for lost tíme,  
And a kíss away fríghted  
Isn't hárd to be ríghted."

So they túrned each to éach,  
In the sháde of that béech,  
And finished their kíss  
Without íll luck or míss.

Dec. 2. 1852, on the way from VIENNA to PRAGUE.

## HALF AND HALF.

"Why are ángels so háppy?" said óne of the léast  
Little bóys at the schóol to his máster the priest.

"They are púre, perfect spírit, my prómising bóy;  
Of púre, perfect spírit perpétual the jóy."

"But béasts are all bódy, yet théy 're háppy too;  
Calves, kittens and lámbs, all decláre I speak trúe."

"Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they 're háppy and gáy,  
Just becáuse they 're all bódy, they spórt all the dáy."

"But Í am unháppy, and crý half the dáy,  
Though Í am both bódy and spírit you sáy,  
And shóuld therefore bé twice as háppy at léast  
As bódléss ángel, or spíritless béast."

"You don't wórk the sum right," with a smíle said the priest;  
"To bé twice as háppy as ángel or béast  
You must bé both all bódy and áll spírit too:  
Try it óver agáin; your first óffer won't dó."

"One hálf of me 's spírit — yes, nów I am right —  
And entitled to óne hálf the ángel's délight;  
And one hálf of me 's bódy, and shóuld háve at léast  
One hálf the délight of the périshing béast:

"Two hálves make one whóle up; and só — let me sée —  
Once as háppy as ángel or béast I shóuld bé;  
And yét I 'm unháppy, and crý half the dáy:  
What 's the réason, good máster? do téll me, I práy."

"Before you 're as háppy as ángel or béast,  
You must áll spírit bé, or áll bódy at léast;  
All spírit 's the ángel, all bódy the cálf;  
But yóu 're one half spírit, and bódy one hálf."

"Ah, whý did God gíve me, unfórtunate bóy!  
A béíng he wéll knew I cóuld not enjóy?  
Ah, whý did he só mix me úp half and hálf,  
And not máke me whole ángel at ónce, or whole cálf?"

"'Twere a fíne story thát," said the píest to the bóy,  
"To make úrchins like yóu to have nóthing but jóy,  
As pérfect, as háppy, as ángel or béast;  
No léssons, no flóggings, no wórk for the píest."

"I 'll téach you — your hánd out — one, twó, three and fóur —  
Begóne now, and dróp down behind the school dóor  
Upón your bare knées, with your fáce to the wáll,  
And práy to thát Gód who so góod is to áll,

"To dríve Satan's whísperings óut of your héad,  
And fíll you with píous and góod thoughts instéad;  
And thén get your léssons, and thén go and pláy;  
You 're well óff if you gét any dínnér todáy."

The bóy went and drópped down behind the school dóor  
On his báre knees, and práyed as he 'd óft prayed befóre:—  
"Dear Gód, do but máke me an ángel or cálf,  
Some óne thing or óther, and nó half and hálf."

DRESDEN, Jan. 3. 1853.



Earth's mightiest Queen thróned sits in high hall of státe,  
To salute her, come crówding, the rích and the gréat,  
Her lórd's and her ládies on éither side stánd,  
Peers, bishops, and cómons, the élite of the lánd.

Coach sets dówn after cóach at the gréat Northern dóor,  
Till you 'd sáy that for cópany thére was no móre  
Róom in the sálon or róom in the háll,  
Or róom any whére in the pálace at áll.

'Tis a brilliant recéption; look néar or look fár,  
The díamond cross blázes, the áigrette, and stár;  
Feathers wáve, satins rústle, and beauty and gráce  
Condescédingly smíle on red cóats and gold láce.

"Now, Géntleman-úsher, what is it you méan?"  
With a stárt and a frówn it was thús said the Quéen; —  
"Had you órders from mé to make róyalty wáit  
In the midst of the rábble, outside the court gáte?"

"Please your Májesty," thén said the Úsher in bláck; —  
"She is stárk mother náked, no shréd to her báck,  
No cárriage, no hór'ses, no fóotmen, she stánds  
In the hóoting crow's midst — Shall I háve your commánds?"

“Let my róbing maids fór her a white mantle chóose,  
The bést in my wárdrobe, white stóckings, white shóes,  
And a white skirt of sátin, with blónd trimmed all róund,  
And three ládies to hólđ up her tráin from the gróund.”

“A fúll blown white róse let her béar in left hánd,  
And put into her right a long white lily wánd,  
Let a white veil envélop her shóuldern and héad,  
And só let her énter. Begóne! I have sáid.”

The Géntleman-úsher the Quéen’s commands béars:—  
“Clear the wáy , clear the wáy there, on lóbbey and stáirs  
For the gréat foreign Príncess, arráyed all in white.”  
Lords and ládies fall báck in two files left and right.

And évery eye túrns, as, arráyed all in white,  
A white róse in her léft hand, white lily in right,  
Walks up stráight to the Quéen that veiled lády unknówn,  
And sinks dówn on one knée at the fóot of the thróne: —

“Rise úp, royal síster, for néver to mé  
Shall my fáther’s child súe upon lów bended knée,  
Rise úp, throw your véil back, and lét all here sée  
How I love my dear síster, and hów she loves mé.”

“Mighty Quéen“ — it was thús to Queen Fálsehood Truth sáid,  
As she róse, and threw báck the white véil from her héad: —  
“Fear nóť, mighty Quéen, I aní cóme here tonight,  
To cláim with an ill-timed pétition my ríght;

“Fixed and séttled far bé it from mé to undó;  
The wórld has decíded betwéen me and yóu;  
With mé it has vówed ’twill have nóthing to dó,  
And for Quéen with unánimous vóice chosen yóu.

“Live lóng and reign háppy; but, gránt me one bóon;  
And remémber that ’s gránted twice thát ’s granted sóon: —”  
“I plédge you my róyal troth, sister, befóre  
All these lórd’s and these ládies; what néed I say móre?”

“Send fórth, then, your héralds, and lét them procláim  
That to évery thing héncéfórt’h be gíven its own náme,  
Good héncéfórt’h be góod called, and bád be called bád,  
White be white, and black bláck called, wise wise, and mad mád.

Then Queen Fálsehood turned pále, and from héad to foot shóok;  
And cówered, and shrank báck befóre Trúth’s steadfast lóok,  
And wíshed in the gápíng éarth súnk were that háll,  
Hersélf and her síster; lords, ládies and áll.

“A dóctor, a dóctor; what cán the Queen áil?  
What mákes our loved ládý and místress so pále?”  
“Help! hélp!” is the crý; “Queen Truth ’s síck unto déath;  
Air, wáter, a fán here — yes, nów she draws bréath.

“And whó ’s this impóster, dressed óut in her clóthes,  
With the Quéen’s own white líly, and Quéen’s own white róse?  
Hah! Háh! it’s that vágabond Fálsehood that hére  
In Truth’s ówn royal háll ’s not ashámed to appéar.

“Tear her fálse émbles fróm her, the clóthes off her báck;  
And óut of doors túrn her, pinched and cúffed blue and bláck;  
We ’ll téach her, the strúmpet, what bóon wáits her hére,  
In this présence agáin if she dáre to appéar.”

So they féll upon Trúth there, lords, ládies, and áll;  
And kícked her, and cúffed her abóut the great háll;  
Under fóot trod her émbles, her dréss and hair tóre,  
And spat twice in her fáce each, then thróugh the street dóor

Pushed her out to the mob, who the whole city through  
Pursued her with stones, dirt, and mad-dog hallóo;  
And threw rotten eggs at her wherever she fled,  
And thought nothing done till they left her for dead.

To Queen Falsehood meantime has returned the free breath,  
And the blood to her cheeks that were just now like death,  
And: — "I thank you, my lords and my ladies," she cried,  
"For this proof that I've not without reason relied

"On your loyal attachment to me and my throne,  
And that at your hearts you've Truth's interests alone.  
My unfortunate sister — But no, I'll not shame  
The blood of my sire by pronouncing her name —

"Detest her; or, if you can, blot her out quite  
From your memory, and with her the events of tonight.  
And now cry, 'Long live Truth, and long may she reign.'" —  
And they cried, "Long live Truth", till the hall rang again.

DRESDEN, Jan. 8. 1853.

Past twelve at night; upón my béd  
 I láy once móre my nightcapped héad,  
 Stretch óut my lázy limbs to rést,  
 And dráw the clóthes tight róund my bréast.  
 The líghts are óut; no búsy féet  
 Distúrb the sílence óf the stréet;  
 Éven the late kitchenmáid to scóur  
 Has céased, and snátches hér brief hóur.  
 Ín the whole néighbourlíóod there 's nóne  
 Still wáking bút mysélf alóne —  
 “And whý don't yóu sleep, Sír, I práy?  
 Háve you dozed bý the fire all dáy?  
 Or háve you drúnk gunpówder téa?  
 Or áre you máking póetry?  
 Or is your cónscience sín-oppréssed,  
 Thát you can't líke your néighbours rést?”  
 Júst as you pléase — perháps all fóur;  
 But óne thing 's sùre, two hóurs or móre  
 Hére on my béd I túrn and tóss,  
 Now líying alóng, and nów acróss,  
 And nów díagonal, fór my héad  
 Séeeking a cóol place — áll in váin —  
 Lívely and áctive is my bráin,  
 And, will-I nill-I, stáys awáke —  
 What cán I bétter dó than táke  
 A túrn out óf her fór a rhýme?  
 'Twill hélp to whíle awáy the tíme.  
 The súbject? Sélf — stay, lét me sée —  
 My ówn sweet sélf's biógraphý.  
 It cán't but pléase — mysélf at léast;  
 Sélf is for sélf alwáys a féast.



With the whole wórlð though Býron quárelled,  
He stíll kept friends wíth déar Childe Hárold;  
And Wórdsworth céases tó be dúll  
When ón the pivot óf his skúll  
Sir Áss turns róund his lóng, left éar,  
And bráys his bráy out, lóud and cléar.  
Wóorthy exámplés! thé rewárd  
Tétempting they hóld out tó the bárd  
To fóllow in the brílliant wáke,  
Ánd for his héro himself táke.

An hóur befóre the sún this mórn  
Náked and húngry Í was bórn,  
Agáinst my will dragged óut of níght,  
And fórced into thé nóise and light.

Wéll I remémber hów I móaned,  
And rubbed my eýes, and strétched and gróaned,  
And shrúnk and shivered fróm the cóld  
Ére I was yét one mínuté óld.

Wéll I remémber the grim bánd  
Of Cáres I sáw abóut me stánd  
Éager to póunce upón their préy,  
And plágue and pinch me the whole dáy.

Alóud one tó a cómrade cried:—  
“Sée what a gréasy, dírtý híde;  
Gállons of wáter ón him dásH —  
Anóther júg here — splásh — splash — splásh.”

“Well dóne! well dóne!” the óther sáid;  
“Now rúb him tíll he ’s ráw and réd,  
Thóu wíth a hémpen clóth rub, rúb,  
While Í wíth stíf pig’s brístles serúb.”

“Don’t kill him outright,” said a third;  
It ’s mý turn nów;” and, with the wórd,  
Came úp behind me bý surprise,  
And slipped over my héad and eýes

A bág at bóth ends ópen wide,  
And tíght the úpper ópening tied  
About my thróat, and láughed to see  
It réached scarce hálf way tó the knée.

“The ménding óf that fáult,” with glée  
Gíggled anóther, “léave to mé.  
Hére I ’ve got sómething like a Ý  
Turned tópsy túrvy; cóme, Sir, trý:

Your right leg first — there — púsh it thróugh;  
Your léft leg nów; yes, thát will dó.  
Now stánd up stráight, till yóu are bráced  
Óver both shóuldérs, tíght round wáist.”

“Right about fáce” then áll cried óut;  
And thén all shóuted “Léft abóut”;  
Then thróugh the chámber tó and fró  
They máde me páce three túrns or só,

And vówed that Í looked jimmy quíte,  
Ánd the Ý nó’t a háir too tíght,  
And, lét me sit down whén or whére  
I pléased, would néither búrst nor téar.

“But stáy — see hére —” anóther said;  
“What is ’t ’s the mátter with his héad?  
There ’s nó’t a háir but ’s ón an énd;  
Where did you this great móp get, friend?

“Racks, sheárs and tóothcombs hére; sit dówn:  
With súch a shággy, shóckdog crówn  
Whó but some rústic, clódpoll clówn  
Would thínk of vénturing into tówn?

“There; yóu begín upón the ríght,  
And Í ’ll the léft take; whát a fríght!  
Was éver héad in súch a plíght!  
Some ców ’s been lícking ít all níght!”

“In váin we lóse our swéat and tóil,  
And bréak our cómb’s téeth; óil héré, óil;  
Íf we can’t máke his háir lie stráight,  
We ’ll gíve him at léast a frízzled páte.

“The tóngs héré; áre you síúre they ’re hót?  
Stéady, Sir, stéady; nó’t a jót  
Éíther to léft or ríght hand búdge:  
Brávo! you ’d máke a cápítal júdge.

“Hóttér tongs hére; anóther twírl;  
Thís lóck must háve a stíffer cúrl —  
Whát mákes you fídge, Sir?” “Óh! ma’am, Óh!  
Géntly; you búrn me —” “Déar Sir, nó.

“You múst wear pápers íf you wón’t  
A líttle héat bear —” “Shlóod, ma’am, don’t:  
I ’m nó’t a stóck or stóne my háir  
Óut by the róots to lét you téar.”

(*sings*) “The Múses thát Hýpérion cúrl  
Nót hálf so déftly the tongs twírl,  
And Dían’s maíds with hánds less líght  
Wréath the lócks of the Quéén of níght.”

"Hell's Furies, Mádam! Stóp, I sáy —  
I 'll nó be tréated in this wáy."

"It 's dóne, Sir, nów; and in this wórl'd  
There 's nó a périwig bétter cúrl'd."

In jóy I júmped up ánd delight;  
But twó of thém with stróng arms tight  
Cáught me, and fórced me dówn agáin,  
And túld me ít was áll in váin,

I cóuld not, ánd I shóuld not, gó,  
To bé a láughing stóck and shów  
With thát black stúbble ón my chin:—  
"Submít with gráce, and lét 's begín."

They túok a lárge white tábleclóth,  
And spréad ít ón me; cóvering bóth  
Shóuld'ers and bódy, légs and féet;  
Ánd its two córners dréw in néat,

Ánd with a mónstrous córking pín  
Fástened behínd me; thén my chin,  
And bóth cheeks quáte up tó the eýes,  
Óne of them with a thícK soap síze

Láthered all óver, whíle her fríend,  
Cátching me bý the nóse's énd,  
Héld my face stráight up tóward the líght,  
And féll to scráping léft and ríght,  
And néver dréw breath tíll she 'd quáte  
Swépt away cléan, from chéeks and chin,  
Láther and brístles ánd some skín.

I knów not whéther 'twás the páin  
Of só much scráping, ór a gráin

Of sóap intó my nóse that gót,  
Ór that the rázor wás too hót,  
Ór that it wás not hót enóugh,  
But néver yét mixed Lúndy snúff  
That só convúlse the húman fráme:  
Súdden and vást the explósió came;  
“Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz” three times I cried,  
“Schnee-ítz” three times the wálls replied.  
“What is ’t ’s done this?” I wóuld have sáid,  
But — “ítz — schnee-ítz-ítz” cáme instéad;  
“Schnee-ítz — a hándkerchief — schnee-ítz” —  
“A hándkerchief won’t stóp his fíts,”  
Óne of them sáid — “Schnee-ítz, schnee-ítz” —  
“Sisters, you ’re évery óne as crúel  
As Priessnitz’ sélf. Get him some grúel —  
You ’ve gíven him còld; I ’ll nó sit bý  
And sée you chill him till he díe —  
Warm whéy — warm téa — his óther stócking —  
How white his líps, and whát a shócking  
Bláck and blue circle róund each éye!  
Hat, cóat and múffler — cóme, Sir, trý,  
Óver this cháir leap, ónce — twice — thrice —  
Well dóne! his life ’s still ón the díce.  
Now róund the róom run — quícker — quícker —  
Óne of you bríng a dróp of líquor —  
Some cúraçóa, or chérny brándy,  
Or lávender dróps and sùgarcándy.  
He ’s grówing wárm — he ’s cóming tó —  
Únder the éyes he ’s fár less blúe;  
I thínk this tíme perháps he ’ll dó  
Withóut a Dóctor — Sír, no frétting;  
Néver was cúre yet without swéating.”  
“Má’am, I ’m *not* frétting; Í ’m half déad;  
I wish you ’d lét me gó to béd.”



"Nó, by no méans: sit bý the fire,  
 Drink barley wáter, ánd perspire;  
 Recceíve no visitors; réad the néws,  
 Or drówsy Wórdsworth — which you chóose —  
 Sléep, if you cán." And with the wórd  
 She tóok the póker, thé fire stírréd,  
 Wheeled óver tó it the élbów cháir,  
 Bólstered me úp, and léft me thére.

"Care-éasing Wórdsworth, cóme," I sáid,  
 "Hóver somníferous róund my héad;  
 Dim, dárkling, lánguid, listless, dúll,  
 Éssence of nóthing, fill me fúll  
 Óf thine own sélf." Scarce hád I sáid,  
 Ánd the first Dúddon sónnet réad,  
 When niddy nóddy wént my héad,  
 And dówn my eýelids sánk like léad,  
 Ánd I fell into a sound sléep,  
 As déath itsélf profóund and déep,  
 Plácíd and dréamless. W hé n I wóke  
 'Twas níght; the clóck was ón the stróke  
 Of níne or tén; the hóuse being stíll  
 I dózed on óver Wórdsworth tíll  
 The fíre wént óut, and Í grew chíll,  
 And wént to béd; but cóuld not sléep;  
 And só, my phántasý to kéeep  
 Amúsed, and while awáy the tíme,  
 I sét abóut to spín this rhýme.  
 And nów I 've spún tíll dáwning líght,  
 Ánd a nap 's cóming — só, good níght.

LUETTICHAU-STRASSE, DRESDEN, Jan. 14. 1853.

## NOTHING AND HIS SON.

Nóthing, one mórning, éarly róse  
Óut of his béd, put ón his clóthes,  
Took hát and stíck, and wálked out stráight,  
Sáying, he 'd nót be báck till láte.

Now whíther thínk'st thou Nóthing 's góne?  
Guéss. "No, I cán't." To sée his són  
Sóme thing, who 's síck and líke to díe:  
Make háste, make háste; fly, Nóthing, fly.

Nóthing 's in tíme. Not yét quite déad,  
Sóme thing turned róund his héavy héad,  
Ánd, with half glázed and swímming éye,  
Lóoked:-- "Heartless síre that létt'st me díe!"

Nóthing unmóved sat; nó hand stírréd;  
Hélpéd not his són with lóok or wórd;  
Like stóck or stóne sat, till he díed,  
And nó even thén shed téar, or síghed.

Some sáy he néver lóved his són,  
Some sáy the són was nót his ówn,  
And sóme decláre and vów 'tis trúe  
That Nóthing his ówn óffspring sléw,

A póisonous dóse gáve him éach dáy  
Slówly to éat his lífe áwáy,  
Ánd, on the mórning Sóme thing díed,  
Was séen, when léaving the béd síde,

The úseless dóse awáy to thrów  
Ínto the fíre. It máy be só,  
Ór it may nó't, for áught I knów —  
Strange thínks have háppened lóng ago —

Bút, the son déad, and the day spént,  
Nóthing retúrned the wáy he wént,  
Ópened with látkhkey the back gáte,  
And sát up in his stúdy láte;

Whén, growing tíred, he wént to béd,  
And slépt sound till the mórning réd;  
Then róse, put ón his súrtout wárm,  
And sáuntered óut to víew his fárm.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 9. 1853.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HELL.

Those énter hére by Gód's commánd  
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not stánd;  
For éver hére they lie in páin —  
God's will be dóne! amén, amén.

#### INSCRIPTION ON THE GATE OF HEAVEN.

Free éntrance thróugh this gáte for áll  
Whom Gód made só they cóuld not fáll;  
For éver hére in jóy they dwéll,  
And thínk upón dear fríends in héll.

WAISENHAUS - STRASSE, DRESDEN, May 18. 1853.



TO SELINA.

As the róse among flówers,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the móon in the héavens,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As the díamond among péarls,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the víne among ólives,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As the píne in the fórest,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As the White Móunt among Álps,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As Éden among gárdens,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As Érin among íslands,  
So art thóu among wómen.

As thy vóice amid músic,  
So art thóu among wómen;  
As mý love to óthers' love,  
So art thóu among wómen.

TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING MADE COFFEE FOR THE AUTHOR THE  
PRECEDING EVENING;

*composed the following Morning while breakfasting alone.*

Your coffee it was very strong, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan,  
And like a subtle spirit through all my veins it ran,  
Making me feel more like a god than a mortal man,  
As I sat on the sofa beside you, bright-eyed Miss Sheridan.

Your coffee it was very sweet, silken-haired Miss Sheridan,  
Far sweeter than the famous honey that once flowed in Canaan,  
Or the nectar quaffed of yore in celestial divan,  
And no wonder, for it was you made it, silken-haired Miss Sheridan.

Your coffee it was very hot, linnét-voiced Miss Sheridan,  
And warmed the heart's cockles of a chilly old man,  
Sending him home to bed warmer than if he had had a  
warming-pan,  
To think of nothing but you all night, linnét-voiced Miss Sheridan.

Your coffee was more fragrant, ruby-lipped Miss Sheridan,  
Than *Eau de Millefleurs* or *Parfum de Jasmin*,  
Or any perfume ever thought of since the world began,  
Except the perfume of your own sweet breath, ruby-lipped  
Miss Sheridan.

The coffee I have this morning, lily-armed Miss Sheridan,  
Is as different from last night's as Drógheda from Japan,



Or the cóarsest sole-léather from the finest cordován,  
Just because you are not here to máke it, lily-armed Miss  
Sheridán.

My tóast is burnt to a cinder, rosy-fingered Miss Sheridán,  
My bútter is only fit to be put into the frying-pán,  
And my milk would water the gárden, if it were póured through  
the watering-cán —  
Hów could it be ótherwise, when you are far awáy from me,  
rosy-fingered Miss Sheridán?

Essy\* télls me it's a sunny mórning, kind-héarted Miss Sheridán,  
And wónders why I look as gráve as a Bráhmín or Musselmán,  
But she líttle dreams I am thínking of yóu and your coffee-cán —  
Oh! whén will you make cóffee for me agáin, kind-héarted Miss  
Sheridán?

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 14. 1841.

## TO MISS SHERIDAN,

ON HER HAVING PRESENTED THE AUTHOR WITH A PIECE OF  
GRIDDLE-CAKE.

The cake you sént me was detéstable  
And pérfectly indigéstible;  
I never tasted ánything so abóminable;  
Its sméll was intólerable,  
And its very lóok was hórrible.  
It was as hárd as a piece of máple,  
As tóugh as a ship's cáble,

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\* The author's maíd, celebrated also in "Verses on a Griddle-Cake."

As bláck as a muff of sáble,  
As óld as the Tower of Bábel,  
And as úgly and sharp-córnered as the gáble  
Of Mr. Pénnefather's stáble.

To swallow a second bit of it I wasn't áble;  
So I told Essy to táke it off the táble.

I would rather have éaten a police-cónstable,  
Or a straw bónnet from Dúnstable,  
Or any óther combústible.

You must have táken me for a cánnibal,  
Or sóme such ravenous ánimal,  
Or the fáther of young Hállnibal,  
To whom all fílling stuff is pálatable,  
And who can dígést a black bóttle or a rébel  
As easy as a bárn-door fowl a pébble.

Ever since I tásted your cake I have been míserable,  
With áppetite ínconsiderable,  
Sick, gíddy, and írritable,  
Shívering, quívering, and to stánd unable,  
Despónding, ínconsólable,  
With héad-ache uncontróllable,  
And stómach-ache deplóráble.

My condítion 's unendúráble,  
My lífe 's úninsúráble,  
And, what 's wórse, I 'm íncuráble,  
For the dóctor, who you know 's ínfallíble,  
Says the cáse is most lámentáble,  
And the sýmptoms so fórmidáble  
That it 's mórálly impóssible —

Oh dear! oh déar! I wish I 'd máde my wíll;  
Oh, cruel, crúel fate, ínexórable!  
Why doesn't sómebody bríng ín a BÍll  
To put a stóp to báking cákes upón a gríddle?

But then to méet my death from such a belle,  
So gráceful and agréable —  
It 's útterly inconcéivable,  
And the whole stóry, from beginning to end, néver-believe-a-belle

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, March 16. 1841.

THE DEVIL AND OWEN O'CONNELLY,  
OR  
THE NEW IRISH CHANCELLOR.

It was in an Irish chúrchyard where the bónes were lying báre,  
The Dévil walked out one mórning to take a móuthful of fresh áir,  
And as he was musing upon a héap of skulls, the thóught  
occurred to him súddenly,  
"It was sómewhere near this spót," says he, "they buried the  
fámous Owen O'Cónnelly."\*

Then taking up the skulls one by óne, and exámining them  
phrenológically,  
It was not lóng before the Dévil found óut the skull of fámous  
Owen O'Cónnelly;  
And having contéplated it some tíme with an air thóughtful  
and mélancholy,  
He pút it in his coat pócket, saying, "I 'll make a mán of you  
agáin, my fáithful Owen O'Cónnelly."

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\* See Sir John Temple's History of the Irish Rebellion.

"Lord Maguire and some others of the nobility were appointed to head the attack upon Dublin. The plot however was betrayed the preceding day by his servant Owen O'Connelly." — M'GEOGHEGAN'S *History of Ireland*.

So the Dévil took the skull hómé with him, and as it hadn't a  
morsel of háir,  
Clapped an old brown scráitch of his own on the tóp of it, to  
give it a janty áir;  
Then he stúck a face in frónt of it, broad, impudent, and léering,  
With a mouth as méaly and servile, as the brow was próud  
and dominéering.

Next he stúffed the skull inside with the bráins of a láwyer,  
And sét it upon a pair of shóuldérs he had máde for a sáwyer;  
And having bálanced it belów with a táil that was long and fléxible,  
He turned the créature round thrée times, and vowed he lóoked  
quite respéctable;

Then putting a pípe in his mouth, and giving him a basin of  
sóap and holy wáter,

He says, "Counséllor O'Connelly, go and blow búbbles for the  
péople to run áfter."

The Cóunséllor he blew the búbbles just ás the Devil órdered him,  
Black and white, green and yéllow, thick and thin, great and  
smáll, all sórts o' them.

The Dévil he stood bý, and christened every búbble, befóre it  
left the básin,

And the lárgeest green and yéllow one he called Cathólic  
Emancipátion.

"Cóunséllor," says the Dévil, "this green and yéllow búbble  
pléases me to my héart's content;

It 's júst the tool I 've been lóoking for, to pull down the  
Prótestant Estáblishment;

And the léast I can give you fór it, is a perpetual séat in the  
Imperial Párlíament."



His succéss and the Devil's práise made Cónsellor O'Connelly  
bólder,  
And he bléw a bubble úp like a ballóon, that startled évery behólder;  
The Devil, when he sáw it, gave a shóut that was heard as fár as hell,  
And signing it with the sign of the cróss, he christened it  
THE REPÉAL.

Then clápping the Counsellor on the báck, he says:— "Mý  
apprentice cléver,  
You have ónly to keep this búbble up, and your fórtune 's  
made for éver;  
Under mý direction and máagement, it will yield you an  
income cléar,  
After dedúcting all expénces, of ten thóusand pounds a yéar."

"That 's just hálf my calculátion," says Counsellor O'Connelly,  
looking innocent;

"If the Repéal 's worth one pénny, it 's worth dóuble that rént;  
But be it less or móre I am ready to séll you the whóle of it,  
Both the Rént and the Repéal, both the bódý and the sóul of it."

"That 's no móre than I expécted from the blóod of an O'Connelly,  
But you háven't named your price yet," says the Dévil, looking  
sólemnly.

"There 's the Irish cháncellorship," says the Cónsellor; "it 's  
in the Devil's gift —

Here 's the Rént and the Repéal,—and you ówe your friend a líft."

"It 's a bárgain," says the Dévil, "and you wón't have long to wáit,  
For I was tálking with Old Hannibal yésterday, and he 's bút in  
a crazy státe.



He 's a dáinty bit I have been nürsing ever since the dáy of  
 Emmett's trial,  
 And I have nó compunction in táking him now, after so lóng  
 a self-denial."  
 "It 's a bárgain," says the Còunsellor, with this clear méaning  
 and intént,  
 That the móment I 'm Lord Cháncellor, the Devil may táke  
 Repeal and Rént."

Then the Dévil and the Còunsellor shook hands, and called each  
 other, bróther,  
 Each revólving in his own mínd how he bést might cheat the óther;  
 And then going báckwards, with great politeness, that néither  
 might see the óther's tail,  
 They séparated until the next dáy, crying "Hurrá for THE  
 REPÉAL!"

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

### THE POOR-LAW GUARDIAN'S SONG.

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery  
 To Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý:—  
 "What if yóu and Í should agrée  
 To rób our néighbour Índustry,  
 And dívide his íll-gotten próperty,  
 Amóng our dear children thrée,  
 Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"

Says Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý  
 To Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery:—  
 "I líke yóur propósál mightily;

I always hád an antipathy  
To that stúrdy féllow 'Índustry;  
He 's quite too indepéndent for mé;  
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,  
And his góods divided among our children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary."

Says Póor-law Guárdian Róbbery  
To Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý:—  
"I cánnót expéss my jóy to sée  
How réady you áre to combíne with mé  
Agáinst our cómmon ényemy,  
That stickler for the rights of própérty,  
That fée to '*Général Community*', —  
Stúbborn, uncómpromising 'Índustry.  
So róbbed and plúndered hé shall bé,  
And his góods divided among our children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary."

"We had bétter procéed cáutiously,"  
Says Póor-law Guárdian Cháritý,  
"For a pówerful féllow is 'Índustry,  
And his hóuse he 'll defend mánfully,  
With the hélp of his wátech-dog Hónesty;  
But róbbed and plúndered hé must bé,  
Or whát will becóme of our children thrée,  
Impróvidence, Slóth, and Béggary?"

"Í 've a crow-bár," says Róbbery;  
"Six húndred and éight and fífty  
Jóbbing smíth's forged it for mé,  
And I cáll it my Legáality;  
It will bréak in his dóor though stróng it be,  
And knock óut the bráins of his dog Hónesty."

"And when we are in," says Charity,  
"We 'll bind hand and foot Master Industry,  
With this rope of injustice and cruelty,  
Which Public Opinion has lent to me,  
And we 'll seize upon all his property,  
And divide it among our dear children three,  
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary."

Then away went the Guardians in company,  
And a pleasanter sight you could not see  
Than Robbery linked with Charity.  
And they took the crow-bar Legality,  
And the rope of injustice and cruelty,  
And broke open the door of Industry,  
And knocked out the brains of his dog Honesty,  
And bound himself like a thief for the gallows-tree,  
And blinded his eyes that he might not see,  
While they plundered his house of his property,  
To divide among their dear children three,  
Imprudence, Sloth, and Beggary.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April 3. 1841.

SENT TO SELINA ON HER BIRTH-DAY, WITH  
A BASKET OF CHERRIES.

Cherries fresh, and cherries fair!  
Prettier cherries never were;  
Great grand-daughters, every one,  
Of that famous cherry-stone  
By Lucullus brought, you know,  
More than two thousand years ago,

Fróm its Míthridátic hóme  
Ín old Póntus, tó new Róme,  
And plánted ín his villa thére,  
And chérished; án exótic rare,  
Till it bóre its blúshing bérries,  
And Rómans éat dessérts of chérries.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Lóvelier chérries néver wére;  
Blóod-red ás pomegránate flówer,  
Or fúchsia péndent fróm the bówer  
Where Márs met Vénus át high nóon,  
And whispered, Vúlcan wás a lóon.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Júicier chérries néver wére;  
Mélting swéet as ápicót,  
Or citrón péar, or bérgamót,  
Or dówny péach, or néctarine,  
Ór green gáge, of frúits the quéen;  
Ór the ámber déw bees sip  
Fróm flówering lándens, whén they drip  
Frágrant shówers in hót Julý,  
Únder the fláring sóuthern ský,  
And évery flóweret is alive,  
Ánd the whole trée 's one búzzing híve.

Chérries frésh, and chérries fáir!  
Ríper chérries néver wére:  
Will ye óf my chérries sháre?  
Púlléd this mórning wét with déw,  
With mine ówn hand púlléd for yóu,  
Pácked with léaves ín báskét néat,  
And sént you fór your bírth-day tréat.

Birth-days mány máy you sée,  
As chérries ón my chéry trée,  
And évery bírth-day háppier bé;  
Me lóving móre, more lóved by mé;  
Úntouched still by blight or blást,  
Swéetening, ripening, tíll at lást,  
Drópping nóiseless fróm the trée,  
You 're gáthered tó etérnity.

DALKEY LODGE, DALKEY, June 20. 1841.

### WORDSWORTH'S HORSE.

Will Wórdsworth wás a stéady mán,  
That líved near Ámbleside,  
And múch he lónged to háve a hórse,  
Which hé might éasy ríde.

It chánced one dáy a hórse came bý,  
Of púre Arábian bréed,  
Génte though próud, and stróng of límb:  
It wás a gállant stéed!

Full mány a nóble ríder bóld  
This gállant stéed had bórne;  
And évery óne upón his brów  
The láurel wréath had wórned.

Those nóble ríders déad and góne,  
And in the cóld earth láid,  
The gállant stéed by Wórdsworth's dóor  
Withóut an ówner stráyed.



No móre adó; the stéed is cáught;  
Upón him Wórdsworth géts;  
The génerous cóurser páws and réars,  
And 'gáinst the bridle fréts.

"He 's too high-méttled," Wórdsworth sáys,  
"And shákes me in my séat;  
He múst be báiled, and drénched, and bléd,  
And gétt much léss to éat."

So báiled, and drénched, and bléd he wás,  
And pút on lówer díet;  
And Wórdsworth wíth díelght obsérved  
Him grów each dáy móre quíet.

And fírst he tóok from him his óats,  
And thén he tóok his háy;  
Untíl at lást he féd him ón  
A síngle stráw a dáy.

What háppened néxt to thís poor stéed  
Théré 's nótt a chíld but knóws;  
Death clósed his éyes, as Í my sóng,  
And énded áll his wóes.

And ón a stóne, néar Rýdal Móunt,  
Thése wóords áre pláin to sée: —  
"Héré líe the bónes of thát fámed stéed,  
High-méttled Póesy."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, April, 1840.

## WORDSWORTH AND THE PIG.

Wórdsworth walked ónce near Ámbleside,  
Upón a súnner's dáy,  
And, úpward gázing, strúck his lýre  
To this majéstic láy:—

“There ’s póetry in évery thing,  
In smáll as wéll as big” —  
But júst as hé had gót so fár,  
He tród upón a pig.

“Hóorch!” quoth the pig, with súch a grúnt,  
As yóu might wéll excúse,  
If éver yóu had séen the náils  
Ín the great póet’s shóes.

“Hóorch!” quoth the póet, “thére it is,  
As pláin as pláin can bé;  
Éven in this pig’s grunt Í do héar  
The vóice of póetry.

“There ’s póetry in évery thing,  
In smáll as wéll as big;  
In Góody Bláke and Hárny Gill,  
And in this grúnting pig.

“There ’s póetry in évery thing  
We héar, or sée, or sméll;  
You háve it hère in ‘hóorch! hoorch! hóorch!’  
And thére in Péter Béli.

“For póetry ’s but náatural thóught  
In náatural sounsds expéssed,  
And thát which háth the léast of árt  
The trúest is and bést.

“Of póets, thérefore, wé ’re the first,  
Thou grúnting píg and Í;  
For whére ’s the póet thát with ús  
In ártlessnéss can víe?”

Eláte he sáid: then ónward pássed,  
And báde the píg adieu;  
And thén his lýre he strúck agáin,  
And sáng with rápture nów:—

“There ’s póetry in évery thing,  
In smáll as wéll as big;  
In Góody Bláke and Hárny Gíll,  
And in yon grúnting píg.”

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, June 28. 1842.

ANSWER TO MRS. JANE HOPKINS'S INVITATION  
TO DRINK TEA WITH HER,

JULY 15, 1842.

The mínuté I gót  
Your bít of a nóte,  
Says Í to my wífe:—  
“My déarest lífe,  
Wíll ye or nó  
To áunt Jenny gó,  
To-mórrów níght,  
At hér ínvíte,

To drink your téa  
 In her cómpañý?"  
 Says my wífe to mé:—  
 "I cán't but agrée;  
 For the óffer 's góod,  
 And 'twóuld be rúde  
 To sáy her nó,  
 So wé will gó;  
 But whát will yóu  
 With Kátharine\* dó?"  
 "She 's nót forgót;  
 See, hére 's the nóte;  
 It 's í and yóu,  
 And Kátharine tóo;  
 So sáy no móre,  
 For át her dóor  
 We 'll bé by éight,  
 In spite of fáte;  
 And yóu and shé  
 Will drínk your téa,  
 And Mrs. Stanléy  
 Will máke coffée  
 For the dóctor and mé;  
 And we 'll láugh and chát  
 About this and thát,  
 And háppy we 'll bé,  
 As fórmerlý;  
 And I 'll láy you a bét,  
 That óf the whole sèt,  
 Aunt Jénny will bé  
 The móst merrý,  
 Though, betwéen you and mé,

---

\* The Author's only surviving child.

She 's fúrscore and thrée;  
And I héar people sáy,  
She 'll go ón the same wáy  
Till she 's fivescóre,  
Or máy-be móre,  
And évery dáy,  
Like wine or háy,  
With áge impróving,  
More lóved and lóving  
Will be grówing;  
So lét 's be góing,  
Gáy and héarty,  
Tó her pártý,  
To-mórrów níght;  
And Í will wíte  
To sáy we 'll knóck  
At éight o'clóck."

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN.

## LINES

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UNDER A FLATTERING PORTRAIT OF  
A COUSIN OF THE AUTHOR.

Wónderful ártist! whát a chárming gráce  
Lives in these lines, and pláys o'er áll this fáce!  
These eýes how bright! how rósy réd this chéek!  
And hów these líps, half párted, álmóst spéak!  
Hów this chin dímples! this gold-bráided háir  
How glóssy smóoth! how smáll and white this éar!  
Wónderful ártist! thát could éven to Éllen  
Gíve Vénus' féatures, ánd the áir of Hélen.

FITZWILLIAM-SQUARE, DUBLIN, 1844.



WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LADY,

WHO HAD GIVEN THE AUTHOR, FOR SUBJECT, "A CAPTIVE'S LAMENT  
FOR THE LOSS OF HIS LIBERTY."

Dóist thou but móck me, wén thou bíd'st me sing  
The cáptiv'e's gúshing téars for liberty?  
Or dóist not knów thou hast bóund me with a cháin,  
From which I wóuld not, if I cóuld, be frée?

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, Jan. 5. 1846.

WRITTEN IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

The scúlp'tor, ere he tákes  
The chíset in his hánd,  
Draws the ínking of his thóught  
On pásteboard or in sánd:  
So tó thine Album Í  
The sécret first impárt,  
Which my trúé love burns to write  
On the márble of thy héart.

VIRE, IN NORMANDY, March 5. 1846.

## THE STRANGER AND THE VAUX DE VIRE.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, EARLY IN THE SPRING OF  
THE YEAR 1846.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Stáy, stranger, stáy: why léav'st the Váux de Vire?  
'Tis the sweet spring-time, júst the ópening yéar;  
Have wé done áught to hárm thee ór displéase?  
Ór in France find'st thou lóvelier fields than thése?

### STRANGER.

Swéet is the spring amóng the Váux de Vire,  
And swéet the ópening óf the nów-born yéar;  
Nóught have ye dóne to hárm me ór displéase,  
Nór in France séek I lóvelier fields than thése.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Then whý, O stránger, whý so sóon awáy,  
Ánd thy back túrned upón our cóming Máy?  
With sófter bréath each mórn the zéphyр blóws,  
With bríghter tínts each éven the súnset glóws.

### STRANGER.

A lánd there is beyónd your nórthern séa,  
More déar than éven the Váux de Vire to mé;  
A lánd of híll-and-dále slope, flówer, and trée,  
And rúddy súnset ánd bird-mélodý.

### VAUX DE VIRE.

Far óff *that* lánd, far óff beyónd the déep;  
Rócks rise betwéen, waves róll, and témpests swéep;  
*Óur* spring is nigh; thou sée'st the violet péeping;  
In yónder búsh 'tis Philomel that 's chéeping.

STRANGER.

In that far land, beyond that stormy sea,  
Are friends that love me, know me, think of me;  
Beneath its sod my babies twain are laid,  
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head;

Waves o'er that mother's head who so oft blessed me,  
And to her beating bosom so oft pressed me;  
That noble mother to whose love I owe  
All that I am, or hope, or feel, or know;

That wont so oft, on such an eve, to lean  
Her arm on mine, and point to such a scene,  
To such a glowing heaven and setting sun;  
Then turn and see the night come slowly on;

And then the flush upon her furrowed cheek  
Would tell the thought she ventured not to speak,  
That *her* night, too, was coming, *her* day past,  
And from her loved ones she must part at last.

And she is parted; in that far land laid;  
And its long grass waves o'er my mother's head:  
Then fare ye well, sweet fields, I stay not here;  
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire;

Be with those orchard walks and coppiced brakes,  
Where hapless Bâsselin poured his untaught lays;  
Long shall your memory to my heart be dear;  
Blessing and peace be with the Vaux de Vire.

## THE TRAVELLER AND THE NORTH-WEST WIND.

WRITTEN AT VIRE, IN NORMANDY, MARCH, 1846.

TRAVELLER.

Now whére hast thou béen, thou Nórth-west Wind,  
Now whére hast thou béen, tell mé?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

I have béen far awáy in the Írish lánd,  
And beyónd the Írish Séa.

TRAVELLER.

And whát hast thou séen in that fár Irish lánd,  
And whát hast thou séen, I práy?  
Hast thou séen a low hóuse near the édge of the ród,  
As by Dálkey thou tóok'st thy wáy?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And is it a hóuse with its síde to the ród,  
And its fáce to a láwn so gréen?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! thát is the hóuse, my déar North-west Wínd,  
My síster's hóuse thou hast séen.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás it a wicket, that láwn so gréen,  
In the sháde of an óld sycamóre;  
And thrée steps úp to a grávelled cóurt  
In frónt of that lów cabin-dóor?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! that is the wicket that éach Sunday éve

So jóyfully ópened to mé,

As Í and my lóved ones the lóved ones sóught,

That dwélt by that sýcamore trée.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

And hás that low cábin a window that lóoks

To the sóuth on a gárden fáir,

Where the vérvain leans úp to the window-páne,

And the églantine scénts the áir?

TRAVELLER.

Ah! that is the window, where shé used to sit

That will né'er in that window sit móre,

Or láy up agáin for dear children or friend

The léaf of that vérvain in stóre.

NORTH-WEST WIND.

But still in that window a lády there síts,

And gáthers the vérvain leaf gréen —

TRAVELLER.

Ah! that is her dáughter — come kíss me, dear Wind —

Ah! that is my síster thou 'st séen.

And díd she look mérry? or díd she look sád?

Or dídst thou her vóice chance to héar?

NORTH-WEST WIND.

Ah! sád was her lóok, and pláintive her vóice,

And I thóught in her éye stood a téar;

And thése were the wórds I héard her síng,

As I droóped my wíng by the páne:—

“How lóng and slów the móments gó!

Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”



And fár within accompanied

A piáno in sóftest stráin:—

“How lóng and slów the móments gó!

Shall I é'er see my bróther agáin?”

TRAVELLER.

Fly báck, fly báck, thou Nórth-west Wínd,

Fly báck to that gárden agáin,

And sóftly bréathe in the vérvain léaves,

And whisper át that páne:—

“Anóther half-yéar, and hé will be hére,

That bróther we lóve so wéll,

I héar his fóot, and I knów his púll

Upón the wicket béll.

“But wé 'll not wait hére anóther half-yéar,

For the stórmy winter 's góne;

And the wínd that soft bréathes in the vérvain léaves,

Will wáft us to Fránce anón.

“Then the tíme that hangs nów with níghtmare wéight

On bróther and sísters párted,

Will seem shórt as lark's sóng, or a Mídsommer Dréam

Of Shákespeare the ángel-héarted.

“And whén the pléasant half-yéar is fléd,

And the dáy's grow dárk agáin,

We 'll retúrn with hím to this lów-roofed hóuse,

This wíndow ánd verváin;

“And róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,

Bróther and sísters once móre

Will gáther, and sít, and láugh, and chát,

As on Súnday éves of yóre;

"As óft on Sún-day éve we gáthered,  
Sísters lóving, lóving bróther,  
Róund the téa-table, róund the héarth,  
Children of a living móther.

"That móther déad we 'll lóve the móre,  
We 'll lóve the móre each óther;  
And, ónce we have mét, ne'er párt agáin,  
Sísters lóving, lóving bróther."

#### PARIS.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me exténder,  
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énder;  
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,  
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! gay Páris! soft pálace of pléasure,  
Where to jóy there 's no énd, to refinément no méasure;  
But café and théatre, sálon and báll,  
And the stárs' midnight-wáitch looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! wise Páris! staid city of léarning,  
Of reúnion, and cércle, and sávant discerning,  
Of acádemy, cóllege, and ínstitute-háll,  
And Mólière's calm spírit looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! strong Páris! that róse in her míght,  
And crúshed with one héal-stamp earth's kíngs' dívine ríght,  
Awóke sleeping nátions with fréedom's trump cáll,  
And shook Gód on his thróne, looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! mad Páris! red city of blóod,  
On whose stónes scarce dry yét her sons' stréaming life-flóod;  
Scarce silent the túmbril's lourd ról, and the fáll  
Of the guillotine-áxe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! throng Páris! warm bée-hive of life,  
Of bústle, and íntrigue, and pólitic strife,  
Of démocrat émeute and Cárlist cabál,  
And sly Louís Philippe looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! bride Páris! arráyed in her bést;  
For the brídegroom is wáiting, and só is the féast:  
The féast, 'tis laid óut in chill Père-la-Chaise háll,  
And the brídegroom 's grim Déath looking dówn upon áll.

'Tis Páris! huge Páris! befóre me extéding,  
With her spíres, and her dómes, and her stréets never-énding;  
With her bóulevards, gárdens, and óbelisks táll,  
And the blúe summer ský looking dówn upon áll.

PARIS, June 11. 1846.

JOURNEY FROM TRENT, TO RIVA ON  
THE LAGO DI GARDA.

JUNE 7. 1847.

At five leave Trént,  
In cóach and páir,  
For Ríva bént,  
And cóoler áir,

My wífe and Í  
And dáughter táll,  
And Maéstro Mónti,  
Fóur in áll.

Good cómpany  
In sóoth are wé,  
And fór six hóurs  
May wéll agrée,

If quárrels cóme,  
As póets téach,  
From tóo free úse  
Of the párts of spéech;

For wé no wórd have  
Óf Itálian;  
No Énglish hé,  
Nor crámp Germánian;

And hás not éven  
The acquáintance máde,  
Of Má'mselle Frénch,  
That cómmon jáde,

That wálks at éase  
Wide Éurope's stréets,  
And láughs and chát  
With áll she méets.

Pléasant the víew is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Toward sóuthern súns  
And génial skies,  
Géntly slóped  
That vället lícs.

From wintry blásts,  
North, éast, and wést,  
Álpine stéeps  
Deféud its bréast;

Ánd with 'a thóusand  
Íce-fed rills  
Wáter its fiélds,  
And túrn its mills;

And cóol the súltry  
Súmmer áir,  
And pláy sweet músic  
Tó the éar.

Hére the cliffs  
Are bléak and báre,  
With pine fórests  
Cóvered thére;

Ór with várious  
Cárpét spréad,  
Of férn and héath,  
The bláck-cock's béd.

Here mica schíst,  
Red pórophyry,  
And gránite péaks,  
Inváde the ský.

There slúmbering márble  
Wáits the hánd  
That bíds it ínto  
Lífe to stánd.



Lówer dówn  
The sándstone rók;  
Át our féet  
The bóulder blóck.

Pléasant the víew is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Tréllised vínes  
Stretch fár and néar,  
Through fields of léntil,  
Máize, and bére;

Chésnut and wálnut  
Státely stánd,  
Flánking the ród  
On éither hánd;

And géntler wíllow  
Lénds its sháde,  
And dróops and árches  
Óverhéad;

And súnburnt péasants'  
Hánds rapácious  
Cúll the múblerry's  
Fóliage précious.

The sácks stand fúll,  
The cárts are lóaded,  
The táwny óxen  
Yóked and góaded;

The máster héars,  
With éars of pléasure,  
The áxle gróan  
Benéath the tréasure.

Let six weeks páss,  
The wórk is dóne,  
The wórms are féd,  
The cócoons spún,

The chrýsalis killed,  
Its intricate clúe  
Unrávelled nice,  
And spún anéw

Ínto a fírm,  
Tenácious líne,  
Yéllow as góld,  
As góssamer fine;

Párent óf  
The bómbazíne,  
Rústling sársnet,  
Sátin shéen;

Óf the sófa's  
Gáý brocáde,  
Óf the lútestring  
Quilted béd;

Óf the flág  
That flóats on hígh,  
Defíance tó  
The énemý;

Óf the gárter,  
Óf the páll;  
Wónd'rous thréad  
That mák'st them áll!

Pléasant the víew is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

Ón our ríght hand  
Thé broad ríver,  
Gráy and cléar,  
And spárkling éver;

Ín its stóny  
Chánnel dáshing,  
Ráving, fréttíng,  
Fóaming, spláshing.

Whát though stíll  
Its cóurse is fóward,  
Whát though stíll  
It rúshes ónward,

Dównward stíll  
Althóugh its mótion,  
Tóward the vást  
Absórbing ócean,

Sée, each wávelet  
Báckward cúrls;  
Sée, revérsed  
Each éddy swírls;

Sée, it cásts  
Its língering lóok  
Tóward the scénes  
It háth forsóok,

Tóward its nátive  
Órteler móuntain,  
Tóward its párent  
Glácier fóuntain.

Life's tráveller só  
Casts báck his víew  
Ón the dear scénes  
His childhood knéw.

With fáce revérted,  
Só is bórne  
Dówn the rough róad  
Whence nó retúrn,

And plúnged at lást  
Intó the séa,  
By finites cálléd  
Etérnity.

Pléasant the víew is,  
Ás our cárriage  
Rolls smóothly dówn  
The Vále of Ádige:

We thréad the góрге  
Where Lágerthál  
In báttle sáw  
Sanséverin fáll;

Léave on the right  
Old Cástelbárcó,  
And héar thy tówer,  
Hóly San Márcó,

Chime níght's first wátech  
In Róveréith,  
Ás we arríve,  
At hálf-past éight.

Áfter súpper,  
Frésh and mérry,  
Wést we túrn  
Toward Ádige férry;

And whére, 'twíxt báńks  
Of flówery rúshes,  
Deep, sílent, smóoth,  
The ríver gúshes,

Cárríage and áll  
Acróss we flóat  
In bróad, flat-bóttomed  
Lúgger-bóat.

Dárk though it bé,  
Small féar have wé,  
And Maéstro 's stíll  
Good cómpány;

And, párt by sígns,  
And párt by lóoks,  
And párt by wórds  
Pícked óut of bóoks,



Contrives to lét us  
    Únderstánd  
He guides us thróugh  
    No únkñown lánd;

Guides us thróugh Móri's  
    Village rúde —  
'Twere picturésque  
    By dáy-light víewed —

Past Lóppio's láke,  
    With islands dótted;  
Past Lóppio's rócks,  
    With lichens spótted.

Whére our pássing  
    Lámp-light fálls  
On yónder gráy  
    Time-éaten wálls,

Áwful fróm  
    The rócky stéep  
Frowned, Nágo, ónce  
    Thy cástled kéepe.

Our dównward cóurse  
    Is fáir and frée,  
From thóse drear héights  
    To Tórbolé,

Where, snúgly móored  
    In Mórpheus' árms,  
Lake Gárda's bóatmen  
    Dréam of stórms.

Húg on línés  
    Their néts are dryíng,  
High on the stránd  
    Their bóats are lýng.

Cróss we thén  
    Hoarse Sárcá's brídge,  
And túrn Mont Bríon's  
    Jútting rídge.

Where scántly máy  
    The stráit road swéep,  
"Twíxt the deep láke  
    And móuntain stéep,

Óverhéad  
    Hangs dréarily  
The glímmering lámp  
    Of a Cálvarý.

From widow's crúse  
    That lámp is féd,  
A wídow's téars  
    On that sláb are réad:—

"Féllow-sínnér,  
    Bénd thy knée,  
Féllow-sínnér,  
    Práy with mé

"For hím that ín  
    The témpést's shóck,  
Fóundering sánk  
    By yónder rók.

“Móther of Gód,  
The sáilor sáve,  
Ón Lake Gárda’s  
Dángerous wáve.”

Two shórt miles móre  
Run quickly pást,  
And Ríva sáfe.  
We réach at lást;

And júst as cócks  
And clócks tell óne,  
At Íl Giardíno\*  
Áre set dówn,

Where Maéstro Mónti  
Bíds good níght,  
And áll to béd  
In weáry plíght.

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\* This picturesque and truly Italian hotel (called Il Giardino, from its public garden opening on the lake) has been lately pulled down, to make room for the Austrian fortifications with which the hitherto secluded and peaceful valley of Riva has, alas! at last begun to bristle. — J. H. 1850.

## TRUTH.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN CLARA ATTMAYER'S ALBUM, ON LEAVING  
SCHLOSS WEYERBURG.\*

Státelier than Weyérburg Schlöss, I wéen,  
Fáirer thán its bówers so gréen,  
Frésher thán the móuntain bréeze  
Whispering thróugh its wálnut trées,  
Cléarer thán the gúrgling rills  
Trickling fróm its snów-clad hills,  
Swéeter thán the frágrance spréad  
Bý its gáy carnátion béd,  
Lóvelier thán the próspect wide  
Fróm its tówers on évery side,

---

\* Schloss Weyerburg is a castle situated on the first heights of the Alps, where they rise immediately over the city of Innsbruck, on the north. It formerly belonged to, and was occasionally the residence of, the Emperor Maximilian, and is now owned and inhabited by the family of Attmayer of Innsbruck. It was in the great hall of this castle the Emperor received in state the Venetian Ambassadors. From this hall, or, if you please, from its balcony, elevated from forty to fifty feet above the high and steep rock on which the castle stands, is a prospect not to be surpassed, perhaps, in the world. In the foreground and far below you, on the right, in the midst of parks, gardens, and green meadows, the white, open, and irregularly built city of Innsbruck, with its famous wooden bridge, and innumerable gilded spires and cupolas glittering in the sun; immediately in front, and at an equal depth below, the rushing and impetuous river, and the valley of the Inn; beyond, on the first

Nóbler thán its ámples háll,  
 Strónger thán its mássive wáll,  
 Déarer to Gód and ángels fár  
 Thán its chápel, thán its práy'r,  
 Ís the unvárnished wórd of trúth,  
 Íssuing fróm the líps of yóuth,  
 The guíleless líps of máiden fáir,  
 Clára and Ánna Áttlmáyer:  
 Wéll might ripe áge learn wísdóm thére.

June 11. 1849.

---

heights of the opposite or southern range of Alps, the royal castle of Schloss Ambras (larger and statelier than Weyerburg, and out of an upper window of which, Wallenstein, when a boy, fell, and escaped unhurt); farther beyond, and above, the lower plateau of the Alps, gently swelling, green, grassy, and studded with white cottages, chapels, hamlets, and clumps of trees; still higher, and retreating backward, the rocky sides of the Alps, here and there covered with pine forests; and high above all, the long line of their bleak and snow-clad pinnacles mingling with the clouds; on the left the broad and rapid river again, passing under a suspension-bridge, and, garnished with poplars, threading its way along the windings of the valley towards the far off Danube, and finally disappearing behind the market-town of Hall.

Allusion is made in the above lines, and particularly in the last of them, to a circumstance which occurred during the author's residence in this Castle, in the summer of 1849.



## WEYERBURG'S BOWERS SO GREEN.

WRITTEN IN FRAEULEIN ANNA ATTLMAYER'S ALBUM, ON OCCASION OF  
LEAVING SCHLOSS WEYERBURG, NEAR INNSBRUCK, JUNE 11, 1849.

"Téll me, sweet Ánna, téll me, práy,  
How mány thóu hast séen,  
Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen?"

"Rich, nóble, váliant, gráve, or gáy,  
As mány Í have séen,  
As áre the léaves upón the trées  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen."

"How mány háppy, téll me nów,  
Sweet Ánna, hást thou séen?"  
"Háppy! I néver sáw but twó  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"A fáther ánd a dáughter hére  
From Íreland Í have séen;  
A párent kind, a dúteous child,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

"They wére not rích, they wére not gréat,  
Far bétter théy, I wéen;  
Fónd of each óther, júst toward áll,  
'Mongst Weyérburg's bówers so gréen.

“Háppy they wére, if háppiness  
Éver on éarth has béen;  
A ténder síre, a lóving child,  
’Mongst Weyérburg’s bówers so gréen.

“I lóve to sit and think of thém,  
To bé where théy have béen;  
Ah! dó they éver think of mé,  
And Weyérburg’s bówers so gréen?”

TO FRAEULEIN LAURA WIDMANN,

ON OCCASION OF A SEARCH IN VAIN FOR HER PORTRAIT, LOST IN  
MY APARTMENT IN THE HOTEL AT INNSBRUCK.

I séarched my chámber róund and róund,  
The táble, sófa, cháirs, and gróund,  
But nówhere Láura’s pícture fóund;  
Till cásting, ór by fáte or chánce,  
Upón my inward sélf a glánce,  
I spied, in sécret nóok remóte —  
Say, Láura, wás it whát I sóught —  
An ángel’s pórtait without náme,  
Dráwn on my héart in strókes of fláme!

June 14. 1849.

## THE FROWN AND THE SMILE.

FOR SELINA'S ALBUM.

"Come, in my álbúm wríte a vérsé,"

Matílda sáid ónce tó a póet;

"But mínd, no nónsense; fór I vów,

To áll the wórld I 'll súrely shów it."

He tóok the pén, and trémbling wróte

Thése véry wórds, or néarly:

"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth

Thére 's nóne I lóve so déarly —"

Matílda, frówning, stópped him shórt:—

"My álbúm, yóu have spóiled it,

I wóuld not fór my bést new gówn,

Your pén had éver sóiled it."

"Spóiled whát? sóiled whát?" the póet cried;

"Pray, Mádam, lét me fínish;

The bútter 's hére, but nót the bréad —

The éggs, but nót the spínach."

He tóok the pén agáin, and wróte,

Fírmlý this tíme, and cléarly:

"Of áll the máids I knów on éarth

Thére 's nóne I lóve so déarly,

"That Í for hér one hóur wóuld lóse

Of háppy báachelor lífe."

Matílda smíled; and ére a mónth

The póet cálléd Matílda wífe.

LEGHORN, November, 1849.

TO MISS LOUISA GRACE,

WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS LEAVING PISTOJA, WHERE HE HAD BEEN  
PAYING HER A VISIT.

Cease, céase, ye téars, to blót the fárewell línes  
My héart at pártíng tó Louisa sénd;,  
Drý them, and with them póst to hér, ye síghs,  
Fáithfulest cóuriérs bétwíxt párted friends.

LEGHORN, November 16. 1849.

TO THE SAME,

FROM VILLA STROZZI, ROME.

The téar-drops, fróm our eýelids stárting,  
So fást upón our páper féll,  
'Twas áll in váin we stróve, at pártíng,  
To wríte our friend one kínd farewéll:

By tíme assuáged, our sórrow nów  
Assúmes a sóberer, 'sófter húc,  
And siglis, not téars, decláre the páin  
With which we bíd our friend adieú.

Adieú! be háppy! thínk sometímes  
Óf the two friends that lóved thee só;  
Óur hearts still fónldy túrn to thee,  
Thróugh the wide wórld whereé'er we gó.

December 7. 1849.

## PART OF A LETTER FROM THE AUTHOR TO AN ANTIQUARIAN FRIEND IN IRELAND,

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF THE TOMB OF ATISTIA, WIFE OF EURYSACES,  
RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT ROME, OUTSIDE THE PORTA MAGGIORE,  
ON THE ROAD TO NAPLES BY FROSINONE.\*

\* \* \* \* \*

Or máy be you 'd ráther I 'd téll you the stóry  
Of the báker's wife's tómb outside Pórtá Maggiore,  
How for fóurteen long cénturies snúgly it láy  
Built úp in the wórks which Honórius one dáy  
So áwkwardly ráised at the Lábican gáte,  
And Pope Píus the Séventh demólished of láte,  
Bringing báck into dáylight the mónument quéer,  
By the fúnny old báker érédted hére,  
To receíve the remáins of Atístia, his wífe,  
Befóre him depártd this tróublesome life:—  
“A véry good wífe was Atístia to mé,  
As áll will obsérve who this mónument sée,

\* There are two inscriptions belonging to this tomb. The words of the first are:—

FVIT ATISTIA VXOR MIHEI FEMINA OPITVMA VEIXIT QVOIVS CORPORIS  
RELIQVIAE QVOD SVPERANT SVNT IN HOC PANARO

This inscription has been removed, along with the full-length figures of the husband and wife, and affixed to an adjoining wall.

The words of the second inscription are:—

EST HOC MONIMENTVM MARCEI VERGILEI EVRYSACIS  
PISTORIS REDEMPTORIS APPARIT

This has been left in situ, simply, as it would seem, because it could not be removed without pulling down the entire building.

All the subjects described in the text are actually to be seen on the frieze.



Which, in hónor of hér and my báking tráde,  
In the shápe of a báker's panárium I 've máde;  
And the móre to expréss my deep cónjugal grief  
In the frónt I 've set úp the dear créature's relíef,  
With my ówn inconsólable sélf by her side,  
In my bést toga dréssed, for rich bákers have príde;  
And abóve on the frieze the whole árt I 've displáyed  
Of the Róman flour-mílling and báking tráde.  
The gráin you see fírst, then the mill, then the flóur;  
The knéading comes néxt, then the míxing the sóur;  
And thére, in the mídst of the bákehouse, commánding  
How the wórk shall be dóne, the chief óverseer 's stánding;  
And in frónt of the húge, gapíng móuth of the óven,  
The jóurneymen réady the néw batch to shóve in,  
Arms náked, legs náked, long shóvels in their hánds;  
And hígh on the cóunter the státera stánds;  
And cústomers ín at the shóp-door are drópping,  
And sóme into bágs the smáll loaves are pópping,  
While óthers the lárge loaves are cútting and wéíghing,  
And the clérk 's taking cóunt of the móney they 're páying:  
Your éar must be dúll not to héar what they 're sáying.  
And nów to the óther side fóllo w the frieze,  
And you 'll sée a square bóx—more this wáy, if you pléase—  
There it is, a square bóx, rather lónger than wíde,  
Pierced thróugh with round hóles the whole léngth of its side,  
*A jóur*, as the Fránk sáys, to lét the light thróugh,  
For the óffside wóuld mách, were it pláced wíthin víew;  
The panárium that is, where, accórding to rúle,  
Each fresh batch from the óven is sèt by to cóol;  
That véry panárium — I hópe I don't bóre ye —  
That supplíed the désígn of the tómb here befóre ye,  
Where to cóol I 've láid bý sweet Atístia, my wífe,  
Fresh and crísp from this hót, báking, óven of lífe;  
And whére, kíssing crúst to crúst, ón the same shélf,

I 'll be láid with her, pléase Jove, some fine day mysélf.  
Eurýsaces, miller and báker, am Í,  
And, bý letters pátent, monópolý  
Enjóy of the mílling and báking tráde;  
And óf this panárium what móre need be saíd?"

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Dec. 13. 1849.

#### TO MEMORY.

Wíizard, begóne! and lét me néver  
Sée thy háted fáce agáin!  
Thou prómisedst a róund of pléasure,  
Ánd hast given me nóught but páin.

Cóuld thy cónjuring ród not cáll up  
The déar scenes óf depárted yéars,  
Bút it must sáme time fróm my póor heart  
Strike a flóod of scálding téars?

Cóuld thine enchánted gláss not shów me  
The rádiant fórms my bóyhood knéw,  
Bút it must thrúst their sépulchres,  
Át the same móment, ón my víew?

Cóuld not thy mágic écho síng me  
Nótes from lips of lóve that féll,  
Bút it múst same ístant bríng me  
Their lóng and língering lást farewéll?

Juggling wizard, how I hate thee,  
With thy magic and thy spells,  
By black Melancholy taught thee  
In her silent, sunless cells!

Foul enchanter, hence! and drown thee  
In the depths of Léthe's wave!  
Fair is the world God spreads around me,  
Thou wouldst make it but a grave.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 13. 1850.

### L I N E S

SUGGESTED BY THE COMPLETE INTERRUPTION OF MY NEWLY MADE,  
BUT MUCH VALUED ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE REV. W. SCRIBNER,  
OF NEW YORK, BY HIS DEPARTURE FROM ROME FOR NAPLES,  
JANUARY 7. 1850.

Sée the fire, how fast it burns!  
And the stream, how swift it runs!  
How night after night returns!  
How soon set our brightest suns!

The rose that blossomed yester-morn,  
Today upon the stem hangs dying;  
The breeze that fanned us yester-even,  
Tonight in other lands is sighing.

But far more fleeting friendship's breath,  
A breeze from heaven that may not last;  
And earlier withered friendship's flower,  
And friendship's stream runs swifter past;

And quicker friendship's flame expires,  
And friendship's days are sooner sped:  
We fain would stir the ancient fires,  
And stir but ashes cold and dead.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, Jan. 7. 1850.

## THE SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

SONG WRITTEN ON SEEING FOR THE FIRST TIME, IN THE CAPITOLINE MUSEUM, IN ROME, THE STATUE OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING DACIAN SOLDIER, COMMONLY CALLED THE DYING GLADIATOR.

Ah! swéet is the déath of the sóldier bráve,  
And his cóuntry with láurels shall plánt his gráve,  
Histórians and póets his práises shall write,  
And fáir maidens síng them, and gréy-beards recíte.

For his is no língering héctic decáy,  
By slów degrees gnáwing his vítals awáy,  
His vígor consúming, and blánching his chéek,  
Tedious mónth after mónth, and long wéek after wéek.

With hánd locked in his, by his bédside all night,  
No ténder wife wátches his life's waning líght,  
Hoping, féaring, despáiring, and wéeping by túrns,  
As brighter or dímmier the flíck'ring flame búrns.

But his cóuntry commánds him: awáy to the wárs!  
For vátor there 's hónor, there 's láurel for 'scárs;  
His son hánds him his swórd; his wife búckles it ón;  
One kíss, one embráce; the next móment he 's góne.

He 's góne, and has fálled: — abject mínions; forbéar;  
'Tis a sóldier that yónder lies strétched on his bíer;  
Keep your síghs, keep your téars, for the déath-fearing sláve;  
They sháll not pollúte the sóldier's gráve.

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, January, 1850.



## R O M E.

From Villa Strózzi, Róme,  
Tó my loved friends at hóme,  
This vígil óf St. Bláse,  
Whén the wild duck láys,  
Ánd the fáint primróse  
Únder the báre hedge blóws,  
Ánd the mezéreon blóom  
Spreads wídest its perfúme,  
And mérry bélls are rúng,  
And Cándlemás is súng,  
And dáys begin to brighten,  
And héarts begin to lighten;  
Fór the winter 's pást,  
Ánd Spring 's cóming fást.

Thóugh most trávellers só invént things,  
And wántonlý misréprésént things,  
Thát I have héárd it sáid 'twere bétter  
A trávellér néver wróte a létter;  
Yet whát I sáw in Róme, believe me,  
I 'll téll ye trúe, and nótt decéive ye;  
For, ás at tímes sweet flówers are fóund  
Grówing in únpropítious gróund,  
And ás some pickpockets, they sáy,  
Are mén of hónor in their wáy,  
And nów and thén clear ríght 's in cávillers,  
Why nótt the trúth *sometimes* in trávellers?

Bút that I máy not béfore swíne  
Cást my péarls, or póur my wíne,  
I fáin wóuld máke, with yóur permission,  
Ére I begín, this óne condítion:



That simply, without guile or art,  
Ye, too, perform your proper part,  
Fling far away all préconception  
Obstrúctive óf plain trúth's réception;  
And, like an úncorrupted child,  
Listening tó precéptor mild,  
Méekly your dócile éar inclíne  
Tó the tále of Róme divine.

With invocátion tó the Nine  
Sháll I begin that tále divine,  
And húmbly fróm Apóllo sue  
Fire for mysélf, to impárt to yóu?  
Or sháll I séek my inspirátion  
Ín the old glóries óf the nátion,  
The áir I bréathe, the gróund I tread,  
Ánd the bright ský hangs ó'er my héad?  
Or ráther túrn my nóthward lóok  
Tóward the dear scénes my féet forsóok,  
But nót my héart, — oh! néver, néver,  
Fróm thát loved lánd my héart shall séver —  
Tóward the snug cóttage Glénagéary,  
Ánd the warm héarth of bést-loved Máry,  
Toward óld Ballíevy Hóuse and Mill,  
Ánd the new fárm of Múttón Híll?  
Nów, indéed, my rhýmes run frée;  
Nów my thóughts are mélodý;  
Cóme, Inspirátion, cóme alóng;  
Bróther and sisters, héar my sóng.

Now, thóugh a póet múch my bétters,  
The véry Beau Nash óf Belles Léttrés,  
Says, póets whó would mérit práise  
Must júmp, slap dásb, *in médias rés*,

Yet Í 'm detérmined fór this ónce,  
Éven at the risk ye dúb me dúnce,  
On nó man's cóat-sleeve mý faith pínning,  
Tó begin with thé beginning;  
Ánd, procéeding thróugh the míddle,  
Nót till the énd hang úp my fiddle.

Só, as I lóve to dó things néatly,  
Ín due órder ánd discréeetly,  
And dóubt not thát, as Quákers sáy,  
Fáir and sóft goes fár in the dáy,  
Í 'll eschéw the vúlgar tóne,  
Ánd adópt a stýle of my ówn;  
And, sínging in an únder-stráin,  
And chécking mý poétic véin,  
Príck on géntly ó'er the pláin,  
With my Pégasus tìght in réin,  
Spáring the nóble ánimál's bówels,  
Kéeping the pólìsh ón my rówels,  
And léaving tó some gréater máster  
Óf the mánege tó ride fáster.

#### CHAUNT FIRST.

The Shé-wolf, thén, I cháunt her first,  
That Rómulús and Rémus núrse;  
You 'll sée her ín the Cápítol stánding,  
Whén you 've móunted thé first lánding  
Óf the Háll Consérvatóri,  
Ón whose síte Rome's áncient glóry,\*  
Íf you cán put fáith in stóry,

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\* See Servius on Virgil, En. VIII. verse 1.

Tó the bréeze the flág unfúrled,  
 That wáved abóve a cónquered wórld,  
 In brónze she stánds there, Róme's She-wólf;  
 Grim, bláck, and dísmal ás the gúll  
 On which the sáilor's lóok is cást  
 When hópe to sáve his bárk is pást,  
 Ánd it 's pláin she 's fóundering fást,  
 Ánd he féels her séttlíng mótion  
 Ín the míddle óf the ócean,  
 Ón a stórmy níght in wínter,  
 Ánd, láying hólđ of spár or splínter,  
 Gázés appálled one móment róund,  
 Then cléars the táffrel wíth a bóund:  
 Not blácker lóoks the ráging déep  
 Ás he tákes his désperate léap,  
 Heaven's bléssíng ón his Lílla práying,  
 Thán that grím and gáunt Wólf báying,  
 Wíle, wíth gáping móuths uptúrned,  
 Squát, besíde her thúnder-búrned  
 Ánd rént hínd-lég, síť ón bare bréech  
 The róyal cúbs, too shórt to réach,  
 By góod síx ínches át the léast,  
 The téats of thé íll-fávored béast,  
 Túrgíd to búrstíng wíth Róme's glóry,  
 Cónsuls, Popes, Césars, ánd my stóry.

## CHAUNT SECOND.

My sécond cháunt — stay, lét me sée —  
 My sécond cháunt — wát sháll it bé?  
 Ít shóuld have béen the Cúríátii,  
 Át déadly gríps wíth thé Horátii,  
 Hád ye not héárd the óther dáy

A thrótle sing that véry láy,\*  
In tónes of súch sweet mélodý,  
It wére impértinénce in mé,  
A mínstrel óf a róughér gráin,  
To trill one nóte of thé same stráin.

What thén shall bé my sécond cháunt?  
Whó can in Róme a súbject wánt?  
Where Brútus strúck, and César féll,  
And Cícero spóke so lóng and wéll,  
And Vírgil póured his tíde of sóng,  
And Hórace, pláýfullý alóng  
The Lésbian lýre his fíngers flínging,  
Ánd his Róman Sápphies sínging,  
Neglécted his own rúles of árt,  
And tóok the stráight way tó the héart;  
Whíther bý some róund I 'll fóllow,  
Withóut the pássport óf Apóllo.  
Let thóse who wíll, stand bý the rúles  
Of crábbed másters ánd their schóols;  
I 'll léave them in the dústy pláins,  
And túrn my géntle pálfrey's réins  
Ínto some wínding páth that léads  
Úp the bróoks and cróss the méads;  
And thróugh Imágínation's déll,  
Midwáy 'twíxt Réason's frígíd céll,  
And Pássion's éver-bóiling wéll,  
And róunding thé heart's cítadél,  
That stíll in frónt 's defénded wéll,  
Ín at the nárrow póstern-gáte,  
That ópen stánds earlý and láte,

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\* See Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."



To lét the fóragérs go óut  
And ránsack áll the cóuntry ábout,  
Énter, únobserved, unknowñ,  
As if I wére of the gárrisón,  
Secúre, once éntered thére, of living  
For éver jóyous, ánd joy-giving.

### CHAUNT THIRD.

What hinders thát I táke the wórd  
Fróm my sécond chaunt fór my thírd?  
'Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?'  
The árchitéct's and scúlptor's hómé;  
Where, póised in áir, thrice fífty métres  
Ábóve the pávément, hángs St. Péter's  
Néver tó be équalled dóme,  
Éurope's wónder, pride of Róme;  
So gránd, so beautéful, so bright,  
So sólíd, yét so áiry líght,  
You gáze and gáze, untíl your síght  
Áches with thé unmíxed delight,  
And túrns to rést on méaner thíngs,  
Ás a bird líghts to rést íts wíngs,  
Then sóars up tó íts héaven agáin,  
And léaves belów this wórlđ of páin.

Whó can a súbject wánt in Róme?  
The páinter's fóstéring, fóstéred hómé;  
Where Gúido his Auróra dréw,  
Of súch ethérial, róseate húc,  
So sóft and swéct, so frésh and fáir,  
So frée from táint of éarth or cáre,  
You cánnót knów what ángels áre,  
Unléss you 've hád a síght of hér;



Unless you have beheld her run  
 Before the chariot of the Sun,  
 Scattering those dew-besprinkled flowers,  
 Followed by those dancing Hours;  
 Ah, happy Sun! ah, happy Hours!  
 How joyous I too, o'er those flowers,  
 Hand-in-hand with those gay Hours,  
 Would follow through heaven's champaign wide  
 The footsteps of that angel guide!

#### CHAUNT FOURTH.

Were it for my hundredth chaunt,  
 Could I in Rome a subject want?  
 Penetrate yon sanctuary;  
 Ask the marble groups that sigh  
 Over the relics of the just,  
 The warrior's bones, the statesman's dust;  
 What answer comes from that massy tomb,  
 Dimly seen in the chancel gloom?  
 "Here the tenth Léo waits the doom."  
 What says that grave where, his sons between,  
 England's third James has found a screen  
 Against the billows and a gale  
 All too strong for his vessel frail? —  
 But there in peace let the shipwrecked lie;  
 In silence pass that monument by;  
 "Last of the Stuarts" their elegy;  
 And come and see where Manútius sleeps,  
 And over Bémbo Léarning weeps,  
 And Frá Giovanni da Fiésolé  
 Lies wrapt in immortality,  
 And Rósa's ashes sanctify  
 Saint Máry's Dégli Ángeli.

Pilgrim of Sion, réverent tread  
 Óver thy Tásso's láurelléd héad,  
 Where lówly in Onófrio's áisle  
 It résteth fróm its mórtal cóil.  
 Túrn, Nature's vótary, híther túrn;  
 Hást thou no wréath for Ráphael's úrn?  
 No téar for him that blighted díed  
 Ín his súmmer's súnny prídé,  
 Léaving on chúrch and pálace wáll,  
 Ínscríbed in létters mágícal:—  
 "Heaven júdged my páintings wére more fáir  
 Thán man's dázzeled síght míght béar,  
 And tóok me tó hersélf or ére  
 Compléte my séven-and-thírtíeth yéar;  
 Práy that my sín may bé fórgíven —  
 It wás not éarth I dréw, but héaven."

#### CHAUNT FIFTH.

A póet whó wóuld láurels wéar  
 Must bíte his náil, and twírl his háir  
 Betwéen his fínger ánd his thúmb,  
 Cóaxing the ríght pat thóught tó cóme;  
 And, wén it háth come, múst táke cáre  
 It máke its éntree with the áir,  
 As fár from fórwárd ás from shý,  
 Of óne used tó good cómpany,  
 Who, thróugh the thíckest óf the bévy  
 Át the dráwing-róom or lévee,  
 Mákes his wáy with an éasy gráce,  
 Then bóws polítely, ánd tákes his pláce.  
 "What 's áll this símilé ábout?"  
 Ásks your púzzled áir of dóubt;  
 So with some móre let 's hélp it óut.

It 's nót enóugh a thóught be júst,  
Grand, beáútiful; it álso múst,  
Befóre it cán be póetry,  
With its néighbour thóughts agrée,  
Like children óf one fámily,  
Like nótes of thé same mélody,  
Like féathers in the sáme bird's wing,  
Like diamonds sét in thé same ríng,  
Like flówers intó one nósegay tíed,  
Ór embróidered side by side,  
Or cólors ón one cánvas spréad,  
Green, yéllow, órange, blúe, and réd,  
Blénding in óne harmónious whóle,  
Wárm from the épíc páinter's sóul,  
Some Íliad ór some Ódyseý  
Of Rúbens ór Da Fiésolé.

The náil is bít, the lóck is twirled  
Till scárce a háir is léft uncúrled;  
The nów thought 's cóme — Lord, bút it 's róugh!  
And yét at bóttom it 's good stúff;  
Óff with your cóat; set tó and scrúb;  
It brightens hére; anóther rúb;  
Brighter and brighter évery minute;  
I knéw there wás good métal in it;  
There, sét it in the próper light;  
Í 'm in the wáy of lúck to-night;  
Stay, isn't it tóo large fór the ríng?  
That cólor tóo 's not júst the thing;  
You dó not méan to sét a béryl  
Betwéen an émeráld and a péarl?  
I ówn it 's á most chárming gém,  
Fít for a róyal diadém,  
But hére it 's whólly óut of pláce;

So láy it bý in the glass-cáse  
 With your ámethýsts apárt,  
 Till you 're sétting your córal héart;  
 For 'tis a sáying óf Vertúe  
 Whose sáyings you knów are álwáys true,\*  
 Rúby and émeráld with péarl,  
 Córal and ámethýst with béryl.

Now cán ye ásk the réason why  
 Í 've for some fúture cháunt set bý  
 The thóught that stóod prépared for this,  
 Or táke its ábsence hére amíss?

## ROME.

(CONTINUED.)

I lóve to rise betimes  
 To héar Rome's mátin ehímes,  
 And sée the lústy sún  
 Begin his ráce to rún,  
 These first bright dáy's of Máreh,  
 Lighting up tówer and áreh,  
 And pínnale and dóme,  
 Óver the expánsé of Róme;  
 From Pórta Pópoló,  
 And Mónte Márló,  
 And Sánto Spíritó,  
 And frówning Ángeló,  
 And ímmense Váticán,  
 Alóng the slóping ván  
 Of hígh Janículine,  
 On bý the Áventíne,  
 And róyal Pálatíne,  
 And Áreh of Cónstantíne,

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\* "Vertue was incommode, he loved truth." — WALPOLE.



And óld John Láterán,  
 And ólder Lábieán,  
 Quite róund to the Ésquiline,  
 And stéep Capitoline,  
 And diadem'd Quirinál,  
 Ánd my own Viminál,  
 Whére, from high balcóny  
 O'erhánging dárk Negróni,\*  
 Séated in éasy cháir,  
 I enjóy the próspect ráre,  
 And drínk the bálmý áir,  
 And méditáte on 'chánge.  
 As my wándering éyè doth ránge,  
 And fróm rúined Látian Jóve,  
 Long Álbá's hills abóve,  
 A tímíd glánce lets fáll  
 On St. Péter's cróss and báll;  
 Then túrn my cháir abóut,  
 And shút the próspect óut,  
 And rést my wéary síght,  
 And colléct my wíts to wíte  
 The gréetings my heart sénd  
 To my fár-off Írish fríends.

### CHAUNT SIXTH.

"In hármless spórt and mérrimént  
 At léast this óne day sháll bý spént,  
 To-níght at twélve begíns the Lént;  
 So túrn the pháëton óut, Giovánni,  
 And páck betwéen the séats so mány  
 Wide-mouthed bágs of súgar-plúms,  
 And cómfits bíg as my two thúmb's,  
 Thát there may bý no róom for féet,  
 Unléss we pút them ón the séat.

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\* Villa Negróni, formerly Villa Massimi, is overlooked by the Casa or Palazzo of Villa Strozzi, from which it is separated only by the breadth of the road leading from Santa Maria Maggiore to the Baths of Diocletian.



Well dóne, Giovánni; óne, two, thrée,  
 Four, fíve, six bágs; there, don't you sée  
 Fór anóther bag thére 's room yét? —  
 Bléss me; hów these hórses frét!  
 Postilions, cán't you kéeep them stéady  
 Till the Sígnorína 's réady?  
 There 's Ángelá awáy two hóurs,  
 And nót come báck yet with the flówers;  
 Íf she was yóunger Í might sáy  
 We sháll not sée her agáin to-dáy;  
 Come, Kátharine, put ón your másk,  
 And gíve me míne; well! it 's a tásk  
 To gét so mány tráps togéther —  
 What thínk'st, Giovánni, óf the wéather?  
 I 'm súde I 'm néither fóol nor sót,  
 Yét the main thíngh I 'd nigh fórgót —  
 The móccolí, the móccolí;  
 The máches ánd the móccolí;  
 Less péniténtial fár to mé  
 Were bácon without bróccolí,  
 Than múmning without móccolí.  
 Thánk ye, Giovánni; láy them só;  
 And nów we 're réady áll to gó,  
 For yónder Í see Ángelá cóming  
 With the nósegays fór our múmning:  
 Nósegays frésh! and nósegays fáir!  
 Préttier nósegays néver wére;  
 Why, Ángelá 's a créature rare.  
 Nów, postilions, áre ye réady?  
 Stáy one móment — stéady; stéady —  
 Críck-cráck, críck-cráck, and dówn the stréet;  
 Nóds and bécks to áll we méet —  
 But whát comes in yon cáraván?  
 Sáve us, Chríst! a whóle diván

Of ūnbelieving Mámelúkes,  
With their hórse-tails ánd chibóuks.  
Cóme, let 's pélt the Móslem créw;  
What búsiness hére has Túrks or Jéw?  
Cómfits, cómfits, lárge or smáll;  
Lét 's have át them, óne and áll;  
Ha! há! take thát, my Lórd Vizier —  
“Kátharine — chıld — what dó you féar?”  
“Papá, they 've hıt me ón the éar:” —  
“Don't mínd it, chıld, it 's áll in fún,  
Fór the Cárñival 's júst begún,  
Mérriest féast benéath the sún.”  
“Papá, they 're géttíng úp behínd:” —  
“It 's áll in pláy, chıld, néver mínd.”  
“Papá, they 're móúntíng úp befóre:” —  
“Kátharine, I wów you 're quáte a bóre.”  
“Papá, they 're clímbing thé coach-dóor:” —  
“Dówn, sírs, dówn! why áll thís róút?  
Postílions, whát are yé abóút?”  
“Your Hónór sées how wé are jámméd,  
And hów from síde to síde is crámméd  
The Córso, chókeful óf pedéstrians,  
Cárs, and cóaches, ánd equéstrians.”  
“Why, Kátharine, we 're ín a shówer  
Of snów or dúst; no, bút of flóur:  
Hough! hóugh! I 'm chóked; my eýes are blínded:” —  
“Déar papá, sure yóu won't mínd it;  
Fór the Cárñival 's júst begún,  
Mérriest féast benéath the sún;  
And thóugh you 've gót a míller's hát,  
And mý crape 's pówdered, whát of thát?  
'Tís bút the frólic óf the séason,  
Thát móre of rhýme has thán of réason;

And Í for mý part wón't compláin,  
 Íf we gét home without ráin:" —  
 "Ráin, child! — ráin would quíte destróy us;  
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us;  
 For, nó to spéak of cólds or féver,  
 Óur best clóthes were spóiled for éver,  
 Since Giovánni, that cáreless féllow,  
 Hás not gíven us óne umbrélla,  
 Ánd the first drops óf a shówer  
 Would into páste turn áll this flóur.  
 Ráin, child! — ráin would quíte destróy us,  
 Nóthing could hálf so múch annóy us —  
 Ha! whát was thát that fláshed so bríght?  
 Postílions, hóld the hórses tíght;  
 Whý! it 's almóست as dárk as níght.  
 Was éver héard such a thúnder-crásh?  
 And thére 's anóther bríghter flásh,  
 And ón its héels a lóuder bráttle —  
 Hów the walls sháke, and wíndows ráttle —  
 And úp, and dówn, and éverywhére,  
 Ínto café and pórté-cochère,  
 Únder pórticos, ínto shóps,  
 Flýing fróm the big rain-dróps,  
 Rún the múmmers hélter-skélter,  
 Ánd in the véry chúrches shéltér:  
 It 's néither háil, rain, fire, nor wínd,  
 But wínd, háil, ráin, and fire combíned,  
 Áll fórms at ónce of wínter weáther,  
 Áll the foul éléments lóosed togéther,  
 As íf on thís devóted tówn  
 The héavens themsélves were túmbling dówn;  
 Or Jóve and áll his héathen Góds  
 Hád regáined their óld abódes,

And opened on the arch-enemy  
All the batteries of the sky."

"Though our clothes are middling wet,  
Dear-papá, we're not drowned yet;  
I wonder you'd so fume and fret.  
This portico's a pleasant cover,  
And the shower will soon be over;  
For yonder comes the blue again,  
And less heavy falls the rain;" —

"Mighty pleasant, to be sure,  
And equal to a water-cure,  
Dripping wet from head to toe,  
Shivering, quivering, here to go  
For some two good hours or so,  
Up and down this portico,  
Sometimes quick and sometimes slow,  
Blowing on our finger-ends,  
Waiting till the weather mends,  
Thinking on the sport we've lost,  
Mourning o'er our fortune crossed,  
Counting up the damage done  
To horses, liveries, phaëton;  
Our sugar-plums to syrup melted  
Ere a dozen well were pelted;  
Our nosegays withered, torn, and battered,  
Clothes, hands, faces, all bespattered —  
Mighty pleasant, to be sure,  
And equal to a water-cure,  
For one who strength has to endure,  
And does not die at once outright  
Of shame, vexation, or mere spite."



“Cóme, papá, let ’s léave our cóver,  
Fór the stórm ’s entirely óver,  
Ánd the súnbeams bréaking óut —  
But whát makes áll the péople shóut?”

“Quick, child, quick, ór we ’ll lóse the place  
We have táken fór the póny-ráce;  
Quick, child, quick, we múst run fást,  
Ór the pónies will be pást:  
Six prétty pónies áre to rún,  
Bláck, white, píebald, gréy, and dún,  
Bút it ’s the sórrel I ’ve hét upón;  
Last yéar it wás the sórrel that wón.  
Wéll run, Kátharine! — tó the spót  
Ín good tíme at lást we ’ve gót,  
Número one húndred twénty-fóur,  
Two places, bálcóny first-flóor.”

“Your tickets, sir.” — “Our tickets? whát!  
By Jóve! the tickets I quite forgót  
Ín the pócket of my wet cóat,  
And hóme they ’re góne in the pháctón —  
Now, Kátharine, whát ’s tó be dóne?”  
“Come, lét ’s run dówn into the stréet,  
And trý if wé can’t gét a séat  
Ón a plátform or in a shóp.”

“Yes — nó — stay, child — stop, Kátharine, stóp —  
I ’ve lóst my púrse, if it ’s nótt forgót  
With the tickets in my great cóat.  
Stólen it is, I ’m sùre it ’s stólen,  
Fór my pócket thére ’s no hóle in.  
Thieves, sirs, thieves! I ’m róbbed, I ’m plúndered!  
Thieves, pickpóckets, bý the húndred!  
Bád as we áre with thieves at hóme  
We ’re twénty times worse hére in Róme;



For while at hómè there 's nót a mán  
But is as hónest ás he cán,  
In Róme there 's nót a mán but wóuld  
Rób you if he dúrst and cóuld,  
Or cút your thróat, no máttér which,  
And thrów your bódý in a díтч." —  
"Déar papá, don't bé so véxed:" —  
"Wéll, child, wéll, what wórse comes néxt?  
In thís curs'd tówn anóther dáy  
I wóuldn't, if Í could gét awáy,  
No, nót for twénty Cárnivals, stáy.  
For thóugh the póet trúly síngs  
That pátiénce is the bést of thínks —  
But stóp! what 's thát? — the pónies' féet  
Cláttering, báttéring dówn the stréet;  
The pónies' féet — the pónies' bélls —  
Hów the hëavénly músic télls  
On évery fibre óf my héart;  
Óh, that we hád but scén them stárt!  
Then, thén, indéed, could nó one sáy  
Thát we hád misspént our dáy,  
Or láugh at ús when wé get hómè  
For míssing the fínest síght in Róme.  
Six lóvelier pónies néver rán  
Sínce the ráce of tíme begán:  
Six pónies óf one áge and stréngth,  
One héight, one wéight, one bréadth, one léngth,  
Long-máned, long-táiled, wide nóstrils fláring,  
Broad-hóofed, long-pásterned, eýes red gláring:  
One glóssy bláck, from Bárbary bróught;  
One pëarly white, in Sicily cáught;  
A píeball fróm Majórca ísland;  
A stóut grey shéltý fróm Scótlh híghland;

A créamy Árab, néarer dún;  
 And the bright sórrel I 've bét upón,  
 That cáme from Fránce twelve mónths agó  
 With thát great áss of an Óudinót.  
 But whát means áll this crówding, rúshing,  
 This jóstling, shóuldering, élbowing, crúshing?  
 Báck, Sir; stand báck; where áre you púshing?  
 Kátharine, hold fást; I 'm óff my féet,  
 To múmmy spuéezed, and chóked with héat." —  
 "Papá, I héar the cánnon firing;  
 Papá, the sóldiers áre retíring" —  
 "'Hurrah! hurrah!' thát wás a shóut:  
 'Hurrah! hurrah!' whát wás it abóut?  
 'Hurrah! hurrah! the ráce is dóne.'  
 'Hurrah! hurrah! the bláck has wón.'  
 The bláck has wón! I 've lóst my móney;  
 Confúsióon táke thát sórrel póny,  
 And Fránce, and chánce, and Óudinót —  
 But dánh it, háng it, lét it gó;  
 It 's bút a húndred crówns to páy,  
 And háven't we hád a mérry dáy?  
 It 's bút a húndred scúdi dówn,  
 And thén good-býe to this cursed tówn:  
 A húndred scúdi! wéll, no mátter,  
 'Twon't máke me thínner, nór much fátter;  
 But mínd, unléss you 're bént to quárrel,  
 From hénceforth néver méntion sórrel.  
 There, Kátharine, blów thát táper óut,  
 And líght your ówn: whát áre ye abóut?  
 Gíve mé the máches: whý! they 're wét;  
 Run, búy a bóx; stóp, dón't go yét;  
 The rógue thát óf my púrse beréft me  
 Not éven a hálf-baióccho léft me.

What 's to be dóné? we múst get light;  
 But hów? 's anóther quéstion quite.  
 See whére they 're láughing ás they páss,  
 And gíbing át me: — 'Whát an áss!  
 In Róme, upón Shrove-Túesday night  
 Másqueráding without líght!'

I wón't, I cán't endúre it; nó:  
 I 'll gét a light, or hóme I 'll gó:  
 For néver wás a trúer sáying  
 Than, 'Pláy what yóu see óthers pláying;  
 And if you 'd wéll the wórld get thróugh,  
 Just dó in Róme as óthers dó;' —  
 For Nícholás in Rússia stánd;  
 In Gérmaný for Fátherlánd;  
 In Túrkey bé a Músselmán;  
 In Fránce a stáunch Repúblícan;  
 In Éngland á dim Púseyíte,  
 Wáiting fór the pérfect líght,  
 SídeWAYS tó the Pópe inclíning,  
 On Sáturdáys with Wíseman díning;  
 Or, bétter stíll, Free-tráder bé,  
 And crý, 'Down with Monópolý,'  
 Máke her díschárge her íll-got pélf,  
 And crám it áll íntó yóursélf;  
 In Íreland bé a béggarmán,  
 Or béggar-guárdian; whát you cán,  
 Excépt landlórd or géntlemán;  
 And hére in Róme, Shrove-Túesday night,  
 Róbber or róbbed, it 's équal quite,  
 Provided ónly yóu 've a líght —  
 But stáy; what 's thís? whére áre we nów?  
 They 've pút out évery líght, I wów —  
 And nó t a gás-lamp! — Góths and Vándals! —  
 And súch a sténch of snúffed-out cándles!"

The cánnon 's bóoming Shróve-tide's knéll;  
 Dear, mérry Cárnivál, farewéll. —  
 And só we jóg home, wét and weáry,  
 Tó our Strózzi Villa chéery,  
 Thére to refrésh us fór the mórrów,  
 Dáy of áshes, dáy of sórrów.  
 Warm párlour; súpper; óff to béd:  
 'Tis a strange róundabóut we tréad,

VILLA STROZZI, ROME, 1850.

#### AMONG THE DASHING WATERS RUDE.

Fróm the sea-béach at éven I víewed  
 A rócky íslet, whére it stóod  
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

For póet ór for páinter wíght  
 It wás in trúth a prétty síght,  
 That íslet's bóld and rócky héight,  
 Whére in the évening líght it stóod  
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

No líving thíng was séen or héárd,  
 Not éven a sáil on the séa appéared:  
 The lóvelier ín its sólítúde  
 That rócky íslet, whére it stóod  
 Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

The wátters fóamed and the wátters fláshed,  
 And hígher stíll and hígher láshed  
 The stéep sídes óf that rócky ísle,

So cálm and undistúrbed the while,  
Methóught, almóst, it séemed to smíle,  
And sáy, could it be únderstóod:—  
“Dash ón, dash ón, ye wáters rúde.”

The bréeze blew frésher, ánd the tíde  
Gáined stíll upón thát íslet's síde;  
And, rólling ínwards fróm the déep,  
The billows, wíth a bróader swéep,  
And héavier stíll and héavier shóck,  
Búrst upón thát íslet rók.

My néver ídle phántasy  
Péopled thát sólitúde for mé:  
Yon íslet ís a cítadél,  
Bý its strong wáll deféended wéll  
Agáinst its fóes' beléaguering míght;  
Yon émerald billows gláncing bríght,  
In the évening súnbeams' méllow líght,  
Are wárríors ín green ármour díght;  
Sée how they tóss their crésts of wíte,  
Sée how they rúsh wíth swórd and shóut  
Ón to the rámpart ánd redóut.  
What thóugh, repélled fróm thé steep wáll,  
Ín dísórdér báck they fáll,  
Short páuse make théy, short bréathing-hált;  
Alréady théy renéw the assáult;  
They 'll díe, or wín thát cítadél,  
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.  
Stíll frésher bléw the bréeze; the sún  
Behínd the dárkening séá went dówn,  
And, wrápt in clóuds, the níght came ón;  
The lóng bent shívered ín the blást,  
The ráck acróss the ský sped fást;  
Each móment 's dárker thán the lást.



I túrned me fróm that dreáry shóre,  
I túrned me fróm those billows' róar  
And sóught the shéltér óf my dóor,  
Cúrtains and shútters fástened tigh  
Agáinst the hówling stórm and níght,  
And, dráwing my téa-table tówards the héarth,  
And míngling in the kitten's mírth,  
Forgót the rócky ísle that stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.

That níght, as I láy in my béd, the ráin  
Báttered agáinst the wíndow-páne;  
That níght it bléw a húrricane;  
I sáw the árrowy líghtning's flásh,  
I héárd the péaling thúnder's crásh,  
And thóught of the rócky ísle that stóod  
Amóng the dáshing wátters rúde.  
I féar, I féar for that cítadél,  
Thóugh its strong wáll bestéad it wéll.

Fléd are the clóuds, and stórm, and níght;  
The rócky ísle basks in the líght  
Of the mórning sún so frésh and bríght;  
Scarce típped the émerald wáves with wíte;  
Eýe hath not séen a fáirer síght;  
My héart flows óver with delíght,  
And I lóve that rócky ísland móre  
Than éver I lóved an ísle befóre.

Man, tóo, may a súnny mórning sée  
Rise on his níght of advérsítý,  
And hármless búrst lífe's billows rúde  
Upón the rók of his fórtítúde.

VIA MAGGIO, FLORENCE, April 26. 1850.

## NIGHT'S CLOUDLESS HEAVEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF R. CARNERI.

I gáze at night upón the clóudless héaven,  
I pénetráte its déep, ethéreal blúe,  
Where stárry hósts in ríval spléndors glisten,  
Sýstems on sýstems crówd, and wórlds on wórlds:  
Then think withín mysélf:— I 'm bút a spéck,  
A scárcely sénsible póint on this great glóbe,  
Itsélf a scárcely sénsible póint, compáred  
Éven with the smállest óf those stárs that stúd,  
Éach with its séparate póint, th' expánsé of spáce;  
And yét I hólđ withín my swélling bósom  
The bóundless nótion óf Infinity,  
And cómpass with my vást, expánsive thóught  
The illimitáble úniverse itsélf:  
But Limitéd holds nót Illimitáble;  
And Ínfinite is fór Etérnity;  
Ínfinite, thérefore, ánd to líve for éver,  
This spéck of thóught, this póint, this thinking Í.

AUGUSTUS ALLEE, DRESDEN, Dec. 21. 1850.

## WRITTEN AT DRESDEN

DURING THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW IN THE WINTER OF 1846-7.

Sée, in the fléecy múffle with which Náture  
Guárds her fair fáce agáinst the winter cólđ,  
An émblem, nót unápt, of mórtal mán:  
Spótless and púre, as thése soft flákes, créated;  
Defíled and sóiled as sóon; as sóon dissólved,  
And ré-absórbed intó Etérnity.

His lóok is sínister; I like him nótt;  
 Lówering and dárk his brów, his fórehead nárrow,  
 His héad betwéen the éars swells bróad and déep,  
 His squínting eýes do álmost tóuch each óther.  
 'Twas bút just nów I sáw him, with an áir  
 Of ill-dissémbled lévity and éase,  
 Dróp a dark whisper in his cómrade's éar,  
 Whó with a like mystérious whisper ánswered.  
 'Twas bút just nów I sáw him ón his cháir  
 Wríggling and fidgetty, then rising súdden,  
 And súdden ágain séated, ánd round lóoking  
 As thóugh his cónscience tóld him sóme one márked him,  
 And díved into his púrpose: thén, ágain,  
 Stánding stock-still, withóut more sign of life  
 Than gláred in thát malignant férret eýe  
 That, píercing ánd pursúing ál things, ránged  
 Incéssant úp and dówn the gáy assémbly;  
 And thén, when cóme at lást he thóught the time  
 To dó the déadly, méditáted déed,  
 I sáw, dístínetly sáw, the rápid plúnge  
 Óf his right hánd into his léft breast-pócket,  
 In séarch of dírk or dágger thére conceáled,  
 Or múrderóus revólver; ánd my blóod  
 Ran cóld with hórror át the íntant flásh  
 And spárkle óf the ——— díamond-stúdded snúff-box,  
 From whích, thrice géntly with forefínger tápped,  
 And délicátely ópened, fírst his fríend,  
 And thén hímsélf, took éach so vást a píinch,  
 So púngent, rích, and ódoríferous,  
 As míght have pút their nóses in good húmor.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, Sept. 22. 1851.

## PROGRESS.

Yés; I 'll believe in prógress whén I sée you  
Báttering old jáils down, ánd not búilding nów;  
Whén I behóld you máke but á beginning  
To sléep with ópen dóors and únbarred windows;  
Whén I obsérve a thínning, nóť an íncrease,  
Óf your policemen ánd constábulary,  
Your jústicés, and córoners, ánd detéctives,  
Your póor-law guárdians ánd commissioners;  
Grass grówing ín your láw courts, ánd fell spiders  
There láying snáres for flíes, not mén for mén;  
And stámped receípts, recógnizánces, wríts,  
A tále of thé old, Págan, íron tíme,  
Nót of this chárítale, Christian présent.

I 'll thén believe in Prógress whén I héar  
That fáthers féel the blóod mount tó their chéeks,  
What tíme they crínge, and bów, and líck the shóes  
Éven of the vílest clérk in thé War-óffice,  
For léave to pút a mótley lívery sùit  
Upón their sóns, and sénd them óut as hírelings,  
With gáy cockáde, and dángling swórd at síde,  
To kíll and rób and éxtirpáte, whér'er  
Kílling and róbbing ánd éxtirpating  
Ópens a wíder fíeld to Brítish cómmerce.

Aye; tálk to mé of Prógress whén you shów me  
Your cíty bánker, ór East Índia mérchant,  
Áfter his fórtý yéars of cóunting-hóuse,  
And lábor frúitless óf all élse but góld,  
His bágs chokefúl and búrsting with the wéight



Of bills, and bónds, and mórtgagés, and scrip:  
Shów me, I sáy, your wéalthy Lóndon méchant  
Contént with his full bágs, and nótt intént  
To crám with thé like stúff still óne bag móre;  
And cóme and téll me yé are máking prógress.

Lét me obsérve in á full ráilway cárriage  
Some hálf a dózen, ayé, some thrée, some twó,  
Some síngle sólitáry óne that dóes nótt,  
Éven in the máttér óf frónt séat or báck,  
Or púlling úp or létting dówn a wíndow,  
Exhíbít his invéterate, ingrained,  
And wórse than Phárasáic, sélfishnéss;  
Ánd I 'll begín to thínk yé are máking prógress.

Hére ám I réady tó believe in Prógress  
First tíme I héar your líttle gírls cry "Sháme!"  
"A cóward's sháme!" upón the wrétch that húnts,  
With hórsé, and hóund, and críes of sávage jóy,  
For spórt, mere spórt, and nótt to appéase his húngr,  
The póor, weak, tímíd, quívering háre tó déath;  
And twíce a cóward's ánd an ídler's sháme  
On' hím that skúlks, hóurs, dáys, besíde a bróok,  
Púttíng fórt áll the tréachery ánd cúnníng  
That lúrk wíthín the dárk den óf man's bráín,  
Tó entráp the sílly tróútling, ánd ínfíx  
Déep in his wríthlíng gílls the slý, bárbéd hóók.

Thát yé are máking prógress I 'll believe  
The first tíme I percéíve your cónscíence twínge yé,  
For ánsweéríng your quéstíoníng chíld wíth líes,  
Or chíll evásíon óf the lónged-for trúth;  
Denýíng hím the advántage óf that knówledge  
Yé púrchased fór yóursélves wíth mány a héartache,

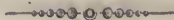


And mány an ágoný and blóody swéat;  
And sénding him to sáil the wíde, wide wórld,  
As hélpless, ígnorant, and únprotécted,  
On bóard no cómpass, nó pole-stár on high,  
As bý your párents yé were sént yóursélves,  
To swim, if quíck to léarn; to sínk, if nó.

First tíme I héar ye sáy that yóur devótíon  
Hás not a tíde more régular thán the séa,  
And séldom is exáctly át the fúll,  
Just ás the párish clóck strikes twélve on Súnday;  
And thát ye cóunt it ránk hypócrisy  
To gó to chùrch, and thére, with héart lukewárm  
Or còld, and dámpeð with wórldly cáres and bússness,  
Knéel before Gód, and máke preténce of práyer,  
In órder thát your chýldren, fríends, and néíghbours,  
May háve the bénéfit óf your góod exámple:  
Thát móment I 'll believe ye are máking prógress.

Whén ye no lóngér báckward stárt with hórror  
At síght of géntle Déath, and wríng your hánds,  
And wéep, and crý that yé will nó go with him,  
Thóugh ónly hé can léad you tó your héaven:  
Then, thén indéed, I 'll sáy ye have máde some prógress.

GLENAGEARY COTTAGE, DALKEY, October 1. 1851.



# SIX PHOTOGRAPHS

OF

## THE HEROIC TIMES.

- I. The foundation of Carthage.
- II. The fall of Troy.
- III. Voyage in the Mediterranean.
- IV. Loves and cruel death of Dido,  
    Queen of Carthage.
- V. Funeral games.
- VI. Tour in the Under-world.

Begun at 6 Fitzwilliam Square, East, Dublin, in the year 1841,  
and, after many attempts in various measures, and several  
times printing and reprinting different parts of the work,  
completed at Dresden, April 20. 1853.

# I.

I am the same that warbled once  
 On óaten reed a slénder sóng,  
 Then took my wáy forth fróm the wóods,  
 And fórced the néighbouring tillage fields  
 To obéy the fármer whát though gríping;  
 A wórk that pléased the húsbandman.

But nów with trúmpet-nóte I chánt  
 Mars' brístling árms and thát great mán  
 Whom Fáte, of óld, brought réfugée  
 From Trójan clíme to Ítalý,  
 And ón Lavínium's sea-bord lánded.

✓ On lánd and sea sore tóssed was hé  
 (Fell Júnó's lóng-remémbering ire,  
 The might divíne against him móving);  
 Sórely with wár, too, hé was hárrassed,  
 Whilst into Látium his Gods brínging,  
 And fóunding thére a cápital city.  
 From him derived our Látin ráce,  
 The Álban síres and high Rome's tówers.

Téll the cause, Múse; the próvocátion;  
 For whát offénce against her Gódhead  
 The quéen of héaven from tóil to tóil,  
 From woe to woe so dróve a mán,  
 Éminent for évery ténder virtue.  
 Is't póssible Góds can bé so ángry?

The mouths of the Týber  
And Ítaly fácing,  
Beyónd sea afár,  
Florished ónce on a tíme  
The áncient and pówerful  
Cíty of Cárthage,  
A cólony Týrian,  
Bitterest, most práctised  
Of wár's bitter ádepts.

This dwélling, they sáy,  
More than ány on eárlh,  
Móre even than Sámos,  
Was Júnó's delight;  
Her cháriot was hére,  
And hére were her árms.  
This cíty alréady  
The Góddess desígned,  
And with fónð care was núrslng  
To wíeld, míght the Fátes  
But by sóme means allów it,  
The swáy of the wórld;



Fór she had héard  
There was nów beng réared,  
From Tróy's stock, a nátion  
Wide-rúling and mártial  
Which should sómetime o'erthréw  
Her cítadels Týrian,  
And dévastate Líbya;  
And that the Párcæ  
Were rólling things róund so.

Satúrnia, this féaring,  
And remémbering moreóver  
The invéterate wár  
That, of óld, she had wáged  
At Tróy, for dear Árgos —  
Nor hád she forgót yet  
The kéen stinging smárt  
Which occásioned those íres;  
In the dépths of her mind stored  
Lies Páris' wrong júdgment,  
And slíght of her béauty;  
From how ódious a first stock  
The ráce had descéded;  
What an ínsult to hér  
Kidnapped Gánymede's hónors.

With thése thoughts, too, fired,  
From Látium she képt far,  
And ó'er the whole máin tossed  
The rémnant the Dánaĩ  
And rúthless Achíllés  
Had léft of the Trójans,  
And mány a séa round,

For mány a lóng year,  
 Impélléd by the Fátes,  
 They went wándering ón.  
 Such a cóil was there fóundíng  
 The nátió of Rómans.

Óf the Sicilian land  
 Scárce had they lóst sight,  
 And awáy to the high deep  
 Were jóyfully sáiling,  
 And with brázen bows dáshing  
 The sált sea-fóam,  
 When, within her bréast núrning  
 The wóund everlásting,  
 Thus tó herself Júnó: —

‘Am I to desist, then, o’ercóme  
 And too wéak from Itália to túrn back  
 The kíng of the Teúeri?  
 Forbíð by the Fátes, to be súde!  
 But wás the strength wánting to Pállas  
 The fléet of the Árgives to búrn,  
 And whélm the crews in the deep séa  
 For the síngle offénding of Ájax,  
 Oíleus’ mad són?  
 Jove’s rápid devóuring flame dówn  
 From the clóuds with her ówn hands she shót,  
 And túrned up the séa with the wínds,  
 And scáttéréd their véssels abóut,  
 And on Ájax, while óut of his móuth  
 The fire that had shót him was blázing,  
 With míght and main húrling a rók,  
 With its shárp, craggy póint píerced him thróugh:

But Í, both Jove's sister and wife  
 Whom the Góds, as I wálk, salute quéen,  
 Must so mány years wáge war with óne single nâtion.  
 Will ány one héncéforth adóre Juno's gódhead,  
 Or láy on her áltar the súppliant's gift?"

Déep in her fláming breast  
 Thése thoughts revólving,  
 The Góddess arríves at  
 The cóuntry of stórms,  
 Eólia, land téeming  
 With ráging south-wésters;  
 Where king Éolus rules óver,  
 And, with bárrier and cháins  
 In a vást cave restráins  
 The stróng-struggling winds  
 And témpests sonórous.

In his cástled seat high  
 Sceptred Éolus sits,  
 And sóftens their pássion,  
 And témpers their íres,  
 Else, be sùre, they wóuld béar,  
 And áwáy through the áir  
 In swift flight sweep with them  
 Lands, séas, and deep ský;  
 But the Fáther omnípotent,  
 This fearing, stówed them  
 Áwáy in dark cáverns,  
 And on tóp of them pláced  
 A máss of high móuntains,  
 And gáve them a kíng  
 By the térms of his cómpact

Bound to hold the reins tighter  
 Or looser, as ordered:  
 Whom Júnó addresséd then  
 In these suppliant words: —

‘O Éolus, fór unto thee  
 The Góds’ sire and king of mankind  
 Has given the wáves, to be sóothed  
 Or lifted up high with the wind;  
 A péople with whóm I’m at wár  
 Acróss the sea Týrrhene is sáiling,  
 Into Ítaly cárrying Ílium  
 And Ílium’s cónquered Penátes.  
 With áll thy winds át them, and scátter them wide,  
 Or dówn in the séa’s abyss plúnge them,  
 And stréw the whole déep with their córpses;  
 To rewárd thy desérvings, I’ll give unto thee  
 Of twice seven lóvely nýmphs that are míne,  
 Déiopécia, the lóveliest,  
 To líve with thee álways, thy wédded wífe,  
 And máke thee the sire of a béauteous óffspring.’

‘Be it thy task, O quéen, to détérmine thy wish’,  
 It was thus replied Éolus thén,  
 ‘To obéy thy behést shall be míne.  
 For this scéptred commánd, be it léss be it móre,  
 And the fávor of Jóve I’m indébtéd to thee;  
 Through thy gráce I reclíne at the féasts of the Góds,  
 Over stórmcloud and témpést through thy gráce I réign.’

Having thus said, he pushed  
 With his lévelled spear’s póint  
 The móuntain’s side hóllow,

And out through the vent,  
As it were in battálion,  
The winds rushed, and bléw  
With a whirl the lands thróugh;  
And dówn on the séa  
Dashed at ónce and togéther  
South-éast and Sirócco,  
And Áfricus squálly,  
And túrned it all úp  
From its lówest bóttom,  
And rólled to the shóre the vast billows.  
What shóuting of mén then!  
What créaking of córdage!  
From the eýes of the Téucrí  
Sudden clóuds snatch awáy  
Both the ský and the dáy;  
Dark night on the déep broods,  
Loud thúnder the póles,  
Ether fást flashes lightning,  
And évery thing 'róund  
Threatens déath instantáneous.  
Chill súdden unstríngs  
Enéas's límbs;  
And, with hánds stretched toward héaven,  
Deep gróaning, he cries:—  
“Happy, thríce happy, thy  
Whose lót 'twas to díe  
Troy's hígh walls befóre  
In the síght of their síres!  
Ah! whý could not Í  
By thy hand have fállén,  
O Tydídes! most bráve  
Of the ráce of the Dánaĩ?



Ah! whý could not Í  
 Have poured my life out  
 On the Ílian pláins,  
 Where fell Héctor lies lów  
 By Eácides' spéar,  
 Low, mighty Sarpédon;  
 And Simoïs' wátters  
 Awáy in such númerbers  
 Sweep hélmets, and búcklers,  
 And bráve heroes' córpses?"

In the midst of his ráving,  
 A whistling north-blást  
 Strikes the sáil right abáck,  
 And lífts the waves úp to the stárs;  
 The óars smash; the prów veers,  
 And túrns its side róund  
 To the stéep mountain pile  
 Of the billow that dówn  
 On the tóp of it 's béaring;  
 On the crést of the wáve  
 These hére liang suspéended;  
 The wide-gaping tróugh  
 Shows those yónder the bóttom;  
 The súrging tide, fúrious,  
 Rolls with it the sánds.  
 Sirócco three sáil takes  
 And whirls on the rócks  
 The Itálians call "Áltars,"  
 That, lúrking a-midsea,  
 Just ráise their huge húmmock  
 To the lével of the wáter.  
 Awáy from the déep

South-east drives other thrée  
 To shállows and Sýrtes,  
 A pity to séc!  
 And ón the banks dáshe,  
 And girdles with dunes.  
 Befóre his own eýes  
 A huge séa tumbles dówn,  
 And strikes on the póop  
 The véssel that cárried  
 The Lýcians and faithful Oróntes;  
 Out prone on his héad  
 The cáptain is tóssed,  
 And the véssel itself,  
 Thrice róund and round whirled  
 By the rápid sea-éddy, and swállowed.  
 Here and thére in the swéll  
 An odd swimmer is séen;  
 Armour, plánks, Trojan tréasure,  
 Float wide on the wáters.  
 Of Ílioneus' stóut ship  
 The stórm now is máster;  
 And nów of the ships  
 Of Achátes the bráve,  
 Of Ábas, and gréat-aged Aléthés;  
 Through timber-joint lóose,  
 And wide-gaping séam,  
 They let in every óne  
 The wátéry fóc.

Meantime perceives Néptune,  
 With nó small emótion,  
 The séas troubled róaring,  
 The témpet let lóose,

And the still under-waters  
 Thrown úp from the bóttom;  
 And óver the bíllow  
 His héad serene ráising,  
 And táking the hígh sea  
 In próspect all róund,  
 Behólds o'er the whóle deep  
 Enéas' fleet scátttered,  
 And the Trójjans o'erpówered  
 By the might of the wáves,  
 And the dówn-rushing ský;  
 When, at ónce recognising  
 The guile of his síster,  
 The ánger of Júnó,  
 He cálls to him Éurus  
 And Zéphyrus stráight,  
 And in thése words addrésses:—

“Cóunt ye so múch on your clán's strength, ye winds,  
 That, unármed with my sánction divine,  
 Ye dáre heaven and éarth so to túrn topsy-túrvy,  
 And ráise all this húbbub and póther?  
 I'll téach ye—

But thése troubled wáves I must pácify first;  
 With fár other pénalty símilar déed  
 Next tíme ye shall rue.

Awáy now, begóne; and thus sáy to your king:—  
 Not his lot, but míne, the domáin of the séa  
 And the térrible trident;

Your wild rócky homes, Éurus, he hólds for his pórtion,  
 Théy are his pálace-hall; thére let him blúster,  
 And whén he has shút up the wínds in their prísion,  
 Tyranníze as he líkes, autoerát paramóunt.”

He said; and the swollen waves,  
More quick than he spoke, stilled,  
The gathered clouds routed,  
And brought back the sun.  
At the same time Cymothoë  
And Triton the vessels  
With might and main pushing,  
From the sharp rock heave off;  
Himself lévers with trident,  
The vast Syrtes opens,  
The sea surface témpers,  
And on light wheels glides over  
The tops of the waves.  
And ás oftentimes,  
When the populace músters,  
A tumult arises,  
And the low, vulgar mind  
Is inflamed to a rage;  
Brands and stónes they are flýing,  
Fury wéapons supplying—  
Should they thén chance a mán  
Of tried weighty mérit  
And piety sée,  
They áll stand by silent,  
And with éars intent listen,  
While that mán with his wóords  
Rules their íres, soothes their bréasts.  
So subsided the whóle  
Crashing róar of the séa,  
As sóon as the síre,  
Looking óut o'er the wátters,  
Gave the lásh to his cóursers,  
And benéath the clear héaven

Flew caréring alóng  
In his fáir-rolling cháriot so frée.

For the néarest shore striving  
The weáry Encéadae  
Toward Líbya's coast túrn;  
Deféended in frónt  
And made into a pórt  
By a shéltering íslet,  
On whóse seaward side  
The bréaking waves rún up  
In mány a créek,  
Lies a cóve far retired;  
On cách side vast rócks  
And a clíff to heaven tówering;  
Betwéen, in the glóom  
Of the dárk forest-láandscape  
That clóthes the steep bánts  
And hangs shimmering óver,  
The cóve spreads its wátters  
In sáfety and sílence;  
In the ópposite blúff  
Hanging rócks overárch  
A cáve, with fresh wáter  
And náatural stone séats,  
The háunt of the nýmphs.

Hére, where no ánchor's  
Cróoked tooth fástens,  
Where nó hawser binds  
The weáry véssel,  
Enéas with séven ships  
Óút of his whóle fleet



Collected, puts in.  
The Trójáns, enamoured  
Of lánd, disembarking,  
Take posséssion with jój  
Of the wished-for stránd,  
And ón the shore strétch  
Their bríne-famished limbs.

And fírst strikes Achátes  
The spárk from the flínt,  
In fóliage receíves it,  
Spreads nútriment róund it,  
And rápidly into flame  
Géts the dry kindling;  
Then, síck, sore, and sórry  
They pút into órder  
Their séa-damaged córn  
And ímplements Céreal,  
And prépare for the róasting,  
And crúshing in quérns,  
The gráin they have sáved.

In the méantime Enéas has climbed up the cliff,  
And óver the wíde sea all róund east his view,  
Any témpet-tossed Ánthéus thére to discern  
With his Phrýgian birémes, or else Cápys,  
Or the árms of Caícens upón his high póops.

Not a ship is in síght; on the shóre he sees stráying  
Three stágs, and behind them the whóle trooping hérd  
Coming brówsing alóng through the vállies:  
He stópped, and his bów and swift árrows  
From faithful Achátes' hand snáatching,

The léaders themsélves with their híg heads  
 And wide-branching hórns first laid lów;  
 Then the whóle vulgar créw with his sháfts  
 Through the léafy glades dróve in disórder;  
 Nor céased till his víctory strétched  
 Seven cárcases húge on the swárd,  
 For éach ship a cárcase.  
 Retúrned to the pórt then the préy  
 Amóngst all his cómrades he sháres,  
 And dístríbúting tó them the wíne  
 Which in wéll-plenished cásk's good Acéstes  
 Had on bóard their ships pút, when the héro  
 Bade farewéll on the shóres of Trinácria,  
 Their sád breasts with thése words he sóothes: —

‘O yé, not fór the fírst tíme nów  
 Compánions óf my wóes,  
 Yé, who have wórse than this endúred,  
 This tóo the Gód will énd.

Close úp even tó the dínníng réefs  
 Of rábid Scýlla yé have sáiled,  
 Éven of the Cýclops’ rócks  
 Tells yóur remémbrance.

Call báck your cóurage,  
 Yóur sad féars dísmíss;  
 Perháps even thése woes tóo  
 Ye máy with sátisfáction  
 Some fúture tíme remémber.

Through áll these chánces várioús,  
 These mány crítical conjúctures

We ténd toward Látium ón,  
Where tó our view the Fátes  
Hold óut a quiet hóme,  
And whére to rise agáin  
Troy's émpire is permitted.  
Endúre, and fór good times  
Kéep yourselves in resérve.'

In súch terms he spóke,  
And with feigned look of hópe  
His sóre trouble híding,  
Pressed déep in his héart down  
His sórrow and cáre.  
The repást to get réady  
His eómrades set tó then;  
From the gáme strip the skín,  
And láy the flesh báre;  
Then into junks cút it,  
And spít it still quívering;  
While sóme in brass cáuldrons,  
Dispósed on the shóre,  
Heat wáter for wáshing.  
Alóng the grass stréted then  
Their stréngth they recrúit  
With a héarty regále  
On the vénison rich,  
And wéll-seasoned wine.

Then, as sóon as the good cheer  
Their húngr had sáted,  
And the bóard was remóved,  
On their míssing friends túrns  
Their lóng sad discóurse;

And sometimes the hópe is  
 They 're líving and wéll,  
 And sometimes the féar is  
 They 've súffered the wórst,  
 And cánnót the cáll hear  
 That bíds them retúrn.

And kéenest of áll is the grief  
 Of kindly Enéas himself,  
 As ínly he móurns the misfórtune  
 Of gállant Oróntes and Lýcus,  
 And the déstiny cruel of Gyás,  
 Cloánthus and Ámycus bráve.

And nów 'twas all óver, when Júpiter, lóoking  
 From éther's top dówn on lands lýing belów him,  
 And cóasts, and wide péoples, and shíp-traversed séas —  
 As thús upon héaven's highest tóp he was stánding,  
 With his eýes on the Libyan realms stéadfastly fixed,  
 And cáres such as thése in his bréast was revólving,  
 Behold Vénus with sómewhat of sádness accósts him,  
 And her bríght eyes suffúsed with téars: —

'O thóu, that with etérnal swáy  
 Rúlest th' affáirs of Góds and mén,  
 And wieldst the thúnder's térrors,  
 So gríevously agáinst thee hów  
 Could mý Enéas, cóuld Troys sóns have sinned,  
 That áfter áll the déaths they 've súffered  
 The whòle wide wórl'd agáinst them stíll  
 On Ítalý's accóunt is clósed?  
 'Twás thy sure prómise thát in lápse of yéars  
 The blóod of Teúcer shóuld revíve in thém,

And from them come the Romans, come those chiefs  
 That should rule paramount o'er land and sea;  
 What change of sentiment is this? O sire!  
 For the sad ruin and downfall of Troy  
 I found my consolation in thy promise,  
 And the one fate repaid me for the other;  
 But now the same ill-fortune follows still  
 Men who so long by fortune have been harassed.  
 What end, great king, appointest of our toils?  
 Escaped out of the midst of the Achivi  
 Antenor could his Teucrian colony  
 And city of Patavium found  
 Far up th' Illyrian gulf explored in safety,  
 Beyond the utmost realms of the Liburni,  
 Beyond where through Timavus' fountains nine  
 The sea outbursting makes the mountain rumble,  
 And with a roaring deluge whelms the fields;  
 The arms of Troy withal he there hung up,  
 The name of Troy gave to the state, and there  
 Reposes now in settled peace and quiet;  
 But we, thine offspring, unto whom thou grantest  
 Heaven's royal palaces, are victimised  
 To gratify an individual's ire;  
 Have lost, O horrible! have lost our ships,  
 And from Italia's coasts are wide disserved.  
 Is this the guerdon thou award'st the duteous?  
 Is 't thus to throne and sceptre thou restor'st us?"

The sower of Gods and men, with that aspect  
 Which stills the storms and smoothes the ruffled skies,  
 Touched with his lips his daughter's lips and smiled: —  
 "Spare thy fear, Cythera," then he said;  
 "Thy Trojan fates stand steadfast;



Lavinium's promised towers thou shalt behold,  
 And to the stars of heaven shalt bear aloft  
 Magnánimous Enéas;  
 Nor knows my sentiment change.  
 But since this anxious care so gnaws thee  
 The secrets of the future I'll declare,  
 And, further on, the fates unroll before thee.

"In Italy a great war he shall wage,  
 Crush tribes ferocious, found a capital city,  
 And teach his people civilization's arts,  
 Till the Rutulians, for three winters' space,  
 Have called him conqueror, and the third summer  
 Beheld him reigning páramóunt o'er Látium.  
 But he that Ílus was while Ílium stood,  
 The boy Ascánius, now Íulus surnamed,  
 Thirty great years through all their rolling months  
 Shall with his reign complete, and from Lavinium  
 To Lóna Alba, made a fortress strong,  
 Transfér the góvernmental residence.  
 The dýnasty Hectórean hére shall rule  
 Three húndred yéars, until queen-priestess Ília,  
 Prégnant by Márs, shall bring twain búrthen fórt.  
 Then wólf-nursed Rómulús, delighted wéaring  
 His táwny wólfskin, shall recéive the nátion,  
 Fóund the strong-fórtified Mavórtian city,  
 And from his ówn name cáll the péople Rómans.  
 To thém I sèt no bóunds of tíme or spáce,  
 Bóundless the swáy I háve bestówed on thém;  
 Even shé, harsh Júnó's sélf, that with her féars  
 Nów in a férment kéeps earth, séa and ský,  
 Shall bétter cóunsel táke, and with me chérish  
 The tógaed Rómans, másters of the wórlð.

Súch my decree, and só to mé seems fit.  
 Elápsing *lústra* sháll bring ón a time  
 Whén upon Phthía and renówned Mycénae  
 Assáracus' hóuse sháll fix the victor's cháin,  
 And rúle liege lórd of súbjugáted Árgos.  
 Of Tróý's fair stóck sháll César thén be bórñ;  
 Whose émpire, ócean, whose high fáme, the stárs  
 Alóne sháll límit; César, Július cálléd  
 From thine Iúlus, his great áncesor.  
 Him too, with óriéntal spóils all láden,  
 To héaven secúre at lást thou shált recéive,  
 And héar his náme with vóws and práyers invóked.  
 The sóur-crabbed génerátions of the wórld  
 Sháll thén grow méllow, and lay wárs áside;  
 Vésta and hóary Faith sháll législáte,  
 Ánd the twin bróthers Rémus and Quirínus.  
 Fást sháll be clósed those gátes of íron díre,  
 Those stróng-clamped *Bélli Pórtæ*; and withín,  
 Unpítýing Fúry, with his hánds behind him  
 Pinioned with a húndred knóts of bráss,  
 On ínstruments of hávoc sháll sit, prísoner,  
 Róaring with hórrid blóody-slávering móuth."

He sáys: and, lést in ígnorance óf the Fátés  
 Dído might from her bóunds warn óff the Téuceri,  
 Sénds from on high the són of Máia dówn,  
 To ópen to them hóspítáble wide  
 The lánds and cástled fórtress of new Cárthage.  
 Hé, through the gréat air óaring, wings his flight  
 Toward Líbya's cónfines, and, there quíck alighted,  
 Procéeds forthwíth to éxecute his bídding.  
 The Póeni at the Gód's will lay áside  
 All bítterness of héart, all hóstile féeling;

Espécially the Quéen accépts a spirit  
Of géntleness and góodwill tóward the Teúcri.

But, áll night thróugh, afféctionáte Enéas,  
Much póndering, resólves to íssue fórth  
At bóon light's dáwn, and the new pláce explóre;  
What cóasts be thése to which the wind has blówn him,  
And, for he sées untíll'd the chám্পaign lie,  
Whó be the ténants, whéther mán or béast;  
And to his cómrades with repórt retúrñ.  
Withín a wóoded bíght he hídes his fléet  
Únder a stéep rock's óverhánging brów,  
Where trées of thickest shúddering shádwes róund  
On áll sides clóse it ín: then ín his hánd  
Grásping two jávelins with broad bládes of íron,  
Walks fórth, atténded ónly by Achátes.

To him full ín his páth his móther  
Amídst the wóod presénts herself,  
In fáce and dréss a Spártan máid,  
Ánd as Spártan máid accóutred,  
Or like Harpálycé of Thráce  
Whom pánting stéeds pursúe in váin,  
And whóse swift flíght outstríps swift Hébrus;  
Fór from her shóuld'ers she had húng  
The húntréss' úsual hándy bów,  
And fréely her long trésses gíven  
Tó the bréezes to díshével;  
Náked her knée, and ín a knót  
Her gárment's fullness at the bréast,  
Tíed, and confíned from flówing:—

“What, hó! young mén”; she prior thús;  
 “Sáy, have ye chanced a síster míne,  
 With spótted línx-hide girt and quíver,  
 This way tó have séen a-stráying,  
 Ór with whoop-whóop-hallóo the cháce  
 Óf the wild fóaming bóar pursúing.”

So Vénus; and thus answered Vénus' són:—  
 “No síster thine have Í or héard or séen,  
 O, hów shall Í salúte thee, máid? for nót  
 Mórtal those féatures, nór of éarth that vóice;  
 O Góddess cértain: árt Apóllo's síster?  
 Ór of the nýmphs' blood? ón us lóok propítious,  
 Ánd our toils lighten, whósoe'er thou árt;  
 And 'néath what ský we 're tóssed abóut at lást,  
 In whát world-district, téach us: óf the pláce  
 And péople álike ignoránt we wánder,  
 Hither by winds compélled and vásty wáves.  
 Mány the víctim which, in thánks to thee,  
 By óur right hánd shall fáll befóre thine áltar.”

“Of súch high hónor”, Vénus thén,  
 “I déem me áll unwóorthy.  
 ‘Tis the Týrian máidens' úse  
 To béar the quíver ánd to láce  
 The midleg hígh with púrple búskin.  
 Hére thou behóldst the Púnic réalms,  
 A city of Agénor's sóns,  
 A Týrian cóloný amídst  
 Líbya's indómitáble tribes;  
 Dído the rúler, fróm her bróther  
 And Týrus city híther fléd.  
 'Twere lóng through áll its róundabóuts

The stóry of her wróngs to fóllow:  
The príncipal points alóne I'll tóuch.

“A spóuse was héra, by náme Sicháeus,  
Ríchest of Phóenícia's lándlords,  
And déarly díd the póor soul lóve him;  
To whóm her síre had gíven her spótless,  
Ánd in á first wédlock jóined.  
Bút Tyre's áutoerát, Pygmálion,  
Wórst of bád men, wás her bróther;  
Ánd, in the phrénsy of a feúd  
That róse betwéen him ánd Sicháeus,  
Th' unnátural bróther, blínd with góld-lust,  
Ánd of his síster's lóves regárdless,  
Came stéalthily upón, and sléw  
Th' unwáry húsband at the áltar;  
And lóng time thé deed híding, mócked  
With mány a wícked glózing líe  
And éempty hópe the lóving bríde's heartsíckness.  
Bút in a dréam the véry ímage  
Óf the unbúried húsband cómes,  
And, vístage wóndrous pále uplifting,  
Báres the gored bréast, and áll revéals;  
Her kín's dark críme, the crúel áltars;  
Then spéedily to flée advíses,  
And léave behínd her fátherlánd;  
And, fúrtherance of her wáy, díscelóses  
An áncient hóard, híd in the éarth,  
A wéight unknowán of góld and sílver.  
In déep emótion Dídó flíght  
And pártners of her flíght prepáres;  
Who bitterly the týrant háte,  
Or shárpely féar, togéther méet,



Ships at hand séize, and lóad with góld;  
 Griping Pygmálion's stréngth and súbstance  
 Away beyónd the déep are bórne;  
 A wóman héads the énterprise.  
 Yónder arrived, where nów the húge  
 Strong-búlwarked tówers and cítadel  
 Óf new Cárthage thóu see'st rising,  
 They buý — and from the circumstance  
 Cáll the place Býrsa — ás much lánd  
 Ás with a búll's hide théy may cómpass —  
 But yé, who áre ye áfter áll?  
 Hither from whénce come, whíther bóund?"

With vóice drawn fróm his bósom's dépths,  
 He ánsvers her inqúiry síghing: —  
 "O Góddess, hádst thou lístening léisure,  
 And wére I from the first beginning  
 The ánnals of our tóils to tráce,  
 The dáy wóuld clóse befóre my stóry,  
 And Vésper shút Olýmpus úp.  
 From áncient Tróy, if ón thine éars  
 Troy's náme perháps hath éver sóunded,  
 Through mány a fár sea vóyaging,  
 A témpest's chánce hath hére at lást  
 Upón the cóast of Líbya thrówn us.  
 My náme 's Enéas, éther high  
 Fámous for déeds of chárity;  
 Acróss the séa I cárry with me,  
 Sáved from the fóe-mídst, mý Penátes,  
 In séarch of fátherlánd Itália,  
 Ánd my kin sprúng from Jóve suprême.  
 Pursúing pré-appóinted fátés,  
 My Góddess-móther the way shówing,

With twice ten véssels Í embarked  
 Upón the Phrýgian séa-plain;  
 Shátted by Eúrus and the wáves,  
 Scaree séven are nów surviving;  
 From Eúrope and from Ásia driven,  
 Mysélf unknowán and néedy hére  
 The Líbyan wástes am róaming."

Vénus, no fúrther pláint permitting,  
 Thús interrúpts him mídst his grief: —  
 "Not whólly únaccéptable  
 Tó the celéstial pówers, I wéen,  
 Bréath'st thou the vítal air,  
 O thóu, whoé'er thou árt, that hére  
 Drawest nigh the Týrian city;  
 Ónly procéed, and hólđ thee ón  
 Hénce to the précincts of the Quéen.  
 Fór, if the árt of áugury  
 Not vainly my fond párents táught me,  
 Í am the hérałd of the néws  
 Thát thy véssels with their créws  
 Bý the véering róund north-éaster  
 Háve been brought báck, and lóđged in sáfety.  
 Yon trúop of twice six swáns behóld  
 Whích but just nów the bird of Jóve,  
 From tráct ethéreal swoóping dówn,  
 Thróugh the ópen ský was driving;  
 How jóyous théy, in lóng arráy  
 Nów on the gróund alighting,  
 And nów upón the wing agáin,  
 Alréady séeming to look dówn  
 With scórn upón their pláce of réfuge:  
 Júst as those swáns on whirring wings

After their safe return are sporting,  
And wheel their circles round the sky,  
And sing their song of jubilee,  
Thy ships and crews are safe in port,  
Or enter in full sail the road.  
Only proceed and let thy steps  
Follow the guidance of the path."

She said: and as she turned away,  
Her neck shone rosy bright,  
From her long hair and crown of her head  
Breathed a divine ambrosial odour,  
Down to her foot-sole flowed her robe,  
And her gait told the Goddess.

He recognised, and with these words  
His mother, as she fled, pursued: —  
"Ah cruel thou too! why thy son  
Mock'st thou so oft with shapes illusive?  
Why not to join right hands permitted,  
And converse hold in terms unfigned?"  
With such words of reproach he turns  
His footsteps toward the city.

But Venus round them, as they go,  
Throws a thick fence of murky air,  
And in an ample cloudy cloak  
The Goddess wraps them up;  
That no one see or touch them may,  
Or work them stop or work them stay,  
Or why they come inquire;  
Away for Páphus then she soars,  
And the seats revisits joyful,

For whilst, in the huge fane, awaiting the queen,  
 He surveys every object around,  
 And with wonder reflects on the city's good fortune,  
 With wonder observes the harmonious result  
 Of the various artificers' skill,  
 And ponders the toil of the work;  
 He beholds there in series the Ílian battles,  
 And the wars by fame published now through the whole world;  
 The Atridae and Priam he there beholds,  
 And Achilles, the fell foe of both.

He stood still; and with tears said: "What place now, Achates,  
 What region on earth is not full of our toils?  
 See Priam: desert even here hath its guerdon,  
 Even here human misery touches the heart.  
 Fear not: for believe me this fame here  
 Will bring us some safety."

So saying, he fed his mind on the void picture,  
 Much groaning, and floods of tears wetting his face;  
 For he saw, in the war around Pergamus waging,  
 How here fled the Græii, and Tróy's youth pressed on;  
 Whilst, by crested Achilles pursued in his car,  
 There the Phrygians were fleeing;

Nor far off, through his fast flowing tears recognises,  
 With their snow-white tent-sheets, the pavilions of Rhesus;  
 Which Tydides all bloody, and reeking with carnage,  
 In the first faithless sleep has surprised and laid waste,  
 And away toward his camp turns the fiery coursers,  
 Before they have tasted the fodder of Tróy,  
 Or drunk of the Xánthus.

And yónder see Tróilus; unfórtunate yóuth,  
 Who would cope, though no máteh, with Achíllés!  
 His árms they are lóst, and awáy he has fléd,  
 And his hórses they drág him alóng,  
 To the émpty ear clínging, and hólдинг the réins;  
 Nape and shóuldérs and lóng hair are swéeping the gróund,  
 And the póint of his spéar, trailed behind, marks the dúst.

All súppliant, sád, with dishévelléd háir,  
 And smítíng their bréasts with their pálm's,  
 To the témples of únjust Pállas meanwhile  
 The Ílian mátrons are wénding,  
 And the *Péplum* bear with them alóng:  
 But the Góddess awáy from them túrns, and her éyés  
 Keeps stéadfastly fixed on the gróund.

Round Ílium's wálls had Achíllés  
 In fúry dragged Héctor thrice,  
 And for góld was now sélling the córpse.  
 Sore indéed was his gróan from the dépth of his bréast,  
 When the cháriot he sáw, and the spóils,  
 And the bódý itsélf of his friénd,  
 And Príam forth-strétching his hélpless hánds.

With the chiefs of the Achívi in mélee  
 Himself too he récognised thére,  
 And bláck Memnon's árms, and the ránk's Eóan;  
 And Pénthesiléa leads fúriously ón  
 Her Ámazon bánds crescent-shielded;  
 With a bélt of gold búckled benéath her bare páp,  
 She ráges and búrns midst the thóusands,  
 A wárríor máiden with mén coping féarless.



With the briny surf óver us bréaking:  
To these cóasts of yours wé few have floáted.

“But what ráce of men this? or what cóuntry  
So bárbarous a úsage permíts?  
They méet us with wár, and forbid us  
On the édge of the lánd to set fóot.  
If mén ye contémptuous spúrn,  
And mán’s retribútion, remémber  
At léast that the Góds keep accóunt  
Of what ’s ríghteously dóne, and what wróng.  
Enéas our Kíng was, than whóm  
None was éver in mártial deeds gréater,  
More corréct in his cónduct toward óthers,  
Or in life’s tender chárities richer:  
If, not yét to the crúel shades súnk down,  
That mán the ethéreal air bréathes,  
And the Fátes still présérve him alive,  
Fear nótt thou shalt éver repént thee  
Of géttíng the fórehand of hím  
In cóurtesy’s óffices kínd.  
In Sicily, too, we ’ve a city  
And friends who know hów to wield árms,  
And of Trójan stock cómes famed Acéstes.

“Permit us our séa-shattered véssels  
On drý land to dráw up, some timbers  
To fít in the wóods, peel some óars;  
That with jóy we may stéer for Itália,  
Should it bé in the fátes that once móre,  
With cómrades recóvered and Kíng  
For Itália and Látium we stéer;  
But if our salvátió’n ’s quite góne,

And the dépths of the Libyan sea hólð thee,  
 O most éxcellent síre of the Teúcri,  
 And lóst to us álso for éver  
 The prómise we hád in Iúlus,  
 At léast let's retúrn to the hóme,  
 Left behind us on Sicily's cóast,  
 And táke King Acéstes for Kíng."  
 So Ílioneus; ánd the Dardánidae  
 Shóuted with óne voice assént.

Her mind then briefly Dído thús,  
 With módest, dówncast lóok delivers: —  
 "Dismiss fear fróm your héarts, O Teúcri,  
 Your ánxious cáres cast fár áway;  
 A stérn necéssity compéls me  
 To táke these méasures, ánd to guárd  
 My nów-made réalms with wátch and wárd.  
 Who knóws not thé Enéadáe?  
 Troy's city únto whóm unknowñ,  
 Ánd its heróic déeds and héroes,  
 Ánd that gréat war's cónflagrátion?  
 We Poéni béar not héarts so dúll,  
 Nór from this our Týrian city  
 Dóes Sol, whén he yókes his hórses,  
 So túrn áway his fáce with hórror.  
 Whéther your chóice be gréat Hespéria,  
 Ánd the fields, called áfter Sáturñ;  
 Or Éryx' térritóries ráther,  
 Ánd the domáins of Kíng Acéstes,  
 I'll sénd you sáfely ón your wáy,  
 Ánd with all necéssaries hélp you.  
 Shóuld you préfér to séttle hére  
 In thése my réalms alóng with mé,

Draw úp your ships upón the lánd;  
 Yóurs is the cíty Í am búilding;  
 Trójan and Týrian sháll by mé  
 On équal térms be tréated éver;  
 And wóuld that hére were présent nów  
 Your King Enéas, bý the sáme  
 South blást compélléd; at léast I'll sénd  
 Trústy scouts óut alóng the shóre,  
 And bíd them séarch the whole léngth of Líbya,  
 Lést by some chánce, in wóod or cíty  
 A shípwrecked sáilor hé may wánder."

Chéered by these wórds, Achátes bráve  
 And síre Enéas fróm the clóud  
 To bréak forth fór some tíme were búrning,  
 And first Achátes to Enéas: —  
 "What thinkst thou nów, O Góddess-bórn?  
 That évery thing is sáfe thou sée'st,  
 Thy fléet and friends recóvered áll,  
 One ónly missing whóm oursélves  
 Behéld amídst the bíllows súnk;  
 All élse is ás thy móther prómised."

Scarce úttered wére the wórds, when áll at ónce  
 The circumámbient clóud dívides ítself,  
 And cléars awáy íntó the ópen éther,  
 And fórtH Enéas stóod in the clear líght  
 Refúlgent, fáce and shóuldérs líke a Gód;  
 For ínto the son's éyes the móther's sélf  
 Had bréathed bríght gládnéss, and his fáce adórnéd  
 Wíth yóuth's frésh róseate húe and rínglets fáir;  
 Líke ívory hé lóoked whích wórkman's hánds

Had pólished to the útmost, or like silver,  
Or Párian márble, sét in yéllow góld.

The Quéén he thén addrésses, and to áll  
Thús, unexpected, of a súdden spéaks: —  
“Hére in your présence ám I whóm ye séeke,  
Trójan Enéas, snáched from the Libyan wáves.  
O thóu, who sóle Troy’s crúel súfferings pítiest,  
Whó to be pártners of thy hóme and cíty  
Tak’st ús, poor rémnant by the Dánaï léft,  
Us, déstitúte of áll things, and exháusted  
By évery évil chánce of lánd and séa;  
Becóming thánks excéed our pówer, O Dído,  
Excéed the pówer of the whole Dárdan ráce,  
Wheréver thróugh the wide world nów they’re scáattered.  
The Góds, if Góds there bé that lóok with fávor  
On húman déeds of chárity and kindness,  
If ánywhére at áll there is respéct  
For cónsciéntious úprightness of cónduct,  
Bestów a wórthy récompénce upón thee.  
So lóng as rívers rún into the séa,  
And hóllows in the bósom óf the móuntains  
Are slówly cóursed round bý the móuntain sháadows,  
And bý the fírmamént the stárs are féd,  
So lóng for éver lást thy náme, práise, glóry,  
Let mé be cálléd to wháte’er lánds I máy.”  
He sáid, and with his right hand clásped the hánd  
Óf his friend Ílioneus, Seréstus’ hánd  
Cáught with his léft; then gréeting like bestówed  
On Gýas bráve, brave Clóanth, ánd the rést.

Strúck with the first sight óf the héro,  
Ánd by his gréat misfórtune móved,

Thus answered then Sidonian Dido: —

“What evil chance, O Goddess-born,  
With all these perils pursues thee?

To these uncouth wild shores of ours

What force superior drives thee?

Art thou that same Enéas whom

Boon Venus to Anchises Dardan

Bore beside Phrygian Simois' wave?

And well I recollect when Teucer,

From his native realms expelled,

To Sidon and my father came,

In search of a new realm in Cyprus,

Fruitful land, just then o'errun

By my father Bélus' arms,

And at his absolute disposal.

From that time forth well known to me

The Trojan city's evil fortune,

Thy name, and the Pelagian Kings.

Himself, the foe, used to extol

With no common praise the Teuceri,

And from the ancient Teucrian stock

His own descent was fain to trace.

Come then, young men, my dwelling enter:

Here in this land at last to settle,

After long buffetings about,

A fortune like your own has willed me.

Experienced in misfortune, I

Have learned to help th' unfortunate.”

She says; and into the house royal

At the same time leads Enéas,

At the same time in the temples

To the Gods bids thanks be offered;



Nór meantime neglects to send  
Tó the shóre down ánd his cómrades  
Twénty óxen, ánd a húndred  
Bristly bróad-chined swine imménse,  
Fát lambs with their dáms a húndred,  
Ánd the Gód's enlivening gift.

With spléndor, meanwhile, and lúxury róyal  
The hóuse far withín is laid óut for the bándquet;  
Of críimson supérb are the richly wrought clóths;  
The vast sérvíce, of silver and góld;  
Where tráced in relief were th' éxplóits of their sires  
From the first ancient rise of the nátion dówn  
Through mány a héro in lóng, long arráy.

But Enéas — a fáther's love képt him unquiet —  
Beforehánd to the ships swift Achátes despátched,  
To acquáint, and conduét to the city, Ascánius;  
Ascánius, his déar parent's whóle thought and cáre:  
Gifts tóo bade him bring, snatched from Íljón's rúins,  
The mántle all stiff with embróidered gold figures,  
And with sáffron Acánthus round bórdered the wimple;  
Attíre ornáméntal of Árgive Hélen,  
Her móther Léda's gift, wóndrously fáir,  
And óut of Mycénae brought with her by Hélen,  
When for Pérgamus she bóuned her and núptials íllicit.  
The scéptre tóo, whílom by Ílione bórne,  
Of the dáughters of Priam the éldést,  
Ánd the pearl cháín which she wóre on her néck,  
And dóuble gold córonet stúdded with jéwels.  
To despátch these commissíons Achátes  
His wáy to the ships was wénding.

Bút Cytheréa a nów scheme is plánning,  
 A nów cunning schéme in her bréast,  
 How Cúpid his figure and féatures should chángé,  
 And, goíng in swéet Ascánius's pláce,  
 Kindle to fúry the Quéén with the présents,  
 And into her ínmost bones wórk the fire;  
 The fámily duplicity 'tis she 's afráid of,  
 And the dóuble-tongued Týrians, I wéen;  
 And sórely atrócious Júnó fréts her,  
 And still with retúrning night cómes back her cáre.  
 So in wórds, such as thése, winged Lóve she addrésses:—

“O són, my great stréngth and effiéence;  
 O són, who alóne at nought séttest  
 The suprême Father's wéapons Typhóean,  
 To thée I fly súpliant, implóring thy Gódhead.  
 How thy bróther Enéas sea-tóst is thou knówst,  
 From shóre to shore róund by unfáir Júnó's spíte,  
 And óft with my sórrow thou hást sympathised;  
 Him Dído Phoenician has hólđ of, and, cóaxing  
 With sóft soothing wórds, makes to stáy;  
 And Júnó, I féar, plays not hóstess for nóthing,  
 And in só great a crisis will nó sit ídle.  
 To bé beforehánd with her thérefore I'm plótting,  
 And with súch a flame róund to encómpass the Quéén,  
 That with lóve strong as míne she may dóat on Enéas,  
 Beyónd any Gód's power to swérve her or chángé.  
 How bést thou mayst dó this now héar my opínion.

“The róyal bóy, my cáre most espécial,  
 At his déar sire's súmmons to gó is preparíng  
 To the city Sidónian, and béars with him gifts  
 Which the sea have survived and the flámes of Tróy.

Into a déep sleep lethárgic I'll pút him,  
 And on lófty Cythéra or Móns Idálius  
 Within the sáncified précincts híde him,  
 That by nó possibility he may knów,  
 Or be áble to thwárt our strátagem.

Thou, a bóy, the boy pérsonate, ánd for no móre  
 Than óne single níght, his known féatures put ón,  
 That, whén in the héight of the róyal repást,  
 And flów of the líquor Lyáean,  
 To her bósom most jóyous Dído shall táke thee,  
 And hóg, and imprint with sweet kísses,  
 Thou mayst into her bréathe the fíre occúlt,  
 And póison her únsuspected."

Love obéys his dear párent's words, dóffs his wíngs,  
 And wálks with the gáit of Iúlus, delighted.  
 But Vénus the límbs of Ascánus bedéws  
 With plácid sléep, and, cúddled in her bósom the Góddess  
 Bears him úp to the hígh sacred gróves of Idália,  
 Where soft márjoram wráps him abóut with its flówers  
 And swéet odoríferous sháde.

And nów the behést of his párent obéying,  
 Ánd to the Týrians the róyal gifts béaring,  
 Cupid, léd by Achátes, hied jóyful alóng.  
 The Quéen had her pláce at the héad of the táble,  
 Befóre he came, táken, and ón the gold sófa  
 Dispósed herself séemly benéath the supérb dais.  
 Now arríves sire Enéas, and Tróy's youth arrive,  
 And reclíne in their pláces on cóverlets crimson;  
 Man-sérvants with wáter to wásh hands présént them,  
 And fíne napless tówels; and sérve bread from báskets.  
 Fifty máids are wíthín, charged to sét in due órder,

And prépare for the táble the lóng stock of viands,  
 And tó the Penátes keep blázing the fire.  
 Maids a húndred, and équal-aged páges as mány  
 The plátes plenish héavy, and sèt down the wine-cups;  
 And in through the glád gates the Týrians come póuring,  
 And on bróidered cloth cúshions recline each where bíd.  
 With wónder they gáze on the gifts of Enéas,  
 And ón the God's mimic Iúlus with wónder,  
 How flúshed are his féatures! how éager he táls!  
 And thén on the mántle, and thén on the wimple  
 With sáffron Acánthus embróidered all róund.

But, móre than the rést all, the hápless Phoenissa,  
 Doomed so sóon to that plágue to be victimised,  
 By the bóy and the gifts alike fired, gazes ón,  
 And, the lónger she gázes, the lónger would gáze.  
 But the bóy round Enéas's néck having húng,  
 Ánd his delúded sire's lóve gratified,  
 Is awáy to the Quéen, who, with her eyes, ón him,  
 And áll her whole héart, doats, and tó her lap tákes him,  
 And cúddles betwéen-whiles: Ah! little wots Dído  
 What a mighty God thére of her lap sits posséssor.  
 Then his móther's commánds Acidálian obéying,  
 He begins from her bósom to blót out Sicháeus,  
 And tries from a déad love to túrn to a living  
 Her lánguid and lóng unaccústomed héart.

The sérvíce remóved, and the féast at a páuse,  
 They sèt the great wine-cups and crówn them;  
 The dín the whole hóuse fills, as through the wide hálls  
 They send rólling their vóices;  
 Burning lámps hang suspéded from céilings of góld,  
 And the flámbeau's flame cónquers the níght.



Here the Quéen for the jéwelled and héavy gold bówl calls  
 Which Bélus and Bélus' succéssors used éver,  
 And with the pure júice of the grápe fills it úp,  
 And sáys after sílence obtáined through the building: —  
 "O Júpiter, fór in all things, appertáining  
 To the ríghts of the stránger, they sáy, thou art lórd;  
 May this day a dáy of joy bé to the Týrians,  
 A dáy of joy bé to our guésts here of Tróy,  
 And by thóse to come áfter us héd in remémbrance;  
 May jóy-giving Bácschus and bóuntiful Júnó  
 Be hére with us présent, and yé in this méeting  
 With warm héarts and kind wishes, O Týrians, take párt."

Having thús said, she póured on the táble the hómage,  
 Then the bówl of libátion just tóuched with her líps,  
 And hánded to Bítias with chállenge and chiding;  
 Nor lóth at all hé took the swílling gold bówl,  
 And drénched himself wéll with the fóaming líquor;  
 So one áfter anóther the rést of the nóbles.

And lóng-tressed Iópas sang tó his gold lúte  
 The lóre he had léarned of Átlas the míghty,  
 The móon's wanderings sáng, and the tóils of the sún,  
 Whence mén and beasts cáme, whence came wáter and fire;  
 Of Arctúrus he sáng, and the Hýades ráiny,  
 And óf the two Béars; and whý in such húrry  
 To dip in the ócean are mídwinter's sún,  
 While its níghts dip so slów — what is it deláys them?  
 Repéated the pláudits of Týrian and Trójan;  
 The fórmér the wáy lead, the láttér come áfter.  
 With várious discóurse, too, unfórtunate Dído  
 Protrácted the níght, and of lóve deeply dránk;  
 Abóut Priam ásking oft mány a quéstion,



And mány a quéstion abóut Hector óft;  
Now, the hórses of Diómède whát were they líke;  
And nów, was Achíllés of státüre so míghty:—  
“Nay, cóme, guest, and téll us the whóle tale”, she sáys  
“From the véry beginning; the Dánaï, their ámbush,  
Thy cóuntry’s misfórtunes, and hów, for seven súmmers  
Over áll lands and wáves thou art wándering abóut.”

## II.

All gazed intét, and listened,  
 When fróm the high sófa thús  
 Enéas síre begán: —  
 “Thou bídst, O Quéén, revive  
 That ágony of grief;  
 How lámentáblý féll,  
 By the Dánaí o’erthrówn,  
 The puíssant réalm of Tróy;  
 What hárrówing síghts I sáw,  
 Mysélf a súfferer chieáf.  
 Who cóuld from téars refráin,  
 Súch a thème discóursing,  
 What Mýrmidon, or Dólops,  
 Or hárd Ulýsses’ sóldier?  
 And nów down fróm the ský  
 Precipitous spéeds damp night,  
 And stár-set cóunsels sléep;  
 Yet, if to háve acquáintance  
 With óur misfórtunes’ stóry,  
 And bríefly héar reláted  
 The clósing wóe of Tróy,  
 So stróng be thý desire,  
 I will the tásk attépt,

Though with hórror mý sad sóul  
Shrinks from the récolléction.

“War-wórñ, and bý the Fâtes repúlsed,  
The chieftains óf the Dánaï,  
So mány yéars awáy now glíding,  
Build, with Palláidian árt divine,  
A hórsé with ribs of clóven píne,  
And húge as ány móuntain;  
Fór their retúrn preténd it vówed,  
Ánd that rúmor spréad abróad,  
Bút in its dárk side prívily  
Enclóse a bánd of sóldiers árméd,  
By lót selécted, ánd complétely  
Filling its vást cavérnous wómb.

“Withín view óf the Trójan cóast  
Lies Ténedós’ móst fámous ísle,  
Weálthy, whilst Priám’s émpire stóod;  
Nów but a báy, and fáithless róadstead;  
Thíther they sáil acröss, and lie  
Enscónced on the desérted shóre:  
We máke no dóubt but théy have léft us,  
Ánd depárted fór Mycénae.

“All Teúcria hér long móurning nów  
Has thérefore cást áside:  
’Tis pléasant thróugh the ópened gátes  
To sálly fórth, and sée  
A désert áll, the Dóric cámp;  
Ánd the sea-cóast left frée: —  
’Twas hére the bánd Dolópián pitched,  
Dréadful Achíllés thére;

This was the státion for the ships,  
And thát the báttle field.'

"Sóme at the húge bulk óf the hórsé,  
Vírigin Minérva's déadly présent,  
Gáze with astónishment and wónder;  
And fírst Thymóetes, éither guileful,  
Ór because the fátés of Tróy  
Nów at lást that wáy were béaring,  
Exhórts withín the wálls to dráw it,  
And pláce it in the cítadel.  
But Cápys and the wiser sórt  
Ínto the séa wóuld héadlong thrów  
The strátagem of the Dánaï;  
Ór, with flámes set únderneath it,  
Thé suspícious présent búrn;  
Or élse bore ínto, ánd explóre  
The hóllow hídings óf its wómb.

"Divided bétwixt ópposite cóunsels,  
The uncértain crówd stands wávering,  
When fóremost thére befóre them áll  
Fróm the high cítadel runs dówn,  
Bý a great crówd accópanied,  
Laócoon árdent, ánd excláims,  
While yét afár: — 'Whát só great mádness,  
O wréched cítizens, is this?  
The fóc's depárture crédito ye?  
Or think ye thére can présents bé  
Óf the Dánaï, without guile?  
Is this your knówledge óf Ulysses?  
Either, shut úp withín this wóod,  
Concéaled Achívi líe,

Or 'tis an éngine théy have built,  
 Our hóuses to 'espý,  
 And ón our tówn, despite our wálls,  
 To cóme down fróm on high.  
 Trúst not, O Teúeri, in this hórse;  
 Some látent chéat is hére;  
 Howe'er it bé, with áll their gifts,  
 These Dánaí I féar.'

"He sáid, and 'gainst the cómpact síde  
 Óf the béast's well róunded bélly  
 Húrléd with pówerful stréngth his spéar:  
 Fíxed in the wóod  
 Quívering it stóod;  
 With a hóllo w groaning sóund  
 The womb's cáverns rebóund.

"Thén, had the Góds' fates bút permítted,  
 Nór infátuate bécn our minds,  
 He hád impélled us tó demólish  
 With rude stéel the láir Argólic,  
 And thóu, O Tróy, wert nów surviving,  
 And Priam's high cítadel stánding nów.

"But sée yon Dárdan shépherds drágging  
 With great clámor, tó the Kíng,  
 A yóuth with hánds behind his báck bound;  
 Whó, of his ówn accórd, himsélf  
 Unknówn had in their wáy présented,  
 This véry púrpose tó efféct,  
 And ópen Tróy so tó the Achívi;  
 Assúred of spírit, ánd alike  
 For éach altérnative prépared;



Tó succéed with his impósture,  
Ór submit to cértain déath.

“The yóuths of Tróy on évery side  
Pour rúshing róund, to sée desírous;  
And stríve, who móst will móck the cáptive.  
Now héar the strátagem óf the Dánaĩ,  
And fróm the síngle villáiny léarn  
What villáins théy are áll.

“For ás full in the géneral gáze,  
Confúsed and hélpless, thére he stóod,  
And lóoked round ón the Phrýgian bánds: —  
‘Alás! in whát land ór whát séa  
Can Í take réfuge nów?’ he cries;  
‘Or whát resóurce left fór a wrétch  
Whose pláce amóng the Dánaĩ’s lóst,  
Ánd for the fórfeit óf whose life  
Éven the Dardánidae cáll in ánger?’

“Chánged by that cry our mínds, and áll  
Violence représsed: we úrge our prísoner  
To spéak, and lét us héar his stóry;  
What blóod flows in his véins, on whát  
Strong póint rests máinly his reliance.  
He thróws fear óff at lást, and sáys: —

‘Trúe conféssion óf the whole mátter,  
Lét it háve been whát it wíll,  
Í shall máke to thée, O Kíng.  
Ín the fírst pláce, Í dený not  
Thát I’m óf the Argólic nátion;  
Fór, though Fórtune máde him wrétched,

Néver shall that réprobate  
Máke a chéat and liar of Sínon.

‘Tó your éars repórt perháps has  
Bróught the glórious, wide-spread náme  
Of Pálamédes, són of Bélus;  
Whóm, when a fálse cry róse of tréason,  
Á nefárious informátion’s  
Guiltless víctim, whose sole crime was  
Thát he ráised his vóice agáinst war,  
Thé Pelásgi sént to déath down,  
Ánd lámént, now thát he ’s déad.

‘Mé, that Pálamédes’ kinsman,  
Hither with him ás compánion,  
Ánd to léarn to bé a sóldier,  
Mý poor síre in éarly yóuth sent.  
Lóng as hé stood fírm, and flórishéd  
A prínce amóng consúltng prínces,  
Í too bóre some náme and hónor;  
Bút when Ulýsses’ cózening málice —  
Wéll known áre the fácts I téll —  
To quít this úpper wórld compélléd him,  
Í, with shátttered fórtunes, drággéd on  
A life of glóom and misery;  
And ó’er my guiltless friénd’s misfórtune  
Cháfed withín mysélf, indígnant;  
Nor, mádman thát I wás, kept sílence,  
But róused agáinst me bítter hátreds  
With thréats of véngeance, shóuld chance óffer,  
And shóuld I tó my nátive Árgos  
É’er retúrn with víctory.

"Hénce my first blight óf misfórtune,  
 Hénce Ulýsses with new chárge  
 Still térrified me; wórds ambíguous  
 Still amidst the rábble scátted;  
 Still sought wéapons whérewithál  
 To éxecúte désigns close hidden  
 From áll excépt his sécret cónscience;  
 Till at lást by méans of Cálchas —  
 But whý th' ungráteful tále  
 Thús repéat in váin?  
 Or whérefore dállý?  
 For yóu, who think the Achívi  
 Are áll of thé same kind,  
 'Tis enóugh that ye have héard  
 I am óne of the Achívi;  
 Take the pénalty at ónce  
 Ye should lóng ago have táken:  
 'Tis the véry consummátion  
 Which Íthacus désires,  
 And which at a great price  
 The Atrídae fain would púrchase.'

"Then, thén indéed, we 're áll on fire  
 To ásk him quéstions, ánd to héar  
 Some éxplanátion óf the mátter;  
 Little awáre of thé deep guile  
 And villainy of thé Pelásgi.  
 Trémbling he góes on with his glózing."

'Oft times the wéary Dánaĩ  
 Désired to táke their flight,  
 To léave Troy behind them,  
 And abándon the long wár;

And I wish to héaven, they hád;  
 But the róugh and stórmy séa  
 Intercépted óft the wáy,  
 And Áuster óft detérred them,  
 When ón the póint to gó.  
 Abóve all, wén of máple-planks  
 Fírmlý knít togéther  
 This hórse here was sèt up,  
 Óver the whole éther  
 Stórm-clouds bráttled.

‘Wé, in óur suspénse,  
 Send Eurýpylus to consúlt  
 The óracle of Phóebus;  
 And hé back fróm the shrine  
 Bríngs these wórds of sórrów: —  
 ‘With a sláughtered virgin’s blóod  
 The wínds ye appéased,  
 When fírst to Ílium’s cóasts  
 Ye cáme, O Dánaï;  
 With the blóody sácrífice  
 Óf a life Argólic  
 Ye must púrchase your retúrn.’

“As sóon as that wórd  
 Reached the éar of the públic,  
 All mínds were astóunded,  
 And thróugh the bones’ píth  
 Thrilled an icy-cold trémor: —  
 ‘For whóm prepares Fáte this?  
 Apóllo calls whóm?’

‘Here Íthacus drágs  
 Forth ínto the mídst,

With a great túmult,  
 Sóothsaying Cálehas,  
 Ánd to expóund  
 That blessed will of the Góds  
 Impórtunate présses.  
 And mány alréady  
 Foretóld me the fúture,  
 Or, ónlooking múte,  
 The villainy réad  
 Of the crúel intríguer.

‘Twice five days he ’s silent,  
 And clóse housed refúses  
 Any óne to denóunce,  
 Or hand óver to déath;  
 Till, bý the loud clámors  
 Of Íthacus hárdly  
 At lóng and last fórced,  
 He speaks óut, as arráinged,  
 And dooms mé to the áltar.  
 All assént and on óne  
 Poor wrétch’s head túrn,  
 And dischárge the destrúction  
 Each had féared for himsélf.

‘The hórrid day ’s cóme;  
 For the ríte they ’re prepáring;  
 The méal ’s mixed with sált,  
 The tíar ’s round my témples —  
 Awáy from the sláughter  
 I bróke, I dený not,  
 And my bónds left behind me.



In an óozy moráss  
 Amóng the sedge lúrking,  
 All the níght I lay híd,  
 And awáited their sáiling,  
 If háply they wóuld sail.

‘And nów I ’ve no móre hope  
 To sée my old cóuntry,  
 Or the síre I ’ve so yéarned for,  
 Ánd the sweet children,  
 Who perháps must accóunt  
 With their líves for my críme,  
 And wrétchedly éxpiate  
 This my escápe.  
 Bút, by the Góds above,  
 Ánd by those Déities,  
 To whóm truth is déar,  
 And who knów I speak trúth;  
 Ánd by whatever  
 Fáith uncorrúpted  
 Is still anywhére  
 Among mén to be fóund,  
 I práy you, take píty  
 On hárdships so gréat;  
 On a mínd, not desérving  
 Such hárdships, take píty.’

“These téars win his lífe,  
 And móre — even our píty —  
 And fírst Priam’s sélf  
 His mánacles tíght  
 Commánds to take óff,  
 And spéaks to him kíndly: —

‘Whoéver thou árt,  
Hencefóward forgét  
The Gráíí thou hast lóst,  
(For óurs thou shalt bé)  
And trúe answer gíve  
To the quéstions I ásk thee;  
This húge monstrous hórsé  
For what púrpose set úp?  
By whóm? with what méaning?  
Is it émblem religious?  
Is it éngine of wár?’

“He sáid; and the wrétch,  
In Pelásgian arts vérsed,  
Toward the héavenly lights úpwards  
His úntied hands lífting,  
‘Bear wítness’, excláimed,  
‘Ye fíres everlásting,  
Whose Gódhead ’s invíolate;  
Bear wítness, ye áltars  
And hórrible kníves,  
From which I have fléd;  
And yé, sacred fíllets  
My víctim brows wóre;  
I sín not in bréaking  
The Gráían sánctions;  
I sín not in háting  
The Gráíí themsélves,  
And tó the light brínging  
Their évery sécret,  
Whaté’er it may bé;  
Nor ám I bound lóngér  
By láws of my cóuntry.

Only thóu to thy prómise  
 Stánd stedfast Tróy,  
 And thy sáviour sáve,  
 If I téll thee the trúth,  
 If I récompense ámply.

‘Éver in the áid of Pállas  
 Pláced the Dánaï théir whole hópe  
 And cónfidence of háppy issue  
 Tó the wár they had úndertáken;  
 But fróm what tíme Tydídes ímpious,  
 Ánd Ulýsses, críme invéntor,  
 Fróm the sácred fáne attétempted  
 To téar awáy the weírd Palládium,  
 And sláying the high cítadel’s guárds,  
 Séized on the sácred éffigy,  
 Nór with blóody hánds not dáred  
 To tóuch the Góddess’ vírgin tíar:  
 Ébbed from that tíme the hópe of the Dánaï,  
 Bróken their stréngth, estránged the Góddess’ fávor.

‘Nor wás it bý ámbiguous pórtents  
 Thát Tritónia shéwed her ánger;  
 Scárce placed in the cámp the ímage,  
 Whén its eyes stáred, and spárkled fire;  
 A sált sweat bróke out ón its limbs,  
 And thrice, O wónderful to téll!  
 Úp from the gróund it spráng entire,  
 Béaring its shield and quivering spéar.

‘Immédiately’ their flíght must bráve  
 The házards óf the séa’, chaunts Cálchas;  
 ‘For Pérgamús is nót to bé  
 Bý Argolic árms demólished,

Until at Árgos háving taken  
 New áuspicsés, they cóme back híther,  
 Brínging with them thát same héavenly  
 Gráce and bléssing thát has nów  
 To Gréece sailed with them in their cúrved ships.'

'And nów that théy have tó their nátive  
 Mycénae sáiled home, théy 're préparing  
 New wár, and wóoing Góds to escórt them;  
 Which dóne, they 'll cróss the séa agáin,  
 Ánd be hére when léast expécted.  
 Só adróit a hánd is Cálchas  
 Át the análýsis of ómens.

'To réconcile the Déity,  
 And éxpiate the mórtal críme  
 Óf the théft of thé Palládium,  
 Cálchas cóunselled thém to sét up  
 This státue hére, but át the sáme time  
 Tó so gréat a héight to eréct it,  
 And óf such stróng and mássy tímber,  
 That thróugh the gátes it cóuld not páss,  
 Nór be drawn úp into the city,  
 Thére to succéed the fórmér ímage,  
 Ás the tútelar óf the péople.

'Fór, if your hánds did violence  
 Tó the gift óffered tó Minérva,  
 Great rúin — ón the próphet's sélf  
 Dischárge the próphécý, ye Góds! —  
 Would whélm Priam's émpire ánd the Phrýgians;  
 Bút, if your ówn hands dréw it úp,  
 And pláced it hígh within your city,

Thén would Ásia in her túrn  
 Be'óme aggréssor, ánd agáinst  
 The Pélopéan rámparts cóme  
 With mighty wár: such wére the fátes  
 That waitéd óur postérity.'

"By thése insidious árts of pérjured Sínon  
 The affáir is crédited, and thóse whom néithér  
 Tydídes, nór Achilles of Laríssa,  
 Nór a ten yéars' siege, nór a thóusand shíps  
 Could súbjugáte, becóme the éasy préy  
 Óf an impóstor's wéll dissémbled téars.

"And hére a gréater, fár more áwful, sight  
 Fills with alárm our miserable bréasts;  
 Laócoón, by lót drawn priest of Néptune,  
 At the sólemn áltars á huge búll was sláying,  
 Whén, behold yónder! 'eróss the tránquil déep,  
 From Ténedos, I shúdder to reláte it,  
 Come twó imménse-orbed snákes stémming the séa,  
 And máking, side by side, diréet for lánd;  
 Whose bréasts, amóng the wáves crécted, réar  
 Their blóody wáttles hích abóve the wátters;  
 While, in volúminous cóils, their bácks imménse  
 And hínđ parts swéep the áudibly fóaming bríne.

"They 're ón the lánd: their blóodshot eyés glare fire;  
 With swiftly tó and fró vibráted tóngues  
 They líck their híssing jáws: aghást we sée,  
 And flée in áll diréctions: tó Laócoon .  
 They táke their márch diréet; and fírst the bódies  
 Óf his two líttle sóns both sérpents clásp,  
 And brówse upón, and bíte, their wrétched límb;



Himsélf, then, cóming tó their áid with weápons,  
 Lay hólð on, ánd with húge coils bind; and nów  
 Twice clásping him abóut the míddle; twice  
 Círceling his néck round with their scály trúnks,  
 Abóve his héad their héads and táll necks réar.  
 Bespéwed with bláck and vénomous góre his tíar,  
 Ás with his hánds their knóts he stríves to súnder,  
 Ánd the same móment tó the stárs lifts hígh  
 His shóuts horrífic; béllowing like a búll,  
 Thát from his néck the unstéady áxe has tóssed,  
 Ánd from the áltar with a wóund escápes.  
 Bút the two drágons áway glíding flée  
 Tó dréad Tritónia's lófty cítadel,  
 Ánd in the fáne and át the féet of the Góddess,  
 Behínd her shíeld's orb, líe in cóvert clóse.

"'Twas thén, indéed, that évery bréast  
 Quáked with a nów and thrílling féar;  
 And ríghteously desérved, they sáid,  
 The pénalty Laócoon páid,  
 Whó, with póinted spéar accúrsed  
 Húrléd agáinst the síde of the béast,  
 Had hárméd the sácred wóod.

"Tó the Góddess' témples,  
 Áll shout óut togéther,  
 The ímage múst be bróught,  
 Ánd the grácious elémency  
 Óf the bléssed Déity,  
 Húmbly with práyer be sóught.

"We bréach the cíty wáalls,  
 We thrów the fórtress ópen,

All gird their loins, and fall to work;  
 Beneath its feet, some, rollers set,  
 Some, hempen cords throw round its neck.  
 Teeming with its freight of arms  
 The fatal engine scales the walls;  
 Boys and girls sing hymns around,  
 And touch the rope, delighted.  
 It enters, and glides menacing  
 On through the city's midst.

"O Ílium! O my country!  
 Habitation of the Gods!  
 City of Dardánidae,  
 Valiant and renowned!  
 In the very entrance  
 Four times it stopped short;  
 Clanging within the womb  
 Arms four times were heard.  
 Onward, not the less,  
 Unheeding, furious, blind we press,  
 And in the consecrated high-place  
 Set up the unlucky monster.

"Then too Cassandra's mouth  
 To the coming fate gave utterance,  
 That mouth which, by the Gods' will,  
 The Teúcri believed never.  
 We, wretches who were not  
 Another day to see,  
 Deck with festal foliage  
 The shrines throughout the city.

"Round rólls in the méantime the héaven,  
 And Níght from Océanus rúshing,  
 Enwráps in her gréat shade the éarth,  
 And the ský, and the wíles Myrmidónian.  
 And nów that, all óver the city,  
 The Teúeri outstrétched lie and silent,  
 And déep sleep their tíred limbs embráces;  
 From Ténedos, fúllý equipped,  
 To the shóres that it knóws so wéll,  
 In the stíllý moon's fríendly sílence  
 The ármament Árgive sails óver,  
 When the Kíng's ship has húng out its líght;  
 And Sínon, safe in the protéction  
 Of the Góds' partial déstinies, lóoses  
 All stéalthy the wómb's piny shútter,  
 And léts out the Dánaï.

"To the áir, the horse ópened, refúnds them;  
 And fórth from the hóllo wóod jóyful  
 The chieftains Thessándér and Sthénelus come,  
 Alóng the let-dówn rope glíding,  
 And díreful Ulýsses, and Thóas,  
 And Ácamas, and Meneláus,  
 And Macháon the fóremost of áll,  
 Neoptólemus, grándson of Péleus,  
 And himsélf, the snare's ártist, Epéus.

"They máke their attáck on the city,  
 As it líes in sleep búried and wíne,  
 Cut dówn the níght-wátch, and admítting,  
 At the wíde-opened gátes, all their cómrades,  
 Uníte into óne their leagued bánds.

"It wás the éarly hóur of sléep,  
 When thát most gráteful gift of héaven  
 Bégins to stéal on cáre-sick mórtals:  
 Ló! in a dréam, befóre mine eýes,  
 Héctor, methóught, all wóc-begone  
 And wéeping tórrents, stóod beside me;  
 Frésh from the cháriot whéel, ..  
 As érewhile Í had séen him,  
 And áll begrimed with dúst and blóod;  
 Ín his swollen fées the thóngs.

"Alás me, whát a Héctor!  
 How gréat a chángé was thére,  
 From the Héctor thát retúrnéd  
 Clád in Achilles' spóils!  
 From the Héctor thát had húrled  
 Phrýgia's lightéd bránds  
 At the ships of the Dánaï!

"Squálid was his béard,  
 Clótted his lócks with blóod,  
 His bódý gáshed all óver  
 With the wóunds he had recéived  
 Befóre his nátive wáalls.  
 I wéeping tóo, methóught,  
 Addréssed of my own mótion  
 These sád words tó the héro: —

'O líght of Dardánia!  
 O Teúcrian hope súrest!  
 What gréat délay képt thee?  
 Or whénce comest at lást?  
 O Héctor, expécted so lóng!

After hów many déaths  
Of thy friends look we ón thee!  
After hów many tróubles,  
And hárassing tóils,  
Both of péople and cíty!  
Thy vísage seréne  
Why fóuled thus unséemly?  
And whát wounds are thése?’

“He ánswered nót my ídle quéstions,  
He wróught me nó deláy,  
Bút from his bósom’s innermost  
Groaned héavily and sáid: —  
‘Ah! flée, O Góddess-bórn,  
And sáve thee fróm these flámes:  
The fœe is máster óf the wálls,  
And in rúin from its súmmit  
Down túmbles lófty Tróy.  
For Priám and thy cóuntry  
Enóugh hast thóu perfórmed;  
Had Pérgamus’ defénce  
In ány right hand láin,  
This right hand thé defénce  
Of Pérgamus had béen.  
Tróy to thy cáre comménds  
The óbjects shé holds sácred;  
Take thése Penátes wíth thee,  
To bé thy fátes’ compánions,  
With thése Penátes gó,  
And fóund the míghty cíty  
’Tis thy déstiný to fóund  
After mány a long wándering  
Áll the wíde sea óver.’



“He said, and in his hands  
Brought out, from the interior,  
Potent Vesta, and the Fillets,  
And the everlasting Fire.

“Meantime within the city far  
’Tis woe all and confusion,  
And though my sire Anchises’ house  
Stood among sheltering trees retired,  
Yet louder still, and louder grew,  
And nearer still and nearer drew  
War’s horror, and the din of arms.

“Starting, and roused from sleep  
I climb the roof’s steep ridge,  
And with pricked ears stand listening.

“’Twas as when through standing corn  
By raging southwinds flames are borne,  
Or mountain torrent’s rapid flood  
Prostrates fields and smiling crops,  
Prostrates the labors of the ox,  
And headlong drags with it the wood.  
From the high top of a rock,  
The shepherd, ignorant what has happened,  
Hears with astonishment the sound.  
Then, then indeed, the truth was clear,  
The ambush of the Danaï open.  
Now has Deiphobus’ large house,  
By Vulcan overpowered, fallen in;  
And now Ucalegon ’s on fire,  
His next adjoining neighbour;  
And far and wide  
Sigéum’s friths

Refléct the gláre;  
 And clánging trúmpets,  
 Shóuting mén,  
 Their lárum ráise togéther.

“Distrácted Í take árms, though smáll  
 The góod from árms to bé expécted;  
 Bút my soul búrns to gáther róund me  
 Some gállant hándful óf compánions,  
 And thrów mysélf into the cástle;  
 Mádnness and wráth impél me héadlong,  
 Ánd, what a chárming thing it is  
 To díe in árms, comes 'cróss my mínd.

“But sée, escáped out of the mídst  
 Óf the Acháian wéapons, Pántheus  
 Tóward our hóuse comes rúnníng wíldly;  
 Pántheus Othrýades, the priest  
 Óf the Phóebus of the cástle,  
 Ín his own hánd the cónquered Góds  
 Ánd *sacrárium* cárrying with him,  
 And drággíng ón his líttle grándson: —  
 ‘Quite lóst? Or nót yet quáite lost, Pántheus?  
 The cástle — cán we hólđ out ín it?’

“Scarce hád I thé words úttered,  
 When with a gróan he ánswered: —  
 ‘Th’ inévitable dáy,  
 Dardánia’s lást is cóme:  
 We Trójan’s áre no móre;  
 Ílium ’s déad and góne,  
 Ánd the high Teúcrian glóry.  
 Wíld and sávage Jóve  
 To Árgos hás transférred

Áll that ónce was óurs;  
 The Dánaí have fired,  
 And are másters óf the cíty;  
 Within whose véry córe  
 The tówing hóse teems wárríors,  
 Ánd victórious Sínon  
 Flíngs his bránds, insúlting.  
 More númerous thóusands néver  
 Cáme from gréat Mycénac  
 Than are yónder at the gátes,  
 That stánd with bóth wings ópen:  
 Hére their brístling files  
 Besét the nárrow stréets,  
 With náked swórd in hánd,  
 Glístening, prepáred for sláughter.  
 Scarce thóse upón the édge  
 And fórefront óf the dánger,  
 The níghtwatch óf the gátes,  
 Attépt the dárkling fight,  
 And óffer blínd resistência.'

"Ínto the mídst of árms and flámes  
 By thése words óf Othrýades  
 Ánd the Gods' wíll I'm bórne;  
 Whíther sévére Erínnys cálls,  
 Whíther the dínn calls, ánd the shóut  
 Hígh to the éther vólleyed.  
 By fávor of the móonlight,  
 Rípheus, and váliant Épytus,  
 And Hýpanis, and Dýmas  
 Gáther abóut and jóin me,  
 And Mýgdon's yóuthful són  
 Corócebus, whóm the víolence

Of his pássion for Cassándra,  
 Júst at that tíme, it chanced,  
 Had bróught to Tróy, to assíst,  
 With the árms of a sòn-in-láw,  
 Priám and the Phrygians;  
 Unháppy! that not listened  
 To his éxtasied bride's wárning.

“Whóm when I sáw so bóld,  
 And bánded for the báttle,  
 To shárpen still their cóurage,  
 With thése words Í endéavour: —  
 ‘Yóuths of brávest héart,  
 Brávest I féar, in váin;  
 If résolute your desire  
 My désperate léad to fóllow,  
 Fórtune's áttitúde ye sée:  
 Forsáking shríne and áltar  
 The Góds have áll depárted,  
 That ónce sustáined this émpire:  
 ’Tis tó a búrning city  
 Thát ye bring your súccour.  
 Ínto the fíght's thickest  
 Lét us rúsh and díe;  
 To cást awáy all hópe  
 Is the sóle hope óf the cónquered.’

“Tó the yóung men's cóurage  
 Fúry thus is ádded,  
 Ánd like wólves rapácious,  
 Rávening in a dárk fog,  
 Whén the villainous pinch  
 Of húngér hás enráged them,  
 Ánd their whélps expéct

With párchéd jaws their retúrñ,  
 Óñ through the mídst of fóes,  
 Óñ through the mídst of weápons,  
 Tówards no dóubtfúł déath,  
 We márch alóñg the hígh street,  
 Únder the hóllow sháde  
 Of dárk Night flítting róund us.

“Of thát night’s hávoc sláughter  
 Whó has wórds descriptíve?  
 For the sórróws of thát night  
 Whó has téars suffícíent?  
 The áncíent cíty fálls  
 After mány a yéar’s domíníon;  
 Thróugh the stréets and hóuses,  
 And Góds’ relígíous témples  
 Dead bódíes évery whére  
 Lie strówn abóut in númer’s.  
 Nor páy the Teúcri sóle  
 The blóody pénalty:  
 Éven to the cónquered bréast  
 Cóurage at tímes retúrns,  
 Ánd in their víctory’s mídst,  
 The Dánaĩ are laid lów.  
 Cruel wóe is éverywhére;  
 Éverywhére is féar  
 And mány a shápe of déath.

“Andrógeos, first of áll,  
 Ín our wáy presénts hímsélf  
 Wíth a gréat tróop of Dánaĩ;  
 And, ígnorantlý believing  
 Thát we ’re óf híś pártý,



Thús, of his ówn accórd,  
 With friendly wórds accósts us: —  
 ‘Make háste, my gállant féllows,  
 What láziness is this,  
 Thát so láte has képt you?  
 While your cómrades Pérgamus  
 With fire and swórd are sácking,  
 Yé, from the lófty ships,  
 Are bút just nów arríving.’  
 “He sáid, and ón the ístant —  
 For óur replý was nót  
 Sufficíently straight fórdward —  
 Percéived that hé had fálled  
 Ínto the mídst of the fée,  
 And astóunded chécked his spéech,  
 And retréated on his stép.

“As óne, that ón a snáke  
 Ín a thórny bráke  
 Unexpéctedly has tród,  
 And bákwards in dísmáy  
 Stárts, and flées awáy  
 Befóre its rísing íre  
 And blúe and swélling góрге;  
 Just só, at síght of ús,  
 Andrógeos trémbling fléd:  
 We rúsh on, ánd aróund them  
 Póuring in dénse armed núbbers,  
 Róut them in áll díréctions,  
 Ígnorant óf the gróund  
 And strícken with a pánic.  
 Ón our fírst emprise  
 Fórtune breathes auspícious.

“And hère, flushed with succéss,  
Coróebus cries exúlting: —

‘Whére propítious Fórtune,

Now first points óut the wáy,

That prómises to sáve us,

O cómrades, let us fóllow;

Lét us interchánge

Búcklers and appóintments

With these Dánaĩ hère,

And as Dánaĩ equip us.

Só the báttle ’s wón,

Whó ever quéstions whéther

’Twas by ártifice or vátor.

Our énemies themsélves

Shall fúrnish us with árms.’

“Andrógeos’ bushy hélm

And hándsome emblemed shíeld,

So sáying, he put ’ón;

Ánd the Argíve swórd

Adápted to his síde;

Rípheus does the sáme,

Ánd the sáme does Dýmas,

And áll the jóyous yóuths;

Éach and évery óne

Ín the frésh spoils árms him.

“Then, with the Dánaĩ míngled,

We márch withóut the éscort

Of our ówn accústomed Góds;

Ánd in mány a clóse-hand fight,

In the dárkness of the níght,

Full mány of the Dánaĩ

Despáitch to Orcus dówn;  
 And sóme of them fly scáttèred  
 To the ships and fáithful shóre,  
 And sóme, in a vile pánic,  
 The húge horse climb agáin,  
 And stów themselves awáy  
 Ínto its wéll known páunch.

“Alás! there ’s nó succéss,  
 If héaven ’s not só inclined:  
 See whére, with háir dishévellèd,  
 Cassándra, Priám’s dáughter,  
 Óut of the fáne is drágged  
 And fróm Minérva’s shrine;  
 Stráining, but áll in váin,  
 Toward héaven her árdent eýes:  
 Her eýes, for fétters hólð  
 Her délicate hánds confíned.

“That sight Coróebus bróoks not,  
 And in a fréncy flíngs him  
 Ínto the mídst, to díe.  
 We fóllow in a bódý,  
 And in amóng them rúsh  
 With thícK and héavy báttle.

“Here first we ’re óverwhélmed  
 Fróm the high top óf the témpìe  
 Bý our ówn friends’ míssiles,  
 Ánd a most píteous sláughter  
 Aríses fróm the fálse shów,  
 Máde by our Gráian árms  
 And búshy hélmet-crésts.

Then, with gróans and indignátion  
 At the réscue óf the vírgin,  
 From évery síde collécting,  
 The Dánaï fáll upón us;  
 Ájax móst redóubted,  
 Ánd the twáin Atridae,  
 Ánd the whole bánd Dolópián.

“So sómetimes á tornádo búrst,  
 And wínds with ópposite wínds conténd,  
 Zéphyrus and Nótus ágainst Eúrus,  
 Ín his éastern stéeds rejóicing:  
 The wóods screech, ánd, in his illhúmour,  
 Néreus with his trident fóamy  
 Stírs the séa up fróm the bóttóm.

“Those too appéar whom ín the dárk night  
 Bý our strátagem wé had róuted,  
 And húnted óver thé whole cíty;  
 The fírst are théy to récogníse  
 Our árms and wéapons, ánd to márk  
 The díscrépance betwéen our vóices,  
 Ánd the extérior wé assúmed.  
 That íntant, núbbers óverwhélm us,  
 And fírst Coróebus próstrate lís  
 Strétched by the ríght hand óf Penéleus  
 Besíde the armípotent Góddess’ áltar.  
 Rípheus too fálls, by fár the jústest  
 Ánd móst ríghteous óf the Teúcri;  
 Bút the Gods ótherwíse decréed.  
 And Hýpanís and Dýmas pérish,  
 Pierced by the wéapons óf their cómrades;

Nor shielded thee, as down thou sankest,  
Thy gréat and mánifold píety, Pántheus,  
Ór the Tiára óf Apóllo.

“Bear witness, Ó ye Ílian áshes,  
Ye pýre-flames óf my friends, bear witness,  
I faced in that your hóur of rúin  
Évery wéapon óf the Dánaĩ,  
Bráved unshrinking áll their táctics;  
Ánd had my fáll been in the Fátes,  
Bý my hands’ déeds well éarned my fáll.

“Our pártý ’s violently sévered:  
Pélias and Íphitus gó with mé;  
Héavy with yéars the láttér, Pélias  
Slów with a wóund dealt bý Ulýsses:  
To Priam’s pálace bý the clámor  
Immédiately we ’re called away.

“’Twas hére indéed the báttle ráged,  
As if elsewhére were nóne,  
No déaths beside in thé whole city;  
So fúriously was rámping hére  
Indómitable Márs,  
So strénuously the Dánaĩ  
Úp the stéps were striving,  
And hóused benéath the slóping cópe  
Of shields compácted fírm togéther,  
The véry dóor were síeging:  
Ánd up scáling ládders rúshing,  
With búcklered léft hand wárded missiles,  
With right hand séized the párapets.



"Against them thé Dárdanidae,  
 For wéapons óf defénce in this  
 Their hóur of útmost néed and déath,  
 Uptéar rooftóps and túrretíngs,  
 And gílt beams dówn upón them rólł,  
 Their fóresires' lófty órnaments.  
 Óthers belów in á dense bánd  
 Withín the dóor, drawn bládes in hánd,  
 Intént to guárd the éntance, stánd.

"To bríng assistance tó the cónquered,  
 Ánd relieve the róyal pálace,  
 My spírit rises frésh within me.  
 Behind there wás a sécret éntance  
 And pássage óf commúnicátió, n,  
 Neglécted ánd unúsed of láte,  
 Betwéen the párts of Príam's pálace.  
 Through this dóor, while the státe stood firm,  
 Háplless Andrómache full óft  
 Was wónt to páss withóut attendánts,  
 Her fáther -and móther-in-láw to vísit  
 Ánd to his grándsire, in her hánd,  
 The bóy Astýanax conducted.

"I énter, ánd the whóle way páss  
 Úp to the high roof súnmit,  
 From whence the wrétched Trórans dówn  
 Their missiles váin were húrling.  
 Óut of the róof, high tóward the stárs  
 A tówer rose pérpendicular  
 Óver the frónt wall óf the building;  
 From whence there wás a próspect wide  
 Of áll Troy, ánd th' Acháian cámp,

And óf the návy óf the Dánaï:  
 Attácking it with crówbars róund,  
 Where insecurely it was jóined  
 Tó the roof-tér race, wé uphéave  
 And púsh it fróm its high foundátion.  
 With wide and súdden crásh it fálls  
 Upón the squádróns óf the Dánaï;  
 But óthers tó their pláce succéed,  
 Nor is there, in the méan time, páuse  
 Of stónes or ány fórm of wéapóns.

“Befóre the véry thréshold  
 Óf the véstibúle itsélf,  
 In his wéapóns’ brázen light  
 Exúltíng Pýrrhus glístens;  
 As the Cóbra, that lay swóllen  
 Under the shéltéríng gróund  
 Áll the cold wínter thróugh,  
 Now háving cást his slóugh  
 And crópped his póisonous hérbs,  
 Tó the light comes fóward,  
 Renéwed in yóuth and beauty,  
 And ón his slímy spíres  
 Cóílíng hímsélf eréct,  
 His bréast réars tó the sún,  
 And báck and fóward shóots  
 His twínkling tóngue tri-fúrrowed.

“Alóng with hí m huge Périphas,  
 And hé that dróve Achíllés’ stéeds,  
 Ésquire-at-árms Autómedon,  
 Alóng with hí m th’ whóle Scýrian yóuth  
 Úp to the hóuse come, ánd flíng hígh

The firebrands tó the báttlements.  
 Pýrrhus himsélŕ amóng the fóremost,  
 Séizing a dóuble-héaded póle-axe,  
 Búrsts the dóor's hard éntance ópen,  
 Ánd from the pívots of the hínges  
 Fórces the brázen-plátéd dóorvalves.  
 And nów he has héwed the pánel óut,  
 Ánd a húge wide-yáwning lóophole  
 Ín the hárd wood éxcavated.  
 The intérior óf the hóuse stands ópen;  
 Expósed to víew are thé long hálls,  
 Expósed to víew the privacies  
 Of Priám ánd the áncient Kíngs,  
 Ánd they behóld men stánding árméd,  
 Immédiately ínside the thréshóld.  
 But fár withín 'tis áll confúsióh,  
 And gróans, and miserable húbbub:  
 The whóle *caváedium* thróugh and thróugh  
 Wáils with the wáilings óf the wómen;  
 The clámor smítes the gólden stárs;  
 Affrighted mátrons éverywhére  
 Wildly róam thróugh thé vast búilding,  
 And húg and prínt the dóors with kísses.

"In the míght of his síre  
 Pýrrhus présses right ón:  
 No bárríers may stáy him,  
 No guárds may deláy him;  
 Befóre the ram's shóck  
 The báttéred dóor tólters,  
 Displáced from their pívots  
 Lie próstrate the válves;  
 Máin stréngth búrsts a pássage,

The éntance is fórced,  
 Ín rush the Dánaï,  
 Sláughter the fóremost,  
 And the whóle place with sóldiery  
 Fíll far and wide.

“Less fúriously the fóaming river,  
 Whose gúshing flóod has óvercóme  
 And búrst the dám’s oppósing máss,  
 And léft its chánnel, ón the fields  
 Rúshes ahéap, and drágs alóng  
 Cattle and stáll o’er áll the pláin.

“Mýsélf have séen upón the thréshóld  
 Neoptólemus ánd the twáin Atrídae,  
 Fúrious, and réeking sláughter:  
 Hécuba ánd her húndred dáughters  
 Mýself have séen, and, mídst the áltars,  
 Priam defíling with his blóod  
 The fíres hímsélf had cónsecráted.  
 Low líe those fífty spóusal chámbers,  
 So rích hope óf a téeming óffspring,  
 Low líe those fífty dóors supérb  
 With cónquered spóils and góld barbáric;  
 The Dánaï ór the fire have áll.

“Thou ásk’st perháps the fáte of Príam:  
 Whén he behéld his cíty cáptured,  
 The éntance óf his pálace fórced,  
 Ánd in his prívacies’ mídst the fóe,  
 The óld man híe age-pálsied shóuldres  
 In lóng díeused arms váinly cáses,  
 Gírd on the úseless swórd, and rúshes  
 Ínto the thíckest óf the fóe, to díe.

"In the pálace cóurt intérior,  
 Benéath the báre ethéreal áxis  
 Stóod a great áltar, ánd beside it  
 A láurel óf most áncient grówth  
 Óver it bénding, ánd embrácing  
 Ín its sháadow thé Penátes.  
 Here in váin gathered róund the áltars,  
 Hécuba ánd her dáughters sát,  
 Clásping the ímages óf the Góds,  
 And clóse togéther cówered like dóves  
 Bý the black pélting témpet flúrried.

"But whén in yóuthful árms equipped  
 Priám hímself she sáw: —  
 'Ah! whát so díreful ímpulse  
 Most wrétched spóuse', she cried,  
 'Hath gírt thee with these weápons,  
 Or whither rúshest?  
 'Tis nót of súch assistance,  
 Of sáfeguards súch as thóse,  
 The présent time has néed,  
 No, nót, if stánding hére  
 Wére my own Héctor's sélf.  
 Submit, I dó beséech thee,  
 And híther déign to cóme;  
 This áltar shíelds us áll,  
 Or with us thóu shalt díe.'  
 "The fúll of yéars, this sáid,  
 Untó hersélf she tóok,  
 And pláced in the sácred séat.

"But sée where yónder, thróugh the lóng  
 And émpy hálls and pórticoes



Fléeing disábled, fróm the midst  
 Óf the cárnage máde by Pýrrhus,  
 Fróm the midst of fées and weápons,  
 Cómes Polítes, són of Priám;  
 And, behind him, glówing hót  
 Pýrrhus with rábid stróke uplifted —  
 Now, nów, nay nów the clúch is ón him,  
 Néarer the spéar and néarer tó him,  
 Till, at the móment whén he énters  
 His párents' présence, dówn he fálls,  
 And in a gúsh of blóod expires.

“Nor Priám thén, what thóugh he stóod—  
 Alréady in the tóils of déath,  
 Abstáined from íre or spáred his wórd:—  
 ‘But máy the Góds in héaven,’ he cried,  
 ‘If ány ténder Góds there bé,  
 Who mínd atrócíties like this,  
 With wórthy thánk and guérdon dúe  
 For this audácious óutrage páy thee,  
 Thée, who hast máde the sire eyewitnèss  
 Óf the són’s déath, and wíth his child’s blóod  
 Defíled the présence óf a fáther.  
 Far óther fée was thát Achilles,  
 From whóm thou liest that thóu art sprúng,  
 Who blúshingly a súppliant’s right,  
 A súppliant’s sáncítity révéring,  
 Héctor’s pale córse réstored to Priám  
 For sépulture, and sént me hóme  
 In sáfety tó my réalms agáin.’

“Thús having sáid the óld man flúng  
 His pówerless ínefféctual weápon,

Which made the shield's brass-plating ring,  
And, foiled at once, hung where it struck."

'Then to my sire Pelides post,'  
Pýrrhus replied, 'and bear these tidings:  
The naughty and degenerate deeds  
Of Néoptólemus be sure  
That thou remember well to tell him;  
Now die.' "The old man, with these words,  
He dragged to the very altar, trembling,  
And in the splash of his son's blood  
Slipping; twined in his hair the left hand,  
And with his right the flashing sword  
Uplifted high, and in his side  
Up to the hilt-guard buried.

"Such was the close of Priam's fates;  
Such the allotted bourne of him,  
Who, of so many Asiatic  
Nations and lands proud ruler once,  
Saw Tróy in flames, and Pérgamus fallen:  
Upon the shore he lies,  
The head lopped from the shoulders,  
A huge and nameless carcase.

"Then first in all its power I felt  
The horror that surrounded me;  
I stood aghast: my dear sire's image  
Rose to my mind, when I beheld  
The equal-aged King his life forth  
Exhaling at a cruel wound;  
Forlorn Creúsa too rose to my mind,  
And my sacked house, and little Íulus' case.

"I cást a lóok round óf inquiry,  
 What fórcé there máy be yét abóut me.  
 All tíred out hád desérted me,  
 And éither léaped down tó the gróund,  
 Or thrówn into the flámes  
 Their wórned and févered frámes.

"And nów I wás alóne remáining,  
 Whén in Vésta's sécret séat  
 Týndarus' dáughter Í behóld,  
 A lúrkíng sílent vísitant;  
 The bríghtness óf the cónflagrátió  
 Líghts me, ás abóut I wánder,  
 And éverywhére cast róund my éyes:  
 Shé, in dréad anticipátió  
 Of rétribútió fróm the Teúcri  
 For Pérgamus ó'erthréw and fáll,  
 In dréad nó léss of chástisément  
 At the hánds of th' ángry Dánaï,  
 Ánd of hér desérted cónsort:  
 Tróy's and her cóuntry's cómmon Fúry,  
 Óbject óf the géneral hátréd;  
 Óut of the wáy had pút hersélf,  
 And thére wás sítting bý the áltar.

"With súdden fláming íre  
 My sóul is áll on fire,  
 To avénge my cóuntry's fáll,  
 Ánd the críminál chástíse:"  
 'And sháll this wretch unscáthed,  
 Spárta behold agáin,  
 And fátherland Mycénae?  
 In quéenly tríumph hóme

Tó her spóuse and children,  
 And tó her síres retúrn,  
 By crówds of Ílian dâmes  
 And Trójan serfs attended?  
 And Priam have been sláin?  
 And Tróy in ashes láid?  
 Ánd the Dardánian shóre  
 So óft have sweated blóod?  
 No, néver! for althóugh  
 He wins no glorious náme  
 Who púnishes a wóman,  
 Nor hás such victory práise,  
 Still I shall bé extólld  
 For extirpating a núisance,  
 And inflicting on the gúilty  
 The chástisement desérvéd.  
 Twill bé some comfort tóo,  
 To have gíven myself enóugh  
 Of the fiery flame of véngeance,  
 And glútted my friends' áshes.'

"With súch ejáculátion,  
 I was rúshing in a fúry,  
 When, néver by mine eýes  
 So bright before behéld,  
 My móst benígnañt móther  
 Stood vísible befóre me,  
 Refúlgent in pure líght,  
 Midst the dárkness of the night,  
 A góddess undisguised,  
 In such májesty and gréatness  
 Ás to heaven's inhábítants  
 She is wóñted to appéar;

And caught me with her right hand,  
 And held me back and added  
 From her rosy lips these words:—

‘What fury ’s this, my son?  
 What poignant pain excites  
 This ungovernable ire?  
 Or whither away fled  
 Thy wonted care of us?  
 Wilt thou not first a look  
 Bestow where thou hast left  
 Thine age-worn sire Anchises?  
 Whether thy spouse Creúsa,  
 Whether thy boy Ascánus  
 Survives yet? round all whom  
 The Gráian files are roaming,  
 And whom the foeman’s sword,  
 But for my care’s resistance,  
 Had swept away ere this,  
 Or the devouring flame.

‘’Tis not the hateful fair face  
 Of Lacedonian Týndaris,  
 Not criminated Páris,  
 But the stern will of the Góds,  
 The Góds’ stern will o’erthrows,  
 And prostrates, from its summit,  
 The power and might of Tróy.

‘See here — for from thine eyes  
 All the cloud I ’ll take away  
 Which, drawn across them, dulls  
 And damps thy mortal vision,



And spreads thick darkness round:  
 And thóu, fear nó to dó  
 Every bidding óf thy párent,  
 Ánd to hér instructions  
 Refúse not thine obédience —  
 Hére, where thóu behóldest  
 These húge disrupted másses,  
 These stónes away from stónes forced,  
 These únduláting cólumnns  
 Of mingled smóke and dúst,  
 Néptune is úndermíning,  
 And fróm their déep foundátions  
 With his great trident héaving  
 The wálls and thé whole cíty.  
 Hére, in her fiercest fierceness,  
 Júnó, fóremost léading,  
 Óccupies the Scáean,  
 And, swórd at síde, calls fúrious  
 Her állies fróm the shíps;  
 Alréady óf the high Cástle,  
 Tritónian Pállas, (sée  
 Behind thee thére,) sits mistress,  
 Ín a beamy clóud's  
 Effúlgent halo bríght,  
 Bríght with her fell Górgon.  
 The síre of héaven hímsélf  
 Fúrnishes the Dánaí  
 With succéssful stréngth and cóurage;  
 Stirs úp the Góds hímsélf  
 Agáinst the Dárdan árms.  
 Away, my són, flee swift;  
 Let thy lábors have an énd:  
 Éverywhere I'm wíth thee,

Until I sét thee sáfe  
 Ón thy patérnal thréshold.  
 Thús having sáid, she plúnged  
 Ínto the níght's thick shádes:  
 And befóre me pláinly  
 I sáw the díreful figures  
 Óf the gréat divínities,  
 Ínimical to Tróy.

“All Ílium thén appéared to mé  
 To sínk in flámes, and fróm its báse  
 Neptúnian Tróy to bé o'erthrówn.  
 'Twás as when hínds, with stróke on stróke  
 Of dóuble-héaded íron áxe,  
 Have nígh cut thróugh, and émulous stríve  
 To óverthrów, an áncient ásh,  
 Sómewhere amóng the lófty móuntains;  
 With trémbling lócks, and crówn concússed  
 At évery stróke, it nóds its héad,  
 And thréatens still, till, grádually  
 With wóunds o'ercóme, awáy it 's tórñ,  
 And, with a lóng and lóud last gróan,  
 Down túmbles ón the hílls, a ruín.

“Descéding thénce, I máke my wáy,  
 Únder the guídance óf the Gódhead,  
 Thróugh the mídst of flámes and wéapóns;  
 Wéapóns gíve wáy and lét me páss,  
 The flámes retíre befóre me.  
 But whén the whóle wáy Í have tráversed,  
 And réached the óld patérnal mánshion,  
 My síre, whom first I sóught, and fáin  
 Had cárríed first to thé high móuntains,

Refúses tó survíve Troy's fáll,  
 Ór prolóng his life by éxile:—  
 'O yé, whose blóod is yóung and frésh,  
 Whose fírm strength ón itsélf reliés,  
 Flee yé', he sáys; 'me tó live lónger  
 Hád the celéstíal dénizens wished,  
 They hád préserved for mé this hóme.  
 Enóugh, more thán enóugh for mé  
 Ónce to have séen the city táken,  
 And ónce outlived its óverthrów.  
 Of this dead córse, this láid-out córse,  
 Take nów your lóng and lást farewéll:  
 I 'll fight until the fóe, in pity,  
 Ór to obtáin my spóils, despátch me.  
 Í can dispénse with tómb and búrial.  
 Ódious to héaven, and úseless hère,  
 This lóng time nów, my lágging yéars,  
 Since the Gods' síre and kíng of mén  
 Blew ón me with his thúnder's blást,  
 And strúck me with his fire.'

"Só he persisted sáying,  
 Unchángeable ánd resólvéd:  
 Wé, on the óther hánd,  
 With flóods of téars beséech him —  
 Í and my spóuse Creúsa,  
 Ascáníus, ánd the whóle house —  
 Beséech him, the house-fáther,  
 Nót to súperádd  
 Préssure tó fate's préssure,  
 Nór with himsélf the hóuse  
 And áll of ús undó.  
 Ábsolute hé refúses,

And immovable sits fixed  
In the same spot and purpose.

“I rush to arms again,  
And in my misery’s depth  
Wish death; for now what counsel,  
What chance of safety’s left:—  
‘And hast thou hoped, O sire,  
That I would stir one foot,  
And thou left here behind?  
And from a father’s mouth  
Hath such impiety fallen?  
If of so great a city  
The powers above are pleased  
That nothing shall be left,  
And if thou’rt quite determined,  
And think’st it right to add  
Thy family and thyself  
To the fall of falling Tróy,  
That gate to death lies open;  
Pýrrhus will soon be here,  
Who massacres the son  
In presence of the sire,  
And massacres the sire  
Beside the very altar.

‘Is it for this, kind mother,  
Thou snatchest me unhurt  
Out of the midst of flames,  
Out of the midst of weapons,  
That I may see the foe,  
In the bosom of my home,  
And Ascánus and my sire  
And Créusa, lying butchered,

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 Flee yé', he sáys; 'me tó live lónger  
 Hád the celéstíal dénizens wished,  
 They hád préserved for mé this hóme.  
 Enóugh, more thán enóugh for mé  
 Ónce to have séen the city táken,  
 And ónce outlived its óverthrów.  
 Of this dead córse, this láid-out córse,  
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 This lóng time nów, my lágging yéars,  
 Since the Gods' síre and kíng of mén  
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 Nór with himsélf the hóuse  
 And áll of ús undó.  
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And massacres the sire  
Beside the very altar.

‘Is it for this, kind mother,  
Thou snatchest me unhurt  
Out of the midst of flames,  
Out of the midst of weapons,  
That I may see the foe,  
In the bosom of my home,  
And Ascánius and my sire  
And Créusa, lying butchered,

And weltering, side by side,  
 Éach in the óther's blóod?  
 Bring árms, ye bráve, bring árms;  
 The lást day cálls the cónquered;  
 To the Dánaï gíve me báck;  
 To the fight let mé agáin;  
 Let 's renéw once móre the báttle;  
 This dáy we sháll not áll,  
 Not áll die únrevénged.'

"Then with my swórd new-gírt,  
 And ínto my shield's hándle  
 Insérting my left árm,  
 I was rúshing óut of dóors,  
 When, behóld! upón the thréshold  
 My spóuse clíngs róund my féet,  
 And ín her árms forth strétches  
 Little Iúlus tó his sire:—

'If to díe thou depártest,  
 Take ús with thee tóo  
 Into áll the worst dángers;  
 But íf thine expérience  
 Has hópe still ín árms,  
 Defénd this house fírst.  
 To whóm left thy sire,  
 And líttle Iúlus?  
 To whóm left am Í,  
 Whom thou ónce call'dst thy wífe?'

"With súch loud críes and gróans  
 She was fílling the whole búilding,  
 When a pródigy rose súdden,  
 And wónderful to téll;

For thére, among the hánds,  
 And befóre the very fáces,  
 Óf the sórrowful párents,  
 Ló! a light and póinted fláme  
 From the típ top óf the héad  
 Of Iúlus séemed to shéd  
 A bláze of líght aróund,  
 And with innóxious tóuch  
 Lick líghtly his soft háir,  
 And féed abóut his témples.

“In trémbling féar and flúrry  
 We sháke the fláming háir,  
 And búsily with wáter  
 The sácred fire extingúish;  
 But síre Anchíses jóyful  
 His eýes lífts tóward the stárs,  
 And tóward the héaven dírécts  
 His vóice and óutstretched hánds:—  
 ‘O thóu, almíghty Jóve!  
 If ány práyers may bénd thee,  
 Dó but lóok upón us;  
 And thén, if thóu shouldst fínd  
 Our píety desérving,  
 Gíve us thy hélp, O síre!  
 And ràtífy this ómen.’

“Scárce had the óld man sáid,  
 Whén with a súdden crásh  
 It thúndered on the léft,  
 And dárting from the ský  
 A stár with lúminous tráín  
 Shót acróss the dárkness.  
 We sée it ó’er the hóuse top

Gliding alóng, and trácing  
 Its bright path, till it plúnges  
 Ínto the Idéan wóod.  
 A lóng and lúminous stréak  
 Is léft where it has pássed,  
 And, fár and wide aróund,  
 The whóle place fúmes with súlphur.

“’Twas thén indéed that, vánquished,  
 The síre aróse, and wént  
 Fórt h to the ópen áir,  
 And adóred the hólý stár,  
 And thús the Góds addréssed:—  
 ‘Now, nów, there ’s nó deláy;  
 I fóllo, ánd wheré’er  
 Ye léad, am présént thére.  
 Góds of my fátherlánd,  
 O! présérve my fámily;  
 My grándson, O! présérve;  
 This aúgury is yóurs,  
 And Tróy ’s in yóur protéction.  
 I yíeld indéed, my són,  
 Ánd to kéept thee cómpány  
 Refúse not ány lónger.’

“He sáid, and nów the fíre  
 Sounds cléarer thróugh the city,  
 Ánd the cónflagrátióh  
 Néarer rólles its tíde:—  
 ‘Then cóme, dear fáther, móunt  
 Upón my néck and shóuldérs;  
 To cárny yóu will bé  
 To mé no írksome tóil;

Betide what máy betide,  
 For ús two thére shall bé  
 One cómmon risk, one sáfety;  
 Little Iúlus kéeps  
 In cómpany with mé,  
 And in my stéps far óff  
 My spóuse Creúsa fóllows.  
 Ye sérvants, gíve atténtion  
 To whát I nów shall sáy:—

‘Fácing thóse who léave the city  
 Thére ’s an ántique túmulus,  
 And sólitáry fáne of Céres,  
 Ánd, close bý, an áncient cýpress,  
 Bý our síres religiously  
 Presérvéd through mány a yéar:  
 Át that spót from différent quárters  
 We méet togéther: thóu, O síre!  
 Táke in thy hánd the sácred óbjects,  
 Ánd the fátherlánd Penátes:  
 For mé, just frésh come fróm the cárnage  
 Óf so gréat war, it wére ímpious  
 To láy hand ón them, till I ’ve máde  
 Ablútion in the rúnníng stréam.’

“I sáid; and ón my shóuldérs bróad  
 And bént neck fírst a gárment spréading,  
 And thén a táwny líon’s skín,  
 Pláce myself úndernéath my búrden.  
 Little Iúlus ín my ríght hand  
 Intwínes hímsélf, and tó híis síre,  
 With a child’s shórtér stép, kéeps clóse;  
 My wífe comes ón behínd.



"Through dárk ways wé move ón,  
 And Í, whom bút just nów  
 No shówering míssiles rúffled,  
 Nor oppósing tróops of Gráii,  
 By évery áir am fríghted,  
 By évery sóund excited,  
 In ánxious féar álíke  
 For my cómrade ánd my lóad.

"And nów I néared the gátes,  
 And thóught I hád made góod  
 The whóle way, whén, close bý,  
 Áll of a súdden, séemed  
 Upón our éars to fáll  
 The sóund of trámping féet,  
 And thróugh the sháde my síre  
 Forthlóoking críes:— 'My són,  
 O! flée, my són; they 're cóming;  
 I sée their búrning bráss,  
 I sée their fláshing shíelds.'

"I knów not whát malignant Pówer  
 Of récolléction hére deprived me,  
 And flúrried ánd confúsed my mínd;  
 For ás, the ród's díréction léaving,  
 I táke my wáy thróugh páthless pláces,  
 Alás! some víolent déath snatched fróm me  
 My spóuse Creúsa. Ít is dóubtful  
 Whéther she stópped, or lóst her wáy,  
 Or tíred sat dówn, but tó our éyesight  
 Néver sínce thén was shé restóred:  
 Nor díd I báckward túrn my lóok,  
 Ór of the lóss becóme awáre,

Until to thé old túmulus  
 And Céres' sácred séat we cóme:  
 When hére at lást we 're áll collécted,  
 She ónly tó our númer 's wánting,  
 And hád not éither bý her cómrades,  
 Ór by her sòn, or spóuse been séen.

“Whóm of Góds or mén,  
 Whóm did I nót repróach  
 In my ráving ánd delírium?  
 What sight more crúel sáw I  
 In the sácking óf the city?  
 Ascánius, síre Anchíses,  
 And the Teúcrian Penátes  
 I híde in a curved válley,  
 And comménd to my compánions.  
 In glittering arms I'm gírt,  
 And séek agáin the city,  
 Résolute to bráve  
 All chánces ónce agáin,  
 Through the whóle of Tróy retúrn,  
 Ánd to évery dánger  
 Expóse my life once móre.

“First I séek the wálls,  
 Ánd obscúre gate-pórtal  
 By which I hád passed óut,  
 Ánd my fóotmarks báckwards  
 Explóre with séarching eyé,  
 And thróugh the night retréad.  
 'Tis hórror éverywhére;  
 The véry sílence sélf  
 Strikes térror tó the sóul.

"Thence hómé, if bý some châce,  
 If bý some châce that wáy  
 Her fóotsteps shé had túrned;  
 The Dánaĩ hád rushed ín,  
 And were másters óf the building.  
 Úp to the highest róof-top  
 Bý the wind that íntant  
 Rólléd the devóuring fire;  
 Abóve the hóuse rise híg, h, h,  
 And cráckle tó the ský,  
 The ráging héat and fláme.  
 Thence ónward Í procéd,  
 And the résidénce of Priám,  
 And the citadél revisit.  
 Ín the vácant pórticoes  
 Of Júnó's fáne alréady  
 Phóenix and díre Ulýsses,  
 Gúards seléct, were wátching  
 The héaped up píles of bóoty.  
 Thíther from all sídes,  
 Tórñ from the búrning shrínes  
 Troy's tréasures wére collécted:  
 Thére were the cáptured véstments,  
 And sólíd gólden góblets,  
 And tábles óf the Góds.  
 Bóys and trémbling mátrons  
 In lóng arráy stand róund.

"I dáred even tó cry óut,  
 And thróugh the dárkness shóut,  
 And in sórrow cálléd "Creúsa",  
 Untíl I filled the stréets  
 With the óutcry óf her náme

Óver and óver agáin,  
And óver agáin in váin,  
And óver agáin, repéated.

“As thróugh the city’s hóuses  
Thus in éndless séarch I ráged,  
Befóre mine eyés appéared,  
Lárger than life, the sháde,  
Sémbulance, and imaged fórm  
Of Creúsa’s hápless sélf,  
And in these wórds addréssed me,  
And sólaced thús my cáre:—  
‘What aváils it, Ó sweet spóuse,  
Such mád grief tó indúlge?  
These evénts do nót occúr  
Withóut the will divíne:  
To táke Creúsa with thee,  
Compánion óf thy trável,  
His órdinánce forbíds  
Who réigns o’er high Olýmpus.

‘Áfter á far éxile,  
Áfter thóu hast plóughed  
The vást tract óf the séa,  
Thou shált at lást arrive  
Át the Hespérian lánd,  
Whére with géntle cúrrént  
Lýdian Týber flóws  
Through rích and péopled fields.  
A róyal spóuse, and kingdom,  
Ánd prospérité there wáit thee.  
Weep no móre for lóved Creúsa;—  
Néver will Í, a Dárdan,

And Góddess Vénus' daughter,  
 The háughty séats behóld  
 Of Mýrmidon or Dólops,  
 Or gó to bé a sláve  
 Tó a Gráian mistress;  
 The gréat Gods'-móther mé  
 Hére in these shóres detáins.  
 And nów farewéll, and éver  
 Lóve our cómmon són.'

"Ínto thin áir, this sáid,  
 Desérting me she fléd,  
 And léft me wéeping múch,  
 And múch to sáy desíring.  
 Abóut her néck there thrice  
 I stróve my árms to thrów;  
 Thrice from my frústrate grásp,  
 Light as the wínds, the sháde,  
 Swift as a dréam, escáped.

"So spént the night, at lást  
 To my pártý Í retúrn:  
 And hére I fínd with wónder  
 Great númeres óf new cómrades  
 From áll sides hád flowed in;  
 Matrons and mén and yóuths,  
 A miserable crówd,  
 Réady with héart and súbstance  
 To fóllo me to éxile,  
 Ínto whatever lánds  
 I might think fit to léad them  
 Áwáy beyónd the séa.



“And nów o’er Ída’s tóps  
Lúcifer was rising,  
And léading ón the dáy;  
Strong bódies of the Dánaï  
Had posséssion of the gátes,  
And évery hópe was lóst;  
I yield: uplift my síre,  
And my wáy take tó the móuntains.

### III.

“After the Góds  
Had thought fít to destróy,  
By a dóom it desérved not,  
The réalm Asiátic,  
And lineage of Priám,  
And próud Ilium féll,  
And áll Troy Neptúnian  
Smóked from the gróund,  
Divine áuguries drive us,  
To séek out far lánds,  
Desert pláces of éxile,  
And close únder Antándrus  
And Phrýgian Mount Ída,  
We build our fleet’s fábric,  
And our créw get togéther,  
All úncertain whither  
The fátes may convéy us,  
Where allów us to hált.

“’Twas the véry beginning  
And first of the súmmer,  
When fáther Anchíses  
Gave órders to spréad out  
Our sáils to the fátes;

And in téars I take léave  
 Of the shóres of my cóuntry,  
 And the pláins where Troy ónce was,  
 And sáil out of pórt,  
 And awáy to the hích deep  
 An éxile am bórne  
 With my cómrades and són  
 And the gréat Gods Penátes.

“From Tróy’s coast far dístant,  
 The Thrácians inhábit  
 A lánd to Mars sácred,  
 Vast wide-spreading pláins,  
 By dóughty Lycúrgus  
 In óld time reigned óver,  
 And clósely united  
 With Tróy in relátions  
 Friendly and sócial,  
 While Tróy was a city.

“I sail thíther, and lánding  
 By nó kind fate sánctioned,  
 Amóng the shore’s windings  
 Begin straight to build,  
 And fróm my own náme,  
 Call my péople Enéadae.

“A sléek, shining búll  
 To the Kíng of the Góds  
 On the shóre I was óffering,  
 And práying the móther  
 Dionéan to bléss  
 The wórks I ’d begún:

It chanced that a túmulus  
Néar hand was stánding,  
O'ergrówn with shrub córnél,  
And stíff spikes of mýrtle.  
I went tó it, and stróve  
From the swárd to tear úp  
Some gréen wood for bóughs,  
To gárland the áltars,  
When a pródigy hórrid,  
And stránge to reláte,  
To my eýes was presented:  
For fróm the first sápling,  
Pulled óut of the gróund,  
Black dróps of blood dríp,  
Where 'twas bróke from the róot,  
And the éarth stain with góre.  
Cold hórror my límbs shakes,  
My blóod with fear fréezes.  
Procéeing to pull up  
Anóther tough withe,  
And the hídden cause sít  
And explóre to the bóttom,  
From the óther's rind tóo  
The black dróps of blood íssue.  
I búsy my mínd  
With conjéctures, and óffering  
To the rúral nymphs hómage,  
And to fáther Gradívus,  
The Gétic plains' lórd,  
Beséech them to shéd  
On th' appéarance their bléssing,  
And avért the bad ómen:  
But whén I attépt

With a still greater éffort  
 The thírđ rod to wrénch,  
 And with my knees, púshing  
 Agáinst the sand, stráin —  
 Shall I spéak out or húsh? —  
 I héard from the tómb's depth  
 A píteous groan íssue,  
 And thús a voice ánswer:—

‘Why lácerate só  
 A póor wretch, Enéas?  
 Dead and búried let rést;  
 And thy kínd, tender hánds  
 With súch a crime stáin not.  
 Thine ówn Troy produced me,  
 And the blóod from this stálk  
 Drips not stránger to thée.  
 Ah! flée this land crúel,  
 These shores cóvetous flée,  
 For Í'm Polydórus,  
 And this spiky cróp  
 Has shot úp from the lánces,  
 Sharp-póinted and thícK-set,  
 That hére pierced me thróugh.’

“Then indéed I was fríghtened,  
 And stóod hesítating  
 In dóubt and amázeмент;  
 My vóice to my thróat clave,  
 My háir rose créct.  
 This Pólydore, érewhile,  
 With góld a great wéight,  
 To the Thrácian King's kéeping



Was privily sént '  
 By unfórtunate Priám,  
 When he sáw the besíegers  
 Invésting his cíty,  
 And begán to distrust  
 The Dárdan arms' stréngth.  
 His hóst, when the might  
 Of the Teúcri was bróken,  
 And their fórtune at ébb,  
 Takes párt with the cónquering  
 Arms Ágamemnónian,  
 And évery tie bréáking,  
 Kills Polydórus,  
 And clúches the góld.  
 O cúrsed thirst of góld,  
 To whát crime persuád'st not  
 The bósom of mórtals!

"When the fríght left my bónes,  
 I reláte to selécted  
 Chief mén of the péople,  
 And fírst to my sire  
 The pórtents celéstial,  
 And ásk their advice.  
 All are óf the one mínd,  
 To gíve the sails lóose  
 To the bréath of the Áustri,  
 And the wícked land léave,  
 That bróke a host's fáith.

"We sólemnize thérefore  
 The fúneral of Pólydore,  
 And the tímulus héap huge,

And pile up with éarth;  
Ánd to the Mánes  
Raise áltars, festóoned  
With dárk violet fillets  
And sórrowful cýpress.  
The wómen of Ílium  
Stand róund, as of wónt,  
With lóng hair dishévelled.  
Foaming mílk-boats funéreal  
Of wárm milk we óffer,  
And bówls of blood sácred;  
Then invóke with a lást shout,  
And in the tomb búry,  
The sóul of the déad.

“Then as sóon as the wínds  
And the séa had grown plácid,  
And séemed fair to prómise,  
And Áuster’s mild rústling  
To the hígh deep invited,  
Our créws o’er the shóres spread,  
And hául down the véssels;  
We sáil out of pórt;  
Lands and cíties recéde.

“Amidst the sea lies,  
Most delíghtful to dwéll in,  
A lánd consecráte  
To Néptune Aegéan  
And the móther of the Néreids;  
Which, in óld time wide flóating  
Abóut the coasts róund,  
The áffectionate Bówbearer

Bóund between lófty  
 Mýcon and Gýarus,  
 And stéadied secúrely,  
 That it might receive cúlture,  
 And at nóught set the winds.

“My cóurse I shape thither;  
 That móst placid island’s  
 Safe hárbour recéives us  
 Fatigued with our vóyage.  
 Disembarked, we bow dówn  
 With réverence befóre  
 Apóllo’s own cíty.  
 We are mét by King Ánius,  
 Ánius who King is  
 And hígh priest of Phóebus;  
 With his témples encircled  
 With láurel branch sácred  
 And díadem he méets us,  
 And sóon recognízing  
 His óld friend Anchíses,  
 Clasps the hánds of his guésts,  
 Who clasp his in retúrn,  
 And we énter the dwélling.

“In his tíme-worn stone témples  
 I wórshipped the Gód:—  
 ‘O gránt us, Thymbréus,  
 A hóme of our ówn;  
 To our wéariness gránt  
 A fórtified strónghold,  
 A pérmanent cíty,  
 And nátiónal líne.

Tróy's second Pergamus  
 Ó save in ús,  
 In ús, the poor résidue  
 Léft by the Dánaï  
 And rúthless Achílles.  
 Whóm bidst us fóllow?  
 Which wáy shall we túrn?  
 Or whére shall we sèttle?  
 Advise us, O síre,  
 And glide into our mínds.'

"Scárce had I sáid,  
 Whén of a súdden  
 All things seemed to rók,  
 And be pút into mótion,  
 Both the flóor of the témples,  
 And the God's láurel,  
 And the whóle mountain róund;  
 The shríne was thrown ópen;  
 And from únder its cúrtain  
 Forth bellowed the Trípod.  
 To the gróund we fall próstrate;  
 A vóice to our éars comes:—

'Hárdy Dardánidae,  
 That lánd, whence the prímitive  
 Stóck of your ráce came,  
 Will wélcome with jóy  
 Your retúrn to its láp:  
 Search ón, till ye find out  
 Your áncient móther:  
 Enéas' house thére  
 And his children's children

For éver and éver  
O'er áll lands shall réign.'

"So Phœbus; and gréat joy  
In áll rose tumultuous;  
And whére may that lánd be,  
They ásk one anóther,  
To which Phœbus bids them  
Their stráy footsteps túrn,  
And thére found their city.

"Then my síre, turning óver  
The óld-time traditions,  
Says:— 'Chieftains, give éar;  
And from mé learn your hópes,  
In the séa's midst lies Créte  
With its móuntain Idéan;  
The isle of great Jóve,  
And the crádle of our ráce;  
A rich teeming réalm  
With a húndred great cities,  
From thénce came of óld  
Our mighty síre Teúcer,  
If whát I have héard  
I récollect rightly,  
And chòse for his réalm's site  
The séacoast Rhoetéan.  
In the váles' depths they dwélt then,  
And as yét was no Ílium,  
No Pergámean tówers.  
Hence bórrówed those rites,  
That may nótt be discússed,  
Of the Móther that lóves



The háunts of Cybéle;  
Hence the Córybants' cýmbals,  
Hence Ída's grove bórrówed,  
And the lions yoked únder  
The cár of our Lády.  
Cóme then, let 's fóllo  
Whither the Góds lead;  
Let 's propítiate the winds,  
And the Gnóssian realms séek,  
No léngthy run dístant:  
With Júpiter's hélp,  
The third dáy sets our fléet  
On the séa-bord of Créte.'

"He sáid; and the Góds  
With due ófferings hónored;  
To Néptune a búll slew,  
To thée, fair Apóllo,  
A búll on the áltar;  
To Hiems, a bláck sheep;  
A white, to fair Zéphyrs.

"Expélled out of Créte  
And the réalms of his síres  
'Twas repórted that chieftain  
Idómeneus had fléd,  
And léft us a hóme there,  
And nóne to molést us.  
Ortýgia's port léaving  
We skím swiftly óver  
The ísland-sown séa,  
Through the clústering Cýclades,  
By Oléaros alóng,

And snówy - white Páros,  
 And vérdant Donýsa,  
 And the BÁCchanal - révelled  
 Móuntains of Náxos.  
 Chéerily sáilors call;  
 Búsy the hánds of all:—  
 ‘For the lánd of our fóresires,  
 For Créte,’ is the cry.  
 A wind rises áft,  
 And goes with us alóng,  
 Ánd to the shóres  
 Of the áncient Curétes  
 At lást we come gliding.

“I sét about thérefore,  
 And éagerly wórk at,  
 The wálls of the cíty  
 I ’d so lónged to see rísing;  
 And cáll it Pergámea;  
 And my péople exhórt  
 To cling clóse to a hóme  
 By so déar a name cálléd,  
 And réar high their cástle.

“But scárce were the ships  
 On the drý shore drawn úp;  
 And the yóung people búsy  
 With fármíng their nów lands,  
 And márriage contrácting;  
 And with láw-gíving, Í,  
 And assígning of dwéllings;  
 When ón the limbs súdden,  
 And ón trees and cróps,

From the póisonous áir  
 Of the únhealthy séason,  
 Came a péstilence pútrid,  
 A wrétched dísease,  
 That killed the sweet life  
 Or léft the frame sickly.  
 Burning Sírius the gráss  
 And the fields shrivelled úp;  
 And the dry, blasted cróp  
 No nóurishment yielded.  
 O'er the séa back agáin,  
 My síre bids us méasure  
 Our wáy to Ortýgia;  
 There to bég Phoebus' gráce,  
 And the óracle ásk,  
 To whát quarter nów  
 Is our cóurse to be sháped,  
 Whére may our wéariness  
 Hópe to find rést,  
 What énd, what relíef  
 He appoints to our lábors.

"'Twas níght; and all things  
 That had life were asléep;  
 When the Phrýgian Penátes,  
 Whose ímages sácred  
 I bróught with me óut  
 Of the mídst of Troy's flámes,  
 Seemed, ás I lay sléeping,  
 To stánd manifésted  
 In múch light befóre me,  
 Where the fúll moon was thróugh  
 The wide-ópen sash stréaming,

And thus to address me,  
And solace my cares:—

‘What Apóllo would téll thee  
Arrived at Ortygia,  
Behóld! he sends ús,  
Of his ówn free accórd,  
To decláre to thee hére.  
Since the fire of Dardánia  
Thy fórtunes we ’ve fóllowed  
And thóse of thine árms;  
We have sáiled in thy shíps,  
And alóng with thee méasured  
The swóllen sea acröss;  
’Tis wé that shall émpire  
Confér on thy city,  
And ráise to the stárs high  
The héirs of thy line.  
But thóu, from thy trável’s  
Long lábour not shrinking,  
Prepáre a great city  
For gréat men to dwéll in:  
It wás not on thése shores,  
It wás not in Créte,  
The Délian Apóllo  
Báde thee to séttle;  
Thou must séek other quárters.

‘Hespéria ’s the náme  
Which the Gráïï bestów  
On an óld warlike lánd,  
Of a rich fruitful glébe,

By th' Oenótrii ónce tilled,  
Ánd at the présent time  
Cálled, it is sáid,  
By the yóung race, Itália,  
From the náme of a chieáf.  
There our rightful abóde;  
Thence Dárdanus spráng,  
And fáther Iásius,  
The héad of our ráce.  
Úp, up, and jóyfully  
Téll thine aged síre  
These trúths beyond quéstion.  
Let him Córythus séek,  
Ánd th' Ausónian lands;  
Jóve to thee gránts not  
The fíelds Dictéan.'

“By the vision astónished,  
And vóice of the Góds,  
(Nor wás it mere sléep,  
For I pláinly obsérved  
The filleted háir,  
And lóok of the Déities  
Présent and spéaking;  
And the cóld sweat wás stréaming  
My whóle body óver,)  
I spríng from the cóuch,  
And my vóice, and the pálms  
Of my úpward-turned hánds,  
Dirécting towards héaven,  
Póur on the héarth-fire  
The unmixed-wine libátion.



"The wórship compléted,  
 I téll the whole cáse,  
 With jóy, to Anchíses.  
 He admitted the twófold,  
 Ambíguous, extráction;  
 Ánd that he hád now  
 A sécond time érred  
 Abóut these old pláces;  
 Then sáys:— 'O my són,  
 So by Ílium's fates hárrassed,  
 Cassándra alóne  
 Such advéntures foretóld me.  
 I récollect nów,  
 Her próphecies prómised  
 These réalms to our ráce,  
 And oft cálled them Itália,  
 Hespéria oft cálled them.  
 But whó could believe  
 That the Teúeri would cóme  
 To the cóasts of Hespéria?  
 Or whó had faith thén  
 In Cassándra's foretéllings?  
 Let us gíve way to Phóebus,  
 And, táught by this lésso,   
 Do bétter in fúture.'

"He sáys; and we áll,  
 Huzzáing and jóyful,  
 Obéy his commánd;  
 This sèttlement too  
 Desért, and a féw  
 Behínd in it léaving,  
 Set sáil, and awáy

In our hóllow ships scúid  
The vást sea-plain óver.

“And nów o’er the high deep  
We were hólding our wáy on,  
And no lánd was in sight,  
But on évery side róund us  
Sky ónly and séa,  
When, right óver our héads  
And the dárk curling wáves,  
Stood a lívid cloud lówering,  
With níght charged and témpet.  
In an ístant the wínds  
Raise the vást raging séa,  
And dispérse us and tóss us  
Abóut on the bíllows.  
Through rífts in the stórmclouds  
That hide from our sight,  
And láp in damp níght,  
The ský and daylight,  
Shoots the lightning in vólleys.  
We are driven from our cóurse,  
And dríft about blíndly  
Óver the wátters.  
Palinúrus himsélf  
Protésts he ’s unáble  
Dáy in the ský  
To dístínguish from níght,  
Ór, in the mídst  
Of the séa, find his wáy.  
Three dáys dí-m-dístínguished,  
Three stárless níghts, só  
In blínd dárkness we dríft;

On the fourth day at lénth  
 Land is first seen to rise,  
 And brings into view móuntains  
 Awáy in the dístance,  
 And shóws curling smóke.  
 Dówn drop our sáils,  
 To our óars we rise úp,  
 And withóut more adó  
 Awáy pull the créw,  
 And twirling the dripping foam  
 Swéep o'er the blúe.

“The Stróphades’ cóasts  
 Are the first to recéive me,  
 Sáved from the wátters;  
 The Stróphades, só  
 By a Gráian name cálléd,  
 Are íslands that lie  
 In the gréat sea Iónian,  
 Where díreful Celéno  
 And the rést of the Hárpies  
 Dwéll ever sínce  
 From their fórmér caróuse  
 They were fríghted awáy,  
 And agáinst them was clósed  
 The pálace of Phíneus.  
 More fóul pest than théy  
 The Góds’ wrath sent néver;  
 Néver from Stýgian wave  
 Róse dírer mónster.  
 Fáces of dámsels,  
 Bódies of bírds,  
 With fóulest dung-dróppings,

And hánds crooked to tálons,  
 And visages éver  
 Pállid with fámine.

“When, híther arrived,  
 We hád the port éntered,  
 Lo! we sée, everywhére  
 In the fields, without kéeper  
 Glád herds of óxen  
 And flócks of goats grázing.  
 Sword in hánd we rush ón,  
 Ánd to a sháre  
 Of the préy call the Góds,  
 And Júpiter’s sélf;  
 Then ráise dining cóuches  
 Upón the curved shóre,  
 And spléndidly féast;  
 Bút, on a súdden,  
 Dówn from the móuntains  
 The Hárpies are ón us,  
 With hórrible clápping  
 And clánging of wings,  
 Maráuding, despóiling,  
 Ánd with uncléan touch  
 Pollúting the víands;  
 Screaming díre all the while,  
 And a nóisome stench shédning.

“Agáin we lay óut,  
 In a pláce far remóte,  
 Undernéath an o’erhánging  
 Rock’s shélter, our tábles,  
 With trées closed all róund

And thick branching umbrage,  
Ánd on the áltars  
Agáin place the fire.  
Agáin come the cláinging pack  
Óut of their hidings,  
Ánd from a different  
Quárter round gliding,  
Pollúte with their tálons  
And fól mouths the viands.  
I thén bid my cómrades  
Betáke them to árms,  
And that wár with the díre crew  
Múst needs be wáged.  
They dó as commáded,  
Ánd in the hérbage  
Swórds hide and shíelds.  
Só when the whírr  
Of their dównward flight sóunded  
Alóng the curved shóre,  
And Misénus with trúmpet-blast,  
Fróm his high lóok-out,  
Has gíven them the sígnal,  
My cómrades rush ón,  
And the nóvel fight trý,  
To wóund with their swórds  
The séa's birds obscéne.  
But théy take no húrť  
Or on plúmage or bódý,  
And awáy toward the ský  
In rápid flight gliding,  
Their hálf-eaten préy  
Leave behínd and fowl tráces.  
On a lófty-browed rók



One, Celéno, her pérch takes,  
 And, únlucky sóothsayer,  
 Cróaks forth these wórds:—

‘And wáge ye war too,  
 O Laómedon’s sóns,  
 War too for the óxen  
 And stéers ye have sláughtered?  
 And will ye the innocent  
 Hárpies expél  
 From their cóuntry and réal’m?  
 Hear thérefore my wórds  
 And in your minds fix them.  
 What the Fáther almíghty,  
 To Phóebus Apóllo,  
 What Phóebus Apóllo  
 To mé hath foretóld,  
 I, the chief of the Fúries,  
 Revéal now to yóu.  
 For Itália you ’re bóund,  
 Ánd to Itália,  
 Áfter your vóws  
 Ye have máde to the winds,  
 Ye shall sáfely arrive,  
 Ánd to land ón it  
 Sháll be allówed you;  
 But ye sháll not wall róund  
 Your appóinted cíty,  
 Until áfter dire fámíne,  
 Avénging this úndeserved  
 Ónslaught on ús,  
 Has compélled you to nibble  
 And gnáw round your tréncers.’

“She said; and fled off  
To the wóod on her pínions.

“Then with súdden fear fréezes  
The blóod of my cómrades,  
Their cóurage is fálLEN,  
Nor will they on árms  
Relý any lónger,  
But with práyers and entréaties  
The góod will implóre  
Of those béings, whatever  
Their náture may bé;  
Góddesses whéther,  
Or díre birds obscéne.  
And fáther Anchíses  
With pálms wide spread óut,  
As he stánds on the shóre,  
Invókes the great Góds,  
And ordáins the due hónors:—  
‘Avért, ye kind Góds,  
The catástrophe thréatened,  
And your wórshippers sáve.’  
Thén bids them lóosen  
And sháke out the rópe coils,  
Ánd the stay cáble  
Haul óff from the shóre.  
South bréezes our sáils stretch,  
And, fólloving the cáll  
Of the stéersman and wind,  
We scud óver the fóam.

“And nów midst the wáves  
Shrub Zacýnthus appéars,

And Dulíchium, Sáme,  
 And Néritos' stéep cliffs:  
 We flée far awáy  
 From Láërtian Íthaca's  
 Rócky domáins,  
 And déep curse the lánd  
 That nürsed fell Ulýsses.  
 By and bý Mount Leucáta's  
 Súmmit tempéstuos,  
 And the fáne of Apóllo,  
 The térror of sáilors,  
 Upón our view ópens.  
 Our wéary course thither  
 We túrn, and heave tó  
 Beside the small city.  
 From the prów drops the áncor,  
 The stérns line the shóre.

"And só of firm lánd,  
 Beyond áll expectátion  
 At lást in posséssion,  
 We perfórm our lustrátions,  
 And Jóve's altars kindle;  
 And sólemnize gámes  
 In dischárge of our vóws,  
 And let Áctium's shores witness  
 The pástimes of Ílium;  
 Our fólk (in delight  
 To have máde good their flight  
 Through the mídst of the fée's  
 Many cíties Argólic),  
 Enácting with náked

And óil-besmeared shóuld-  
 Their nátive gymnástics.

“In the méantime the sún  
 Round the gréat year is rólled,  
 And frore winter’s north-éasters  
 Róughen the séa.  
 I bíd them their pláces,  
 Take ón the row-bénches,  
 And sét out from pórt.  
 But fírst in the frónt  
 Of the gáte I set úp  
 The cóncave brass búckler,  
 Great Ábas once cárried,  
 And with this scroll inscribe:  
*From the cónquering Dánaï*  
*Enéas these spóils took.*  
 Then évery oar stríves  
 Which will smíte the sea stóutest,  
 And brávely we swéep  
 O’er the fáce of the déep.

“Straightwáy from our viéw  
 Slip awáy the Pheácian  
 Citadels áiry.  
 Alóng by the cóasts  
 Of Epirus we skím,  
 The Chaónian port énter,  
 And líe to befóre  
 Buthrótus’ high cíty.

“An increíble rúmour  
 Here réaches our éars,

That of Phrygian Eácides'  
 Cónsort and scéptre  
 Nów in posséssion,  
 Priam's son Hélenus  
 Rúled far and wide,  
 O'er the Gráian cíties,  
 Ánd that Andrómache  
 Cálled once agáin  
 A compátriot, lórd.  
 I was strúck with amáze-  
 ment;  
 My bréast was inflámed  
 With a wóndrous desire  
 To spéak with the héro,  
 And héar from himsélf  
 Of advéntures so strá-  
 nge;  
 I léave fleet and shóre,  
 And walk úp from the pórt.

"It chanced, in a sácred grove  
 Óutside the cíty,  
 By the síde of a mimic  
 Símois' wáters,  
 Andrómache wéeping,  
 To the cín-  
 ders of Héctor  
 Was póuring libá-  
 tion,  
 The Mánes invóking,  
 And óffering the sólemn  
 And sád viand-óffering,  
 At the Cénotaph tímulus,  
 And twó sácred áltars,  
 She had búilt of green túrf.



"When she sáw me appróaching,  
 And abóut me men árméd  
 With the ármour of Tróy,  
 Séized with wild fríght  
 At the márvellous síght,  
 She gréw cold and stíff,  
 And sank dówn in a swóon;  
 And, áfter a lóng time,  
 Thus hárdly at lást said:—

'Is it a réal face,  
 And cóm'st thou thysélf,  
 Substántial and living,  
 Ó Goddess-bórn?  
 Or if unsubstántial  
 And nót of this wórld,  
 Then whý comes not Héctor?'  
 "She sáid; and with téars  
 And láments the whole pláce filled.

"With mínd discompósed,  
 And stámmering útterance  
 I can scárce to her ráving,  
 In sýllables bróken  
 These féw words replý:—  
 'I live indeed — dóubt not,  
 For réal what thou sée'st —  
 And thróugh all extrémities  
 Drág on existence.  
 O thóu that hast fálLEN  
 From a wédlock so hígh,  
 Ah! whát 's thy lot nów?  
 Is Pýrrhus thy lórd stíll?

Ór does a sùitable  
Fórtune at lást  
Visit hér that was ónce  
Héctor's Andrómache?

“She cást down her lóok,  
And with húmble voice sáid:—  
‘Oh! háppy was shé,  
Above áll Priam's dáughters,  
Who benéath Troy's high wálls,  
At the énemy's tómb  
Was commáded to díe;  
No lotcásting for cáptives  
Had shé to endúre,  
No béd ever tóuched  
Of a cónqueror and máster.  
But Í, made a sláve  
When my cóuntry was búrned,  
Over fár seas must trável,  
And the próud humors béar  
Of the háughty young shóot  
Of the stóck of Achilles;  
Who áfter a child's birth  
Transférred me, his bóndsmaid,  
To Hélenus his bóndsman,  
And awáy went a-wóoing  
Ledéan Hermíone's  
Hand Lácedemónian.  
But Oréstes, inflámed  
By the lóss of the bríde  
He so ténderly lóved,  
And his thóughts' even ténor

Disturbed by his own crime's  
 Retributive Furies,  
 Pounces on him unwary,  
 And slays him in front  
 Of the altar domestic.

'Neoptólemus déad,  
 A párt of his émpire  
 To Hélenus féll;  
 Who, from Cháon the Trójan,  
 These pláins called Chaónian,  
 And the náme of Chaónia  
 Bestówed on the kíngdom;  
 Ánd with this Pérgamus'  
 Stróng castle Ílian  
 These híll tops compléted.  
 But whát winds have blówn thee  
 To thése coasts of óurs?  
 Or whát fate hath léd thee,  
 What Gód driven thee, híther,  
 In ígnorance tótal  
 Of áll that has háppened?  
 And hów does Ascánius?  
 Is stíll the boy líving  
 Whom while Tróy was a city —  
 Is the lóss of his párent  
 A gríef to him sómetimes?  
 Does his bréast ever glów  
 With the óld martial spírit?  
 Does he éver remémber  
 He 's són of Enéas,  
 And néphew of Héctor?'

"As thús she was póuring  
 Her lóng lamentátion,  
 And áll in vain wéeping,  
 Forth óut of the fórtress,  
 By a gréat suite escórted,  
 Comes Priám's son Hélenus,  
 His friends recognises,  
 And léads with joy ín;  
 And with éach word he útters  
 Sheds mány a téar.

I obsérve on my wáy  
 How like to great Tróy  
 Their mimic Troy city  
 And Pérgamus tiny,  
 With the scánty dry stréamlet  
 They cáll after Xánthus,  
 And clásp to my bósom  
 Their Scáean gate's pórtal.

"Nór, at the sáme time,  
 Enjóyed not the Teúcri  
 Their city of friends;  
 The Kíng entertained them  
 In pórticoes ámple;  
 In the mídst of the háll  
 Stood the gólden-served bándquet;  
 And with bówls in their hánds  
 They libáted to Bácschus.

"And só, as awáy  
 Fleeted dáy after dáy,  
 And the bréezes of Áuster,  
 Infláting the lint-sheet,

Invited to sáil,  
 I accóست in these wórds,  
 And inquire of, the séer:—  
 ‘O thóu Trojan-bórn,  
 Who intérpret’st the Góds;  
 Who Phóebus’ divíne will  
 Percéivest and féel’st;  
 Who expóundest the Clárian’s  
 Láurels and trípods,  
 The sígns of the stárs,  
 And the lánguage of bírds,  
 And the ómens derived  
 From the swift-flying wíng,  
 O sáy — for the Góds,  
 With one ónly excepción,  
 To Ítaly cáll me,  
 And the lánds reserved fór me  
 Commánd me to trý;  
 And religion my whóle course  
 Has prómised me prósperous,  
 Only Hárpy Celéno  
 With áwful wrath thréatens,  
 And prédícts us a fámine,  
 Foul, stránge, and prodígious,  
 And súch as no píous soul  
 Dáre even spéak of —  
 Say whát ’s the chief dánger;  
 These dífficulties hów  
 Shall I bést shun or cónquer.

“Here Hélenus, fírst  
 Having sláughtered the stéers



By the ritual required,  
 Entréats the heaven's gráce;  
 And, unlóosing the tíar  
 From his sánctified héad,  
 Me, in ánxious suspénse  
 And áwe of the Gód's  
 Great mánifestátion,  
 Leads himsélF, in his hánd,  
 To thy dwélling, O Phóebus.  
 Thén in prophétic strain  
 Fróm his divine mouth  
 Thús sang the priest:—

‘O bórn of a Góddess!  
 Since the gréatness is pláin  
 Of the áuspices which  
 O'er the high deep escórt thee —  
 Since the mónarch of Góds  
 Appóints the Fates só,  
 So dispóses evént's  
 In succéssion and órder —  
 Sóme out of máný points  
 Í'll expláin tó thee,  
 That thou máy'st with more sáfety  
 The séa take for hóst,  
 And secúrely at lást  
 In Ausónian port séttle.  
 To knów more than this,  
 Or móre than this téll,  
 The bán of the Párcae  
 And Júnó Satúrnian  
 Hélenus hinders.

'First of áll, that Itália  
 Thou déem'st near at hánd,  
 And whose pórts thou prepar'st,  
 As if clóse at the dóor,  
 (Ah how little thou knów'st!)  
 All at ónce to inváde,  
 Beyond mány a lánd's  
 Wide impássable tráct  
 Lies fár far away.  
 Thine óar thou must tóg  
 In Trinácria's wátters,  
 The bríny Ausónian  
 Must návigate róund,  
 The Inférnal Lakes vísit,  
 And páss by the ísland  
 Of Círce Eéan,  
 Befóre thou canst sèttle  
 On sáfe land thy cíty.  
 I 'll téll thee the tókens:  
 Keep them stóred in thy mind.

'When thóu, in the mídst  
 Of thy tróuble and cáre,  
 Benéath the holm óaks  
 That bórder the báńks  
 Of a river retired,  
 A great white sow shalt fínd  
 Stretched at léngth on the gróund,  
 Giving súck to her fárrow  
 Of thirty young pígs,  
 Each as white as hersélf,  
 That spót 's thy sure rést  
 And the síte of thy cíty.

Nor lét thy flesh créep  
 At that gnáwing of trenchers;  
 The Fátes will a wáy find,  
 Apóllo when called on  
 Will cóme to thine áid.

‘But avóid the edge néxt us  
 Of Ítaly’s shóres;  
 Wicked Gráii inhábit,  
 And fill with their cities,  
 All that tráct which is wáshed  
 By this séa-surf of óurs;  
 Here the Lóeri Narýcian  
 Their cíty have built,  
 Ánd with his sóldiery  
 Lýctian Idómeneus  
 Óccupies wide  
 The Sállentine pláins.  
 Here too on the stréngth  
 Of her wáll Philoctétian  
 Relies with all cónfidence  
 Chief Melibóeus’s  
 Little Petília.

‘Even whén on the óff side  
 Thy fléet has arríved,  
 And ón the seashóre  
 Thou art ráising thine áltars  
 And páying thy vóws,  
 Thy lócks thou must shróud,  
 And thy fáce cover úp,  
 With a wrápper of púrple,  
 Lest, whilst at the blázing

And sanctified áltars  
Thou art hónoring the Góds,  
An énemy's fáce  
By some chánce meet thine eýe,  
And már all the ómens.  
Let thysélf, let thy cómrades,  
This cústom obsérve,  
Thy postérity éver  
In hóliness kéepe,  
And abide by, this rítual.

‘But whén on thy wáy  
Thou hast sèt out from hénce,  
And the wínd wafts thee néar  
To the cóast of Sicília,  
And the stráits of Pelórus  
Begin to grow wide,  
Keep awáy from the wátters  
And shóre on the stárboard,  
And, awáy to the lárboard  
In lóng circuit tácking,  
The léft shore sweep róund.

‘They sáy that these lánds,  
At first óne and continuous,  
Have, at sóme time or óther,  
With mighty convúlsion  
And vást wreck and rúin  
In twáin leaped asúnder,  
(So powérful is tíme's lapse  
To bríng about chánges,)  
And thát the sea, fórcibly  
Ín between rúshing,

Cut Ítaly óff  
 From the side of Hespéria,  
 Só that an ínterposed  
 Frith's narrow wátters  
 Now wash ópposite cíties  
 And ópposite fields.

‘The right side by Scýlla  
 Is gárrisoned stróng;  
 Charýbdis implácable  
 Síts on the léft,  
 And into her whirlpool,  
 Sheer dówn perpendicular  
 Three tímes in succéssion  
 Each vást billow súcks,  
 And to the úpper air  
 Thrice aloft flíngs each,  
 And láshes the stárs:  
 But Scýlla the fáce has  
 Óf a fair máiden,  
 And húman her búst is  
 As fár as the gróin,  
 Where it énds in a mónstrous  
 Huge trúnk of a grámpus,  
 To a wólf's belly knít  
 And the táil of a dólphin:  
 And óut of the dárk  
 Cavern-hóle that concéals her  
 She thrúst's her face fórh,  
 And drags shíps on the rócks.  
 Far bétter to cómpass,  
 Althóugh it deláy thee,



Trinácrian Pachýnus,  
 With lóng circuit róund,  
 Than one síngle look cást  
 On uncóuth shapeless Scýlla  
 In her vást cavern cróuching,  
 Or the rócks that resóund  
 With her blúe cub-wolves' bárk.

'Besides, (if in Hélenus  
 Áught be of wisdom,  
 If ány reliance  
 May be pláced in the séer,  
 And if but with trúth  
 Apóllo his mínd fílls,)   
 Of this póint, Goddess-bórn,  
 This one póint I'll forewárn thee,  
 This one póint above áll,  
 And óver and óver  
 And óver agáin  
 Will repéat and impréss it;  
 To Júnó's great Gódhead  
 Addréss thy first vóws,  
 To Júnó thy gifts bring,  
 To Júnó thy práyers sing,  
 And, with héart and soul póured forth  
 In húmble entréaties,  
 Subdúe to thy wishes  
 The pówerful dóнна:  
 So shált thou at lást  
 From Trinácria be pássed  
 To Ítaly's cónfines,  
 Succéssful, victórious.

'When Itália thou 'st réached,  
 And the city of Cúma,  
 And rustling Avérnus'  
 Divine woods and lákes;  
 Thou shalt sée the crazed máid  
 That benéath the coved rók  
 Writes her vèrses prophétic  
 On plúcked leaves of trées:  
 So lóng as the dóor  
 Of the cáve remains shút,  
 These présérve their due órder,  
 Arráanged as she léft them;  
 But whén the door ópens,  
 The first puff of wínd  
 Sends the ténder leaves flitting  
 The whóle cave abóut,  
 And the máid never cáring  
 To cách, and dispóse them  
 Anéw in their órder,  
 Inquirers awáy go  
 As wíse as they cáme,  
 And túrn with disgúst  
 From the cáve of the Síbyl.

'Here lísten not thóu,  
 Though thy cómrades may chide thee,  
 And a fáir wind may cáll thee,  
 And préss thee to sáil;  
 Nor the tíme lost to trável  
 Estéem of such válué,  
 As nót to go páy  
 Thy res pécts to the séer,  
 And bég she may pléase

Her closed lips to open,  
And give to her prophecies  
Utterance oral.

‘Duly worshipped, the priestess  
Will clearly explain thee  
The nations Italian,  
The wars that await thee,  
And how thou may'st best  
Flee or bear every toil;  
And on thy way prosperous  
Forward will send thee.  
With these admonitions  
My voice is permitted  
To warn and advise thee.  
Now go, and aloft  
With thy brave deeds exalt  
Mighty Troy to the ether.’

“The seer, when with friendly mouth  
Thus he had spoken,  
Bids massy gold presents  
Be brought to the vessels,  
And on board of them great store  
Of silver plate stows,  
And ivory fillagree,  
Bowls Dodonéan,  
And the linked coat of mail  
Neoptólemus wore  
Of triple gold wire,  
And his helmet so splendid  
With horse-tail appended  
To high towering crest.

Gifts apprópriate, too,  
He bestóws on my sire;  
And présents us with hórses,  
Présents us with pilots,  
The númber of rówers  
Fills up compléte,  
And with rowing implements  
Rígs us out nêw.

“Meantime to get réady  
Our másts and our cánvas,  
And nót lose the fáir wind,  
Anchises gives cóunsel:  
And thús, with much hónor  
Addréssing him, sáys  
The próphet of Phóebus:—

‘O thóu, worthy déemed  
Of Vénus’ high núptials,  
Special cáre of the Góds,  
Anchises, twice réscued  
From Pérgamus’ rúins,  
Behóld stretched befóre thee  
The lánd of Ausónia;  
Sail awáy for it stráight.  
This néar side, howéver,  
Skirt alóng without tóuching;  
Far fróm it apárt  
Lies that dístriet Ausónian,  
Apóllo throws ópen.  
On, ón, of a dúteous son  
Ó happy fáther:  
The Áustri aré rísing,

What néed of more tálking?  
Or whý should I lónger  
With préaching deláy thee?’

“Andrómache too,  
Sad at pártng for éver,  
Has bróught for Ascánus —  
Nor is the boy lóth  
With the gift to be lóaded —  
A Phrýgian-wrought Chlámys  
With figures embróidered  
Upón a gold gróund;  
And thús to him sáys:—

‘Take this too, my bóy;  
Let this wórk of my hánds  
Remínd thee sometímes  
Of the cónsort of Héctor,  
Ánd of the lóng love  
Andrómache béars thee.  
Take thy rélatíve’s lást gift,  
O thóu, the sole ímage  
On éarth to me léft  
Of Astýanax nów;  
Like thine weré his féatures,  
Like thine his hands’ móvéménts,  
His eýes glanced like thine,  
And he wóuld be, if líving,  
Just nów the same áge,  
Such a strípling as thóu.’

“With gúshíng tears thús  
I addréssed them at pártng:—  
‘Live in háppíness yé,



Who alréady your fórtunes  
Have máde and compléted.  
While wé out of óne fate  
Are cálléd to anóther,  
Rest 's provided for yóu:  
No wide-spreading séa-plain  
Have yé to plough óver;  
No fields of Ausónia,  
Still fléeing befóre ye,  
Have yé to pursúe.  
Ye have hére, in your sight,  
An image of Xánthus,  
A Tróy which your ówn hands  
Have búilt, let me hópe,  
With áuspices bétter  
Than thóse of the óld one,  
Ánd to the Gráii  
Of áccess less éasy.  
If éver the stréam  
Of the Týber I énter,  
If I éver arrive at  
The Týberine fields,  
And sée the strong city  
That 's gránted my péople,  
We 'll blénd and únite  
Into óne Troy in spírit  
The twó sister cities,  
The twó kindred péoples,  
This in Epírus,  
And thát in Hespéria,  
Bóth from one fórefather  
Dárdanus sprúng,  
And the sélfsame misfórtune;

Ánd may our children  
The bónd preserve éver.'

"Whilst alóng by the néighbouring  
Ceraúnians we stéer,  
Whence shórttest the pássage  
Acróss to Itália,  
The sún sets, and dárkness  
Falls thícK on the móuntains:  
Then divídng amóngst us,  
For tént-poles, our óars,  
We láy us full léngth  
On the lánd's welcome láp,  
And rést and refrésh us  
Alóng the dry béach  
At the édge of the wáter,  
Till déwy sleep sóftly  
Steals ón our tired limbs.

"Borne alóng by the Hóurs,  
Night hád not yet réached  
The mid arch of héaven,  
When úp from his cóuch  
Alert springs Palinúrus,  
And ín his ear's hólloW  
Each bréath of air cátelng,  
Tries hów the wind blóws:  
Notes áll the stars, silently  
Ín the sky glídng,  
The twáin Bears, Arctúrus,  
And Hýades ráiny,  
And cásts his eye róund  
On Oríon's gold tráppings;

Then séeing the whóle sky  
 For fáir weather séttled,  
 From the póop gives loud sígal:  
 We decámp, spread our sáils' wings,  
 And éssay the vóyage.

“And nów from befóre  
 The first réd of Auróra  
 The stárs had retréated,  
 When, díim in the díistance,  
 The hílls of Itália  
 And lówland, we sée.  
 ‘Itália!’ Achátes  
 Is first to cry óut:  
 Itália the whóle crew  
 Salúte with glad shóut.  
 Then fáther Anchíses  
 Tákes a great béaker,  
 And fílls it with púre wine,  
 And gárlands it róund,  
 And ón the high póop standing  
 Cálls to the Góds:—

‘Ye Góds that rule óver  
 Lánds, seas, and témpests,  
 Gránt us a fáir wind,  
 And próspér our vóyage.’  
 The wished-for breeze rises,  
 And wáfts us on stéady.  
 The hárbour, as néar we draw,  
 Ópens, and gives us  
 Full view of the témples  
 Of Cástrum Minérvae.

We fúrl sail, and tóward the shore  
 Túrn our ships' bóws in.  
 The créscent-shaped hárbour,  
 Scooped óut by the fórcé  
 Of the éasterly billows,  
 Lies híd from the viéw  
 By a lédge of rocks, éver  
 With sált sea-spray fúming.  
 The túrret-crowned cliffs  
 Send dówn to the shóre,  
 On this side and thát,  
 Their lóng flanking wáll.  
 Betwéen, in the dístance,  
 The témples 's seen rísing.

"Here I sée the first ómen;  
 Four hórses snow-white  
 In the ópen fields grázing:  
 And fáther Anchíses:—  
 'These hórses bode wár,  
 For hórses are párt  
 Of the équipage wárlike:  
 O lánd, thou recéivest  
 Our vísit with wár.  
 Yet there 's hópe of peace tóo,  
 For these véry same cáttle  
 Are at óther times wónt  
 To be yóked to one cár,  
 And to dráw in one hárnés  
 Harmónious togéther.'

"Then váiling our héads  
 With a clóse Phrygian múffle,

We bég, at armísonant  
 Pállas's áltars,  
 The bléssing and gráce  
 Of the déity hóly,  
 That héard the first jóyous  
 Hurráhs of our lánding;  
 And Hélenus' strictest  
 Injúctions obéying,  
 In due fórm offer úp  
 To Júnó of Árgos  
 The hónors commánded;  
 Then, as sóon as compléted  
 Our vóws' presentátion,  
 Turn séaward the hórn  
 Of our shéeted yard-árm,  
 And the fíelds leave behínd  
 And suspícious abódes  
 Of the bórn of the Graiï.

"Seen on óne hand the báy  
 Of Hercúlean Taréntum —  
 If fáme truly súrnames  
 Taréntum, Hercúlean —  
 While ópposíte rises  
 The témples Lacinian,  
 And Cáulon's hill fórtress,  
 Ánd Seylaceúm's  
 Shíp-wrecking héadland.  
 And awáy in the dístance  
 We sée from the bíllow  
 Trinácrian Étna:  
 And héar from afár  
 The lóud, broken róar



Of the séa on the shóre,  
As with áll its sands séething,  
And billows exúlting,  
It béats on the rócks.

“Then fáther Anchíses:—  
‘This cán be no óther  
Than thát same Charýbdis;  
These hére are the réefs,  
These the hórrible rócks,  
Of which Hélenus wárned us:  
Bear awáy, hearty féllows,  
And évenly ón your oars  
Rise all togéther.’

“They obéy the commánd;  
And first Palinúrus  
Róund to the lárboard  
The bráying prow túgs;  
Róund to the lárboard,  
With óars and sails tácking,  
The whóle squadron véers.  
On the crést of the swéll  
We rise úp to the ský,  
Then sink in its déep trough  
Down, dówn to the Mánes.  
The hóllow rocks thrice  
We heard róaring belów,  
Thrice with the spírted spray  
Sáw the stars dripping.

“In the méantime the wind,  
With depárting day, léaves us;

Ánd to the Cýclops' coasts,  
Óf the way ignorant,  
Wéary we glíde.

The pórt itself 's spácious,  
And fróm the wind shélted;  
But, with rúin horrífic,  
Close bý thunders Étna;  
Sometímes, with tornádo-burst,  
Úp to the éther  
A píchy cloud thrówing  
Of smóke and red áshes,  
Ánd the stars lícking  
With vólumes of flámes;  
Sometímes to the ský aloft,  
With a roar, bélching  
Mólten rocks rént  
From its ówn stony bówels,  
And vólleys of splinters,  
Ánd from its lówest depths  
Séething and bármíng.

“The rúmour is rífe,  
That benéath this huge Étna  
Squéezed lies Encéladus'  
Half thúnder-burnt bódý;  
Which has búrst ítself flúes,  
And blázes out thróugh  
The mass súperíncumbent,  
Ánd with a smóky web  
Wéaves the whole ský:  
And thát, every tíme  
He túrns himself óver  
To rést his tíred síde,

All Trinácria rúmbles,  
And tó the core trémbles.

“Of the nóises unéarthly  
We héard all that níght,  
As we láy in the wóods,  
No cáuse could we sée;  
For the ský's bright Ethéreal,  
And stárfires were ábsent,  
And through thick murky ráincloúds  
Dead mídnight's moon wáded.

“And nów in the éarly east  
Mórning was rising,  
And Dáwn had the díim sháde  
Dispélléd from the ský;  
When óut of the fórest  
A stránge apparítion  
Comes súddenly fóward;  
A mán, to the lást degree  
Wásted and hággard,  
And tó us a stránger;  
Ánd, in most píteous plíght,  
Tóward the shore strétches  
His súppliant hánds.

“We túrn our look tóward him:  
Long béard, and filth shócking;  
Clothes with thórns stuck togéther;  
In áll else a Gráían,  
And érst to Troy sént  
In his fátherland árms.

“But hé, still afár,  
 At the sight of Troy’s arms  
 And our cóstume Dardánian,  
 Checked his stép all at ónce,  
 And a while stood affrighted:  
 Then, áfter a lítte,  
 Rushed dówn to the shóre,  
 With téars and entréaties:—

‘Bý the stárs I adjúre ye,  
 Bý the pówers supérnal,  
 Bý the áir we ’re bréathing,  
 Ánd the light of héaven,  
 Táke me with ye, Teúcri,  
 Tó whatever lánds;  
 Tó whatever lánds,  
 Só from this ye táke me.  
 I dený not Í am  
 Óf those Dánaĩ óne  
 Whó with wár inváded  
 Thé Penátes Ílian.  
 Óf which misdemeánour  
 Íf so gréat the crime be,  
 Ín the vást sea drówn me,  
 Tó the billows flíng me,  
 Scátter mé, pieceméal;  
 To pérish Í objéct not,  
 Só it bé by mén’s hands.’

“He sáid; and róund our knées  
 Clúng, and rólled, and twisted:  
 His náme and his advéntures,  
 Ánd what stóck he ’s cóme of,

We bid him boldly téll:  
 And síre Anchíses' sélf  
 Óffers his hánd at ónce,  
 And with the immédiate plédge  
 Assúres the yóung man's mínd,  
 Who cónfident at lást says:—

‘By bírth I ám of Íthaca;  
 My náme is Ácheménides,  
 Unfórtunate Ulýsses' cómrade;  
 To Tróy, to séek my fórtune, sént  
 Bý my poor fáther Ádamástus —  
 Áh, that we stíll had póor remáined!  
 My cómrades, in their trépidátion  
 And hásty quitting óf the vást  
 And crúel cávern óf the Cýclops,  
 Have hére forsáken ánd forgót me.  
 Huge, góry, dárk, that bándquet-háll;  
 Himsélf knocks át the stárs, so táll:  
 Góds, from súch a mónster sáve us;  
 Íll to lóok at, íll to accóst;  
 A cánnibál, that ón the flésh  
 And grím blood óf poor wrétches féeds.  
 Mysélf have séen, where, ás he láy  
 Strétched on his báck in thé cave's mídst,  
 He séized with his broad hánd, and smáshed  
 Agáinst the róck two óf our númer,  
 And sét the flóor all róund abóut him  
 Swimming in a splásh of sánies.  
 Mysélf have séen undér his téeth  
 The wárm limbs quívering, ás he chámpe'd them  
 Óozy, and drípping with black góre:  
 Nót with impúnity hówéver;



Nor wére such pranks tamely' endúred  
 By Íthacús; nor díd Ulýsses  
 Forgét himsélf in thát conjúcture.  
 Fór on the ístant thát dead-drúnk,  
 And górged with fód, he dróoped his héad,  
 And láy, imménse, stretched thróugh the cáve,  
 Erúcting in his sléep a másh  
 Of wine, and blóod, and hálf-chewed flésh;  
 We, áll at ónce, (beséeching first  
 The gréat God's hélp, and tó each mán  
 By lót his séveral párt assignng,)  
 From évery síde round póur upón him,  
 Ánd with a shárp stake bóre the eýe,  
 The óne, huge, súnk eye, thát, as róund  
 As Phoébus' lámp or shield Argólic,  
 Gláred from benécath his lówering fórehead;  
 And só, with jóy, revénge at lást  
 The ghósts of óur compánions.  
 But flée, O wrétched béings, flée,  
 And bréak the rópe off fróm the shóre:  
 For éverywhére these cúrved coasts róund  
 A húndred óther Cýclops dwéll,  
 Ór in the lófty móuntains wánder,  
 Each óne as úgly, húge and mónstrous,  
 As thát same Pólyphémē, that péns  
 His wóolly flóeks in cávern hóllo,   
 Ánd from their údders thé milk squéezes.

'The móon is nów her hírns with light  
 The third time fílling, sínce amóng  
 The wíld beasts' désert háunts and hómes,  
 Hére in the wóods, I drág existence,  
 Eýe the vast Cýclops ón the rócks there,

And stárt at theír voice-sóund and fóotsteps.  
 Upón upróoted wéeds I féed,  
 And with the córnél's stóny bérries  
 Eke óut a pítifúl subsistence.

‘As áll things róund I réconnoítred,  
 Thís fleet tóward the shóre appróaching  
 Mét my view fírst; to ít, whatéver  
 It might be, Í ’ve consigned mysélf,  
 Cáreless by yóur hands hów I pérish,  
 Íf I escápe that créw accúrsed.’

“Scárcé had he sáid, when wé behóld  
 Upón the híll-top, mídst his shéep,  
 The shépherd Pólyphéme hímsélf,  
 Unwiéldilý his vást bulk móving  
 Ín the shóre’s well knówn diréction,  
 A hórríd, shápeless, húge, blind mónster.  
 A póllard píne-trunk, ín his hánd,  
 Stéadies ánd dirécts his stéps;  
 Alóng with híim keep cómpány  
 The wóolly shéep, his sóle delíght,  
 And ónly sólace óf his wóe;  
 Hís pástoral pípe hangs fróm his néck.

“Whén he had cóme down tó the wáter,  
 Ánd of the hígh waves félt the cóntact,  
 The brúised and clótted góre straightwáy  
 He wáshes fróm his éyeless sócket,  
 Gnáshing with his téeth and gróaning;  
 And thóugh far ín the séa he ’s wálking,  
 No wáve has báthed his táll flank yét.

“Wé, upon our part, silently  
 The cable cut, and taking with us  
 The suppliant who so well deserved it,  
 Spéed away in trépidation,  
 And bénding fórdward ón our óars,  
 Strive who will swéep the séa-plain fástest.

“He héard; and in the sóund’s diréction  
 His fóotsteps túrned; but wén he cóuld not  
 Lay hánd upón us, ór pursúe  
 Fást as the Íonian wáves retréated,  
 He ráised such án imménse loud shóut  
 As máde the séa with áll its wáves,  
 Ánd the whole lánd of Ítaly trémble,  
 Tó its inmost córe affrighted,  
 And Étna’s croóked cáverns béllow.

“Thén from the wóods and lófty móuntains  
 Dówn to the pórt excited rúshing,  
 The clán of Cýclops fills the shóres.  
 With grim-scówling lówering eyé,  
 Disappóinted thére they ’re stánding  
 Ín full viéw, the Etnéan bróthers,  
 A hórrid dívan, hígh to héaven  
 Their táll heads réaring, like a gróup  
 Of lófty-tópped aérial óaks,  
 Or cýpressés coníferous,  
 High sácred-gróve of Jóve or Dían.

“To lóose our sáils out tó the bréezes,  
 Ánd flee héadlong ány whither,  
 The shárpness óf our féar impéls us;  
 But wárned by Hélenús’ instrúctions

Nót to attépt the nárrow pássage,  
 Séparáing déath by Scýlla  
 Fróm Charýbdis' néighbouring déath,  
 To stéer our cóurse back wé detérmine —  
 Whén from Pelórus' stráits — behóld!  
 Bóreas comes dówn, and sóuthward béars us  
 Pást Pantágia's rócky móuth,  
 And Mégara's inlet, ánd low Thápsus:  
 These pláces Ácheménides,  
 Hápless Ulýsses' cómrade, shówed us,  
 Ás we bóre him báck alóng  
 The cóasts he fórmérly had saíled up.

“An ísland — cálléd of óld, Ortýgia —  
 Strétches acróss the báy Sicánian,  
 In frónt of bíllowy Plemmýrium.  
 Fame sáys that híther Élis' river  
 Alphéus wróught his hídden wáy  
 Únder the séa's bed, ánd is nów  
 Thróugh thy fóuntain, Árethúsa,  
 Mixed with thé Sicilian wáves.  
 Tó the great lócal Déities hére  
 The réverénce prescribéd we rénder;  
 Then léave belínd the sóil enriched  
 Bý the o'erflówing óf Helórus,  
 And, únder thé tall préecipíces  
 Óf Pachýnus' rócky héadland  
 Álong cóasting, sée, far óff,  
 Cámarína, bý the Fátes  
 Ínterdictéd fróm all móvement,  
 And Géla — só calléd fróm its river —  
 Wild Géla, ánd the pláins Gelóan.  
 Steep Ácragás, the bréeder ónce

Of génerous hórses, thén displáys  
Ín the dístance its vast rámparts.  
Thee too, with á fair wind, we léave,  
Pálmy Selínus, ánd scud ón  
Óver the dífficult Lílybéum's  
Réefy wáters. Drépanum's pórt,  
And jóyless shóre recéive me thén.  
Hére, after áll my búffetings  
With the tempéstuous séa, I lóse,  
Alás! I lóse my síre Anchíses,  
Sólace of áll my tóils and cáres;  
Hére thou desértest thý tired són  
O bést of síres, alás! in váin  
Snátched from the mídst of só great dángers.  
Néither síre Hélenús this gríef,  
Though mány a hórror hé predicted,  
Nor díre Celéno éver tóld me.  
This was the lást of áll my tróubles,  
The góal of mý long trávels this.  
Whén I depárted thénce, a Gód  
Lánded me hére on yóur sea-bórd."

Só, while all listened, síre Encás  
Reláted thé dívine ordáinments,  
Ánd his trávels' history tóld;  
And hére at lást came tó an énd,  
And céased alike from wórd and áction.

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#### IV.

But all this long while the Queen 's sorely fretting,  
The poison of the wound works in her véins,  
A slow and smouldering fire wastes hér away;  
Óft to her mind recurs how excellent  
The man himself, honored how much the nátion;  
His looks and words adhére fixed in her breast,  
Nór to her frame allóws care plácid sléep.

Mórrów's Auróra hád from héaven remóved  
The húmid sháadow, and with lámp Phoebéan  
Was súrveying the éarth, when, sick at héart,  
She thus accósts her sóul-accórding sister:—  
“O síster Ánn, what térrifyíng visions  
Distráct and fill me with anxictý!  
What néw-sort guést this, tó our séats arríved!  
How dignified the expréssion of his fáce!  
How stróng and stálwart áre his chést and árms!  
I think, nor váin the thóught, he 's of the Góds' race,  
For tímorous éver is the lów-born mínd.  
Alás, by whát fates hé was tóssed abóut!  
What wárs fought tó the drégs he sáng! Were 't nóť  
My mínd's fixed and immútable resólve  
No móre with ány óne in márríage bónd  
To assóciate mé, since of my first attáchment

I wás by Déath so chéated and beguiled —  
 With útter tédium túrned I nót from wédlock,  
 I might perháps to this one fáult succumb.  
 Ánna — for Í 'll conféss it — since the tíme  
 My spóuse Sichéús mét his wrétched fáte,  
 Ánd the Penátes with a frátricide  
 Were sprinkled, this man sóle my résolution  
 Hath máde to tótter, and my féelings biassed:  
 I knów the márks of the óld famíliar fláme.  
 But ráther lét the yáwning éarth ingúlf me,  
 Or with his thúnder thé omnípotent Sire  
 Tó the shades húrl me — Érebús' pale shádes;  
 And night profóund — than thát, O Módesty,  
 I violate thée or sín agáinst thy láws.  
 Hé that first jóined me tó him bóre awáy  
 My lóves at his depárture; lét the sáme  
 Still háve, and in his sépulchre presérve, them.”  
 She sáid; and fílléd with gúshing téars her bósom.

Ánna replíes:— “O thóu, than líght more déar  
 Untó thy síster, shált thou lónely pine,  
 And wáste awáy in célibáte perpétual,  
 Nor chíldren swéet, nor Vénus' guérdoms knów?  
 The cín-ders, trówest thou, ór sepúlchred Mánes  
 Have thát care? Gránt, no súitors érst thy síck,  
 Despónding mínd have influénced, in Líbya  
 Or prévious Týre; Iárbas wás despísed,  
 And tríumph-téeming Áfric's óther chiefs;  
 Múst thou fight thérefore éven with a lóve that pléases?  
 Bethínk'st thee nót in whóse fíelds thóu hast séttled?  
 How hém thee ín on this síde thé Getúlian  
 Cíties and tríbes invíncible in wár,  
 The bíttless Númid ánd waste kíndless Sýrtés;

On thát the thirsty désert, ánd Barcéi  
 Maráuding wide? see'st thóu no wárs in Týre's  
 Horizon rising, héar'st no bróther's thréats?  
 With Júnó's áuspicsés and fávoring Gódhead,  
 I dóubt not, háve the Ílian véssels héld  
 Their híther cóurse: O síster, whát a city  
 Shált thou behóld this! whát a kingdom sée  
 Rise out of súch a márrriage! Cómpanied  
 By Teúcrian árms to whát vast héights shall réach  
 The Púnic glóry: ónly thóu the Góds' gráce  
 Beg dúly ánd obtáin with sácrafíce;  
 Then gíve thy hósptálitý free scópe,  
 Ánd with excúse upón excúse deláy him:  
 Ships crázy — stórmý sée — watrý Orion —  
 In súch rough wéather whó wóuld thínk of sáiling?"

Her lóve-sick mínd with thése words shé inflámed,  
 And bléw to kindling, ánd in the pláce of dóubt  
 Put fírm hope, ánd turned módesty adríft.  
 First to the fánés they gó, and mídst the áltars  
 Seek gráce with wónted ófferings óf seléct  
 Sécond-year shéep to Législátive Céres,  
 Phóebus and síre Lyéus; ábove áll  
 To Júnó, pátronéss of márrriage bónds.  
 Óut of a pátera, in her ríght hand héld,  
 HérselF, most lóvely Dído, póurs the wine  
 Betwéen the twó horns óf a bríght white ców,  
 Ór in the mídst of thé fat áltars páces  
 Befóre the présent Góds, and sólemnísing  
 The dáy with ófferings, ánd re-sólemnísing,  
 Intént pores ón the béstíal's ópened bréasts,  
 And cóunsel áskés of thé still bréáthíng éntíails.  
 Ah, líttle knéw the sóóthsayers! vóws whát úse,

What úse are témples tó her in her fréncy?  
 The fláme eats hér soft márrow ál the whíle,  
 The vóiceless wóund benéath her bósom ránkles.  
 Stúng to a fúry, hápless Dído spéeds  
 Érrant and áimless ó'er the tótal city:  
 Thróugh the Dictéan wóods and bóskey gládes  
 So flées ahéad the hínđ that shépherd's árrow  
 Hath píerced from fár mid Crétan wóods, unwáry,  
 And cárries ín her flánk the déadly réed,  
 Nor wóts the húnter thát his shót has táken.  
 Now thróugh the fórts she léads Enéas with her,  
 Shéws him the wéalth Sidónian, city réady;  
 Bégins to spéak out, stóps in the mídst of the séntence;  
 Nów at day's fáll reséeks the féast, and crázed  
 Intréats to héar once móre the Ílian tóils,  
 Once móre hangs ón the líps of thé narrátor;  
 Áfter, when ál are góne, and ín her túrn  
 The móon goes dówn, and stárset cóunsels sléep,  
 Lone móurning ín the éempty hóuse, she léans  
 Óver the cóuch where látely hé reclíned,  
 And sées him présent stíll, and héars him spéaking;  
 Or chármed with thé resémblance tó his síre,  
 Hólds in her láp Ascánius, tó beguile,  
 Íf at all póssible, the míscréant pássion.  
 The túrrets háve ceased rísing; thé young mén,  
 Práctísing árms; ports áre no móre prépared,  
 Or militáry búlwarks sáfe and sùre;  
 The wórks hang ínterrúpted óf the húge  
 And frówníng wálls, and éngines hígh as héaven.

That súch a pést had hólđ of hér, so sóon  
 As Jóve's dear spóuse percéived, and thát her pássion  
 Befóre it swépt the bárríer óf fair fáme,

Satúrnia in these wórds addrésses Vénus:—  
 “Nótable práise, indéed, and ámples spoíls  
 Ye cárry óff, thou ánd thy són — a gréat  
 And mémoráble náme — by ártífice  
 Of twó divínities íf one wóman ’s cónquered;  
 Nor só purblínd am Í as nótt to sée  
 That dréad of whát my cápítal may yét be  
 Mákes thee suspícious óf high Cárthage’ hómes.  
 But whát shall bé the bóund? or tó what púrpose  
 So gréat conténtions? whý not ráther stúdy  
 Péace everlásting bý a márriage cóntract?  
 Whát with thine whóle soul thóu hast sóught is thine:  
 Dído ’s in lóve — on fire — through áll her bónes  
 The pássion ráges — lét us thén this péople  
 Góvern in cómmon, ánd with áuspícés  
 Équal: let hér obéy a Phrygian húsband,  
 And hánd the Týrians ó’er in dówer to thee.”

To hér — for shé percéived the spéech was féigned  
 With púrpose tó divért to Líbya’s cóast  
 Th’ Itálian émpire — Vénus thús replíed:—  
 “Whó so insénsate tó refúse such óffer,  
 And chóose in préférence a wár with thee,  
 Might ónly fórtune tréad in the stéps of the déed?  
 But Í ’m kept vacilláting báck and fóward,  
 Unáble Fáte’s inténtion tó discóver,  
 And whéther it be Jóve’s will tó permít  
 The Týrians ánd Troy’s travellérs be blént  
 Ínto one péople, with one cómmon cáuse,  
 One cíty cápítal: his cónsort thóu,  
 The privilége thine to try what práyers may dó:  
 Ón; I will fólloiw.” Róyal Júnó thén:—  
 “That tásk be míne; and nów — gíve héed — I’ll téach thee



In féw words hów to a háppy clóse may bést  
 Be bróught this búsiness: théy prépare to gó —  
 Enéas ánd most wrétched Dído with him —  
 Ínto the wóods to hún't, soon ás the béams  
 Of rising Titan háve tomórrow's wórl'd  
 Uncóvered. Dówn upón them, át the móment  
 Óf the extrémest húrry óf outriders  
 To inclóse with néts the brákes where thé game pástures  
 Amóng the wóods, I 'll póur a bláckening stórm  
 Of háil and ráin, and róuse the whole ský with thúnder;  
 The cómpány, with dínnight cóvered, flée  
 On all sides. Dído ánd the Trójan chief  
 Méet in the sáme cave. Í 'll be présent thére,  
 And Hýmen with me; ánd, on thy good wíll  
 Íf I may cóunt sure, thére I 'll jóin her tó him,  
 And with a lásting márríage máke her his."  
 Not lóth yields Cýtheréa thé consént  
 Required, and sníles at thé device ingénious.

Mórn hath arisen meanwhile, and léft the ócean;  
 Fórth, at the first blaze óf the stár of dáy,  
 Póur from the gátes the chósen prime óf the yóuth,  
 With néts, and gíns, and hún'ting spéars broad-bláded,  
 Rider Massýlian, ánd quick-scénted hóund.  
 The élite óf the Póeni róund the pálace  
 Awáit the Quéen, who língers in her chámber;  
 In crímsón ánd in góld capárisoned stánding,  
 The méttled chárger chám্পs thé bít to fóam.  
 At léngth with á large éscort shé sets fórward,  
 Clá'd in Sidónian chlámys with limned bórder:  
 Of góld her quíver; tíed her lócks in góld;  
 Gólden the cláspings óf her púrple vést:  
 The Phrýgians tóo set óut, and glád Iúlus,

And, hándsomést of áll, Enéas' sélf,  
Whose cóming jóins the twó troops into óne.

As whén Apóllo Xánthus' stréams desérting  
And Lýcian winter, tó matérnal Délos  
Pays visit, ánd new stáblishés his chóirs;  
And róund the áltars rise the mingled vóices  
Of Crétan, Dryóps ánd dyed Ágathýrse;  
Himsélf walks frée upón the slópes of Cýnthe,  
Móulding his flówing lócks, and with soft fóliage  
Binding, and góld impláiting; ón his shóuldres  
The dárts clang; nó less lively móved Enéas,  
Nó less surpássing gráce beamed fróm his féatures.

Whén to the lófty móuntains théy have cóme  
And déns imprácticáble; ló! the wild goats,  
Driven from the highest óf the crággy súmmits,  
Run dówn the stéep slopes; in anóther quárter,  
Acróss the ópen pláins, in dústy gróups  
The déer scour fugítive, and quit the móuntains.  
Bút in the válleys' mídst the bóy Ascánus  
Jóys in his méttled stéed, and nów past thése,  
Past thóse nów ráces, ánd would fáin to his vóws  
'Móngst the dull béasts some fóaming bóar were gránted,  
Ór from the móuntain cáme dówn thé tawn líon.

Begins meanwhile confúsió in the ský  
Ánd a great rúmbling; fóllows háil-and-ráin-storm;  
The Týrian cómpany, Trójan yóuths, and Vénus'  
Grándson Dardánian, fríghted, várious shéltér  
Séek everywhére the fíelds thróugh; fróm the móuntains  
Rush rívers; Dido ánd the Trójan chíef  
Arrive at thé same gróttó; prímal Téllus

And Júnó Prónubá give signal; cónscious  
 Éther upón the márrriage fláshes líghntings,  
 Ánd from the tóp o' th' crág the nýmphs cry "wóe!"  
 That dáy was óf her déath first órigin,  
 First órigin óf her tróubles; récks no lónger  
 Appéarancés or réputátion Dído,  
 Nor is 't a stólen amóur she méditates nów:  
 She cálls it wédlock; scréens her fáult with thát name.

Incóntinént through thé great Líbyan cíties  
 Goes Rúmor; Rúmor spéedíest of ílls:  
 Whose lífe líes ín actívity; who gáins  
 Vígor by móving ón; fear kéeps her smáll  
 At fírst; but býe and býe she réars hersélf  
 Hígh toward the áir, and wáلكing ón the gróund  
 Her héad amíd the clóuds pokes. Párent Téllus,  
 In ánger át the Góds, they sáy, producéed her,  
 Encéladús' and Coéus' yóunger síster,  
 Swíft-footed ánd strong-winged; huge, hórrid mónster,  
 That cúnts for évery féather ón her bódý,  
 O wónderfúl! a wátchful eýe benéath,  
 A tóngue, a gárrulous móuth, a prícked-up éar.  
 By níght, no líd to swéet sleep dróoped, she flíes  
 I' th' dárk, mid-wáy betwíxt the ský and éarth,  
 Whírring; by dáy síts séntínél on róof-top  
 Or lófty tówer, and térrífiés gréat cíties,  
 No léss of fálse and slándéroús tenácious,  
 Than trúth-annóuncing. Shé the pópular mínd  
 With mánífold díscóursings nów was fílling,  
 Jóyous; and fáct álíke and nó-fact brúited:  
 That Trójan -spríng Enéas hád arríved,  
 And béauteous Dído déígs to máte to táke him;  
 And nów the lívelong wínter wíth each óther

They while away in luxury and riot,  
 Thoughtless of empires, slaves of a base passion.  
 Such import the foul Goddess everywhere  
 Spreads amongst men's mouths; then toward king Iarbas  
 Incontinent her course turns; with her words  
 Kindles his spirit, and heaps high his fires.

Hé was the son of Ámmon by the rape  
 Of the nymph Gáramántis, and had raised  
 Through his wide realms a hundred temples huge  
 To Júpiter, and on a hundred áltars  
 Lighted eternal watchfires to the Gód.  
 Rich was the floor around with blood of cattle,  
 Blooming the doors with variegated wreaths.  
 Fired by the bitter rumor, hé is said  
 To have uplifted suppliant hands supine  
 Before the áltars, in the holy présence,  
 And thus besought Jove much in his distraction:—

“Almighty Jove, in honor of whom now  
 The Móorish nation, rising from the feast's  
 Embróidered cushions, pours the wine-libation,  
 Behold'st these things? Or, when thou hurl'st thy thunder,  
 Are there no grounds, sire, wherefore we should shudder,  
 And is the bolt that frights our souls all aimless,  
 Empty the noise in the clouds? A wandering woman  
 Who built in our confines a tiny town  
 On purchased site; to whom we granted leave  
 Our coast to till, and act the petty Queen,  
 Hath spurned our proffered wedlock, and ta'en home  
 Enéas to be lord of self and realm;  
 And now yond Páris, with his half-man suite,  
 Chin-stayed Méonian mitre, and moist tresses,



Enjoys his plunder; to thy temples we  
Bring gifts forsooth, and fondle an empty name."

Him praying so, and holding by the altars  
Th' Almighty heard, and toward the royal-fortress,  
And lovers, of a better fame forgetful,  
His eyes turned; then to Mércury thus said,  
And gave commission:— "Gó, son, call the Zephyrs;  
Glide on thy wings down; and to the Dárdan chief  
Who now in Týrian Cárthage whiles his time,  
Regardless of the cities the Fates grant him,  
Bear through the supple air my words:— 'Not such  
Promised him to us his most lovely mother,  
Nor for such purpose twice from Gráian arms  
Snatched him; but to be who should rule Itália  
Gravid with empires, roaring wild with war;  
Who should perpetuate Teúcer's lofty line,  
And reign lawgiver o'er the total world.  
If cold he turns from so great glorious prospect,  
And will not for himself moil, can a sire  
Grudge to Ascánius the towers of Róme?  
What makes he? or amidst a hostile nation  
With what expectation lingers; nor one look  
Casts toward Ausonian progeny, and fields  
Lavinian? Let him sail; this is the sum;  
Of this our message be ambassador."

'Twas said; and he the mandates of his great sire  
To obey prepared; and first ties on his feet  
The golden anklets, which, or over land  
Or over sea-plain, bear his flight sublime,  
Swift as the blast; then takes the wand with which  
From Órcus he evokes the pallid souls,  
Or to sad Tártarus dismisses down,



Gives sléep and wáking, ánd dead eýes unséals.  
 By virtue óf this wánd he márshalled nów  
 The winds to his wíll, and with them flóated smóoth  
 The múrky clóuds acróss; and nów he kéns,  
 Dówn as he flíes, the súmmit ánd steep sides  
 Of hárd-endúring Átlas, whó the ský  
 Próps with his crówn; Átlás, whose héad piníferous  
 Black clóuds perpétual gírd, and winds and ráins  
 Báttér; with snów mantléd his shóuldérs; rívers  
 Rúsh from his áged chin dówn; stíff and brístling  
 His béard with íce. Here first Cylléníus stáyed  
 His éven-winged flíght; hence tóward the wátérs dówn  
 Flúng him precipítous. As flíes a bírd  
 Abóut the shóres, the físhy rócks abóut,  
 Lów, near the wáter; só from his matérnal  
 Grándsire descéding, thé Cyllénian óffspring  
 Fléw betwíxt éarth and ský, and cút his wáy  
 Alóng the winds, by Líbya's sándy cóast.  
 Són as his wínged soles tóuched the Líbyan kráals,  
 Enéas méets his viéw, housés erécting  
 And fóunding pálacés; a swórd he wóre  
 With aúburn jásper stárréd; and fróm his shóuldérs  
 A clóak, the présent óf rich Dído, húng,  
 Whose gólden wóof was bý her ówn hands thrówn  
 Acróss a wárp of glówing Týrian púrple:  
 In wórds like thése immédiate hé accósts him:—  
 “Thóu the foundátions óf high Cárthage láy'st,  
 And réar'st uxórious á fair cíty? áh,  
 Forgétful óf thy réalm and ówn affáirs!  
 From bríght Olýmpus sénd me dówn to thée  
 Hímself the rúler óf the Góds, who túrns  
 Éarth and the ský with his déity; hímself  
 Bids béar this méssage thróugh the súpplé áir:

What mák'st thou, ór with whát expéctance línger'st  
 Ídle in Líbyan lánd? If cóld thou túrn'st  
 From só great, glórious próspect, ánd moil'st nóť  
 For thíne own próper práise, regárd Ascáníus,  
 Regárd thy rísing héir, hopefúl Iúlus;  
 To whóm are dúe the kíngdom óf Itália  
 And Róman lánd." So háving sáid, Cylléníus  
 The mórtal vísion léft abrupť, and fár  
 Ínto the thín air vánished fróm the eýes.

Enéas át the síght stood dúmb and wítless;  
 His háir with hórror brístled, ánd the vóice  
 Cláve to his throát. Astónished át so great  
 Monítion ánd commándment óf the Góds,  
 He búrns to flée áwáy, and léave that swéet land.  
 Ah! hów procéed? with whát accóst now dáre  
 Come róund the ráging Quéen? make whát exórdium?  
 And híther nów his súpple mínd he húrries,  
 Now thíther, ánd toward évery síde dívides;  
 Tries évery wáy, and, vácilláting lóng,  
 At lást thus fixes. Mnéstheus ánd Sergéstus  
 And bráve Serést he cálls, and bíds, the fléet  
 In sílence fit out; tó the shóre the créws  
 Down gáther; thé sea ímpleménts prépare;  
 And whát the occásion óf the móve díssémbles.  
 Hímself meanwhile, sínce únware éxcellent Dídó,  
 Nor bréach of só great lóve expécteth áught,  
 Will trý how bést to appróach her; whích the sóftest  
 Tímes for díscóurse; what thé propítious méthod.  
 Tó the commándér áll yíeld glád obédíence,  
 And quíck perfórm the órders. Bút the Quéen —  
 Whó may decéíve the lóver? — féaring dánter,  
 Becáuse there séems to bé none, ís the fírst

To catch an inkling of the intended movement,  
 And wares the guile beforehand. The same heartless  
 Rumor has set her raging with the news  
 Of outfit of the fleet, and preparations  
 For sailing. Furious, to a frenzy kindled,  
 She baceh'nals through th' whole city, like a Thyias  
 Whom the return of the triennial orgies  
 Goads to delirium, when the sacred stores  
 Are all put into movement, and at night  
 Cithéron's vocal with the shout of "Bacchus!"  
 At last, of her own motion, she accosts  
 Enéas thus:— "And hast thou hoped, perfidious,  
 Thou might'st so great enormity dissemble,  
 And, not one word said, from my land depart?  
 Our love — thy plighted right hand — not detains thee  
 Nor Dido left to die a cruel death?  
 Aye! thou must even beneath the stars of winter  
 Rig out thy fleet; must hurry to the high-deep  
 Even in the North wind's teeth, thou cruel! What?  
 If ancient Tróy were standing, and 'twas not  
 For homes unknown and foreign lands thou sail'dst,  
 Would'st thou for Tróy sail cross the billowy sea-plain?  
 Is't me thou flee'st? By these tears and thy right hand  
 (Myself have left my wretched self nought else) —  
 By our connúbials — by our undertaken  
 Marriage — if aught of thee I have deserved well —  
 If aught of mine was ever to thee dear —  
 Take pity on a falling house, I pray  
 (If prayers may yet avail), and do that mind off.  
 Because of thee the Libyan nations hate me,  
 And Nomad Kings; because of thee, in choler  
 The Týrians; through the means of the same *thee*  
 Extinct my modesty, and (only path

Which led me toward the stars) my former fame.  
 To whom desért'st me in my dying need,  
 Guest, since the name of spouse thou know'st no longer?  
 Why prolong life? Is it until my brother  
 Pygmálion overturn my city's ramparts,  
 Or the Getúle lárbas lead me captive?  
 Hád I but hád of thée, before thy flight,  
 Some prógený; played bút in mý pavilion  
 Some little Enéas, nót resémbling thée  
 Excépt in féatures, Í should nót, methinks,  
 So whólly óverraught seem ánd desérted."

She said. He, of Jove's admonition mindful,  
 His eyelights held unmoved, and strúggling pressed  
 Dówn to his héart the cáre; then ánswered brief:—  
 "Néver shall Í dený, O Quéén, that gréat  
 Are thy desérts toward mé as thóu canst find  
 Wórd's to expréss; nor éver áught but jój  
 Sháll the remémbrance of Elísa bring me,  
 So lóng as Í hold mémory of mysélf,  
 So lóng as ó'er these límbs the spírit rúles.  
 Few wórd's the cáse réquires; I néver hóped  
 (Invént it nót) to híde a stéalthy flight;  
 Of spóusal tórch I néver máde proféssion,  
 Nór to a cómpact of that kind was pártý.  
 Í, if the fátes permittéd mé to líve  
 Self-góverned, ánd make séttlement of my cáres  
 As Í might chóose, wóuld páy my first atténtions  
 Tó the sweet rélics of my Trójan hóme;  
 Priám's high dwélling shóuld have pérmanéce,  
 Ánd I wóuld rébuild Pérgamus fór the cónquered.  
 But nów to gréat Itália thé Grynéan  
 Apólló bíds betáke me, tó Itália



The Lÿcian fâte-lots; thére then is my lôve,  
 My cóuntry thére. If Cárthage' citadéls,  
 This Líbyan city's smíle, have chárms for thée,  
 For thée Phoenician, whérefore tó us Teúcrians  
 Grúdgést a sèttlement in the Ausónian lánd?  
 Óurs the same right as thíne to séeke far kíngdoms.  
 Mé, oft as níght with húmid sháde the éarth  
 Cóvers, oft ás the fiery stárs arise,  
 The tróubled ímage óf my síre Anchíses  
 Admónishés in dréams and térrífiés;  
 Me mónishés my són Ascáníus' wróng,  
 Whose déar self Í defráud of thé Hespérian  
 Réalm, and the lánds pronóunced by fâte his ówn.  
 Even nów the Góds' ambássadór, despátched  
 From Jóve hímsélf — wítnéss be bóth our héads —  
 Bóre through the súpple áir his mándates dówn;  
 Mysélf behéld the Gód in mánifest líght  
 Éntering the wálls, heard with these éars his vóice.  
 Céase with thy pláints to infláme bóth mé and thée;  
 Nót of my frée will Í pursúe Itália."

Hím, as he spéaks, she lóng time víéws askánce,  
 Rólling her éyeballs hítherwárd and thítter,  
 And with her sílent éyeglance scáns all óver;  
 Then thús, inflámed, spéaks óut: — "Nor Góddess-párent,  
 Nor Dárdanus áuthor óf thy ráce had'st thóu,  
 Tráitor; but hórrid, hárd-rocked Cáucasús  
 Begát thee, and Hyrcánian tígressés  
 Héld thee their dúgs. For — whý should Í díssémbles?  
 Résérve me fór what wórse? — at mý lámént  
 Gróaned he? bent hé his éyeglance dówn? or, sóftened,  
 A téar shed, ór took píty ón the lôver?  
 Whát shall I gréater óutrage cáll, what léss?



Certain nor gréatest Júnó, nór the sire  
 Satúrnian, ón these dóings lóoks appróval.  
 Nówhere on éarth can cónfidénce be pláced:  
 Shípwrecked, in néed, I tóok him ín, and máde him,  
 Fóol that I wás! the pártner óf my kíngdom;  
 Restóred his lóst fleet, sáved his créws from déath.  
 Háh! Furies fire — transpórt me. Nów it is  
 Áugur Apóllo; Lýcian fáte-lots nów;  
 Nów bears the hórrid mándate thróugh the áir  
 The Góds' ambássador, by Jóve himsélf sent.  
 A líkely lábor thát for thé immórtals!  
 A líkely cáre that tó distúrb their quáiet!  
 I hólđ thee nót; thy wóords refúte not; gó —  
 Set sáil for Ítalý — rush thróugh the wáters  
 In séarch of kíngdoms — Sóme hope stíll is míne,  
 That mídst the rócks — if nót quíte ímpotént  
 The Góds' retríbutive jústice — thóu shalt féel  
 Púnishment pierce thee, and shalt óft ínvoke  
 The náme of Dídó. With dark smóuldering fires  
 My mémory sháll pursúe thee, and when déath  
 Háth cóldly séparátéd sóul and bódý,  
 My spéctre háunt thee whéresoé'er thou góest —  
 Wrétch, thou shalt háve thy méed; and Í shall héar,  
 And the news wélcóme ín the ínférnal Mánes.”  
 With thése wóords bréaking óff, she túrned áway,  
 And flúng her óut of sight, and fléd the líght,  
 Sícked; and there léft him hésítant, and afráíd  
 To spéak the wóords that tó his tóngue wére crówdíng.  
 Her máidens hér collápsed límbś ín their árms  
 Recéíve, and tó her márbled bédchámber  
 Béar, and place ón the cóuch. Bút kínd Enéas,  
 Thóugh gréat be his desíre her gríef to sóothe,  
 Ánd her cares túrn áway with wóords of cómfort,  
 Yet éxecútes — not wíthout mány a gróan,

And lóvesiek wávering of résolútion —  
The Góds' hest, and his fléet visits once móre.

Then, thén indéed, the Teúerians plý the wórk,  
And óver thé whole séa-bord thé tall ships  
Draw dówn, and with hulls nów-tarred sét aflóat;  
And in their zéal for flíght bring fróm the wóods  
Uncárpentered timber with the léaves and bránches.  
Thou míght'st behóld them mígrating, and fórth  
Fróm the whole cíty rúshing: ás when émmets,  
Míndful of wínter, plúnder á huge córn-heap,  
And úp in stóre lay; ó'er the pláin they gó,  
A bláck troop, and alóng the nárrow páth  
The bóoty thróugh the gráss bear tó one céntré;  
Sóme, with the whóle strength óf their shóuldérs strúggling,  
Púsh the great píckles fórward, óthers kéepe  
The trúop togéther, and chastíse délay.  
Évery path 's hót with wórk. What félt'st thou thén,  
Dído, that síght behólding? thíne what gróans  
Whén, out of thíne high cástle, thóu hadst próspect  
Óf the wide shóre round in one bústling férment,  
And sáw'st befóre thíne eýes there thát commótion,  
That míghty shóuting óver thé whole séa-pláin.  
O cáitiff Lóve, to whát compéll'st thou nót  
Poor mórtals' bréasts! To téars she is fórced once móre;  
Once móre to trý the pówer of práyers, and húmbly  
To lóve súbmit her spírit, thát in váin  
She díe not, while resóurce remáins untríed:—

“Ánna, see'st óver thé whole shóre what hástening?  
Fróm évery quárter róund they have cóme togéther;  
The línt-sheet cálls the bréezes, and alréady  
The jóyful sáilors ón the póops have pláced  
The córonáls. As sùre as Í have hád

Stréngth to anticipáte this wéight of sórrow,  
 So súrely, síster, Í 'll find stréngth to béar it.  
 Yét for me míseráble thís one thing  
 Dó, Anna; fòr to thée alóne that tráitor  
 Pays cóurt, thou ónly hást his cónfidénce,  
 Knów'st his soft tímes, and hów best tó appróach him.  
 Gó, síster; tó the próud foe, súplíant sáy:—  
 'Í never with the Dánaí at Aúlis  
 Conspíred the Trójan nátion tó extírpate;  
 Néver sent fléet to Pérgamús, or tóre  
 The síre Anchíses' cínders fróm the tómb;  
 Ínto his hárd ears whý my wórds admit not?  
 Whither so hásty? Ón a wréched lóver  
 Lét him bestów this lást gráce; lét him wáit  
 Tíll a fair wind facilítátes his flíght.  
 'Tís not that áncient wédlock hé played fálse to,  
 I nów beg; ór that his fair Látian réalm  
 He shóuld renóunce; mere tíme I ásk; some spáce  
 To lét subside my pássion, ánd the lésso  
 Of résignátion léarn fróm mý misfórtunes.  
 Píty thy síster bégging thís last gráce,  
 Whích when he háth accórded mé, I 'll gíve  
 Tróuble no lónger; móre than déad, though líving.'

SúcH were her práyers, her téars; convéyed to hím  
 And réconvéyed by hér most wréched síster;  
 But hé is bý no téars moved, bý no wórds  
 Persuáded; thé fates hínder; ánd the Gód  
 Obstrúcts his plácíd héaring; ánd as wén  
 Bóreases Álpine stríve whose blásts shall first  
 O'erthrów an óak, by mány a yéar stóut-tímbered,  
 And nów fróm thís síde whístling thróugh the bráanches,  
 And nów fróm thát, the gróund strew déep with léaves,

And sháke the trúnk, which yét clings firm to the cliff  
 With róot that dówn toward Tártarus as fár  
 Strétches, as tóward the éthereal áir its tóp:  
 Só on the héro béat the assiduous vóice  
 On éither síde; so cáre his gréat breast thrilled:  
 Unálterable stánds his résolútíon,  
 And téars (alás, what úse!) roll dówn his chéeks.

'Tis thén indéed that, át the fátes dismayéd,  
 Unháppy Dído práys for déath; heaven's cónvex  
 Behólds with wéarinéss. More tó persúade her  
 To éxecúte her púrpose, ánd the líght leave,  
 She sáw, when ón the incense-búrning áltars  
 Plácing her ófferings, (hórrible to téll!)  
 The sácred líquors blácken, ánd the póured wines  
 Túrn into góre obscéne; this síght to nóne,  
 Not éven tó her síster's sélf she tóld.  
 Fúrther; there wás benéath her róof a chápél  
 Of márble, tó her fórmer húsband sácred,  
 Much hónored óbject óf her spécial cáre,  
 With féstal frónd and snów-white fléecy fillet  
 Gárlanded; hénce her spóuse's vóice she thóught  
 She héard artícúlate cálling, whén dark níght  
 Cóvered the éarth, and his funéreal dírgé  
 The móping ówl upón the róoftop chánted;  
 And pláined and pláined in lóng-drawn nótes of woe.  
 Mány predíctíons tóo of píous séers  
 Hárrów her sóul with térrible monítion.  
 Hímself, saváge Enéas, ín her dréams  
 Pursúes, to mádness díves her; évermóre  
 She séems to bé alóne left; évermóre  
 To trável á long róad uncómpánied,  
 And séek her Týrians ín a désert lánd:



As when crazed Péntheus the Euménides' bands  
 Sées, and the twoó suns, and a double Thébés;  
 Or ás when, ón the trágic stáge, Orést  
 Ágamemnónian flées before the firebrands  
 And lúrid snákes of his pursúing móther,  
 And in the dóorway sit the avénging Dirae.

Só when at lást by ánguish óvercóme,  
 Posséssed by fúries, shé resolvés to díe;  
 The tíme and mánnér with hersélf she fíxes;  
 Thén under cléar brow and a lóok of hópe  
 Híding her púrpose, thús her sorrowing síster  
 Addrésses:— "Síster, Í have fóund a wáy,  
 (Congrátuláte thy síster) which shall éither  
 Bríng me my lóver báck, or frée me fróm him.  
 Ón the confínes of ócean, nigh the súnset,  
 The Éthiópians' útmost dwélling líes,  
 Whére on his shóulder gréatest Átlas spins  
 The áxis stúdded bright with búrning stárs.  
 A priestess thénce of thé Massýlian tribe  
 They have shówn to mé; the sáme that wás caretáker  
 Óf the Hespérides' fáne, and úsed to kéepe  
 The sácred bóughs intáct upón the trée  
 By méans of a drágon whóm she cóaxed to stáy near  
 By sprínkling dáinty hóney ón his fóod,  
 And the sweet séed of thé somníferous póppy.  
 The sáme profésses incantátions pótent  
 To éase the héart of tróuble, and to lóad  
 With héavy cáres whatever héart she wíll,  
 To stóp the flówing rívers, túrn the stárs back,  
 Ráise the noctúrnal Mánes: thóu shalt sée  
 The ásh come dówn the móuntain; héar the gróund  
 Béllow benéath thy féet. I cáll to wítness



The Góds, and thée, and thý sweet héad, dear sister,  
 Agáinst my will I pút the mágie árt on;  
 Be sécret thóu, and in the intérior cóurt  
 Eréct a pyré; and lét them ón it pláce  
 The árms which thé coldhéarted mán left hánging  
 Ín my bedchámber; with whatéver élse  
 Belónged to him; and thé connúbial béd  
 Whereón I pérished: 'tís some sátsísfáction  
 Áll the memórials óf th' iníquitous mán  
 To abólish; ánd the priestess só dirécts."  
 These wórds said, shé was sílent; ánd her fáce  
 Grew súdden pále: yet Ánna, thát her síster  
 With thése new rítes masks déath's préparátiue,  
 Not dréams, nor hás a nótiön óf such fúry,  
 Nor cónsequénce aught gráver ápprehénds  
 Thán at Síchéus' déath; so dóes her bídding.

Nów has the Quéen withín the ínmost cóurt  
 A pyré erécted húge, of hólm-oak bíllet  
 And tórch-pine, ánd the pláce with flówer-festóon  
 Hung róund and cháplet óf funéreal léaf:  
 Ánd, knowing wéll what is abóut to bé,  
 The cóuch placés on tóp, and ón the cóuch  
 His éffigy, the swórd he léft behind,  
 Ánd whate'er élse was his; aróund stand áltars;  
 Ánd with dishévelled háir and vóice of thúnder  
 The priestess thrice the húndred Góds invókes,  
 And Érebus, and Cháos, ánd the thrée  
 Fáces of Vírgin Dían, tríple Hécate.  
 Aspéríon shé had máde too, with factitiús  
 Avérnus' wáter, ánd had sóught for hérbs  
 Dówny and bláck-bane juiced, and réaped by móonlight  
 With brázen síckle; sóught too thé love-phíltre,

Törn (ere the dām's tooth cóuld lay hólð on it)  
 Fróm the just-bórn colt's fórehead. Ín ungírt  
 Véstmént, herself, and wíth one fóot unshód,  
 Ánd in devótional hánds the sáltmeal hólðing,  
 Besíde the áltars, cálls, from the édge of déath,  
 The Góds to béar her wítness, ánd the stárs  
 That sée her fáte, and íf there bé a pówer  
 Has cógnísánce of únrequited lóve,  
 Implóres that ríghteous, thát remémbering pówer.

'Twas níght, and évery weáry fráme on éarth  
 Was sóund asléep: the fórests wére at rést,  
 Ánd the fell séas; the stárs in míd course glíding:  
 Húshed wére the fíelds, and flócks, and páinted bírds,  
 And fár and wíde the líquid láke's indwéllers,  
 And évery ténant óf the bósk and bráke,  
 In slúmber's árms at thé dead hóur of níght  
 Sóothed their heart-sórrows, ánd their tóils forgót:  
 But' nó sleep, nó forgétfulnéss, no níght  
 Wrétched Phoeníssa ón her eýes recéives  
 Ór in her bréast; redóubling cóme her cáres;  
 Agáin love ríses ín his míght and fíercesness,  
 Agáin ín á great súrf of íre she flúctuátes,  
 Insísting thús and wíth herself revólving:—  
 “Wéll! what to dó? Mocked thús, my fórmér súitors  
 Sháll I agáin try ánd a Nómad márriage,  
 And súppliant wóo whom Í so óft have spúrnéd? —  
 Then lét me tó the Ílian fléet betáke me,  
 The Teúcrians' húmblest, móst obédíent sérvant:  
 Becáuse forsóoth the fórmér áid I gáve them,  
 So stéads me nów? such míghty grátítude theírs  
 Fór my past sérvicés? But gránt, I wóuld;  
 Whó wíll permít me? Ínto theír prouð shíps

Whó will recéive me háteful? Áh! thou lóst one,  
 Not yét knowst, féelst not yét the pérjuries  
 Óf the Laómedon tribe? What thén? in sóle  
 And sécret flíght shall Í accómpany  
 The exúlting sáilors? ór bear dówn upón them,  
 By áll my Týrian sóldiery escórted;  
 And drive to scá, and bíd set sáil agáin,  
 Thóse whom I scárce could téar from Sídón city.  
 Náy, but avért pain with the knífe, and díe  
 Ás thou hast méritéd. Thou, síster, thóu first,  
 Tó my tears yíelding, thréw'st me tó the fóc,  
 And héap'dst my mádness with this lóad of tróuble.  
 I hád not léave to léad a síngle life,  
 And, cóy as fórest wílding, kéep me cléar  
 Of mátrimónial cóuch and cáres like thése;  
 I 've bróke the tróth pledged tó Síchéus' cínders."  
 Súch was the gréat wail ínto wích she búrst.

Súra of his jóurney, ánd all thíngs prépared,  
 Enéas nów on thé high stérn was sléeping,  
 Whén, in a dréam, the Gód-form with same lóok  
 Présents ítsélf retúrning, ánd agáin  
 Séems to admónish; líke, in áll respécts,  
 To Mércury; facc, cólor, gólden lócks,  
 And yóuthful límbs decórous:— "Cánst thou thén,  
 O Góddess-bórn, in súch conjúcture sléep,  
 And nót percéive what cónsequent rísk surróund thee,  
 Mádman! nor héar'st the zéphyrs blówing fáir?  
 Búsy is hér breast wíth a wórk of guile  
 And díre íniquity, and fíxed to díe  
 She flúctuates ín a chángeful súrf of ánger.  
 Fléest thou not hénce précípítáte, wílst flée  
 Précípítáte thou máy'st? All ín commótion

The sea with ships and the stern firebrand's glare,  
 Alive the shore with flames, thou shalt behold,  
 If morn but touch thee in these lands delaying.  
 Away, away, this instant: various ever  
 And mutable is woman." So he said,  
 And with the dark night mingled. Then indeed  
 Enéas, at the sudden apparition  
 Terrified, starts from sleep, and his companions  
 Worries:—"Awake, men, instant, and in all haste  
 Take your seats on the row-bench; loose the sails quick.  
 A God, despatched from the high ether, spurs us,  
 Behold! a second time, to speed our flight,  
 And cut the twisted cables. Thee we follow,  
 O holy deity, who'er thou art;  
 A second time thine orders we obey  
 With joyous exultation. Grant us thou  
 Thy presence and serene aid, and stars rising  
 Propitious in the sky." He said, and forth  
 Snatched from the sheath the lightning blade, and smote  
 With the bare steel the hawser. The same ardor  
 At once possesses all; they rap and rush,  
 And have the shores deserted; the fleet hides  
 View of the sea-plain: with stout-tugging arms  
 They whirl the foam, and the cerulean sweep.

And now leaving Tithonus' saffron couch,  
 Auróra prime the earth with new light sprinkled;  
 The Queen — when from high look-out she beheld  
 The first grey dawn, and with squared sails the fleet  
 On-moving; and the empty shore perceived,  
 And rowerless port — her lovely breast three times,  
 And four times smote, and tore her auburn hair:—  
 "He *will* go then, by Júpiter," she cried,



"This interlóper! áfter hé has máde  
 Mé and my réalms his spórt! Why dónt they árm  
 Áll through the cíty's bréadth: why don't they téar  
 The véssels fróm the dócks down, ánd pursúe?  
 Gó, get the flámes quick; wéapons hére; row, rów; —  
 What sáy I? ór where ám I? ór what mádness  
 My bráin turns? Háplless Dído, tóuch thee nów  
 Thy héartless dóings? Thé fit time was thén,  
 Whén thou didst scéptre him. Behóld how hé,  
 Whó, they say, béars with him his fátherlánd's  
 Penátes — hé, who ón his shóuldérs cárríed  
 His áge-worn síre — his fáith keeps, ánd pledged right-liand.  
 Could I not táke and téar his bódy piécemeal,  
 And scátter it tó the wáters? his compánions —  
 Ascáníus' sélf could Í not stáb to déath;  
 And cóok and sérvé up tó the fáther's táble?  
 Bút the fight's fórtunè hád been dóubtful — Hád it,  
 Of whóm was Í, so sóon to díe, afráid?  
 Firebrands and flámes inté his ármamént —  
 Ínto the mídst of his décks — I wóuld have bórne;  
 Wóuld have extérmináted són, síre, ráce;  
 And lást, mysélf inté the ruín flúng.  
 O sún, whose eýe of fláme behóldést áll  
 That 's dóne in thé whole wórlð — and thóu, O Júnó,  
 That knów'st my súfferings wéll, beíng thysélf  
 Ágent of théir inflicíon — ánd thóu, Hécate,  
 To whóm the cróss-ways óf the cíties ráise  
 The mídnight cry — and yé, avénging Dírae,  
 And Góds of díyng Elísa — héar my práyer,  
 O héar, and lét the méritéd rétribúíon  
 Pursúe the cúlpit: íf 't be nécessáry  
 Thát the arch-críminál shóuld vóyage sáfe,  
 And réach port, ánd Jove's Fátes will háve it só,



And this a términús may nó be móved;  
 Lét him at léast by thé belligerent árms  
 Óf a bold péople hárrassed — fróm his cónfines  
 Expátriáte — torn fróm Iúlus' émbbrace —  
 For hélp beg, ánd behóld his fóllovers  
 Dishónored díe; nor whén he háth submítteð  
 To térms of péace disádvantágeous, lét him  
 Enjóy his scéptre, ór that wished-for dáy;  
 Bút prematúre fall, ánd unbúried líe  
 Ín the sands' mídst: my práyer this; with my blóod  
 I póur these lást words fórt: and yé, O Týrians,  
 Plágue and detést the whóle stock, róot and bráñch;  
 Be thát the présent yé shall sénd our cínðers.  
 Betwíxt the péoples lét there bé no lóve,  
 No léague. Out óf my bónes arise, avénger,  
 That shált the Dárdan cónonísts pursúe  
 With fire and swórd; now, láter, whénsoé'er  
 Thou máyst and cánst. Oppósed — my práyer and cúrse is —  
 Be shóres to shóres, to wáves waves, árms to árms;  
 Sélves, sons, and sóns' sons, cómbatánt for éver."

She sáys; and cásts o'er ín her mínd on áll sídes,  
 Hów from the háted líght to bréak áwáy  
 Sóonest: then bríefly thús addrésses Bárcé,  
 Síchéus' núrse, for ín old síre-land láy  
 Her ówn núrse, á black cínðer: — "Híther, núrse deár,  
 Sénd me my síster Ánna: lét her quíckly  
 Sprinkle her with the stréam's límph, ánd bring with her  
 The atónements fróm the flóck that háve been shówn her.  
 And thóu thýsélf with píous fíllét váil  
 Thy témples; mý ínténtion ís, to pérfect  
 Those sácred rítes I háve comménced ín hónor  
 Of Stýgian Jóve; and énd my cáres, by gíving

The pyre of that Dardanian to the flames."

She said; and zealously the aged nurse

Makes such speed as she can.

But Dido — fluttered

With her wild darings — in a savage transport —

With bloodshot rolling eyes, and tremulous cheeks

Spotted with hectic, paled by death's high view —

Into th' interior precincts bursts, and furious

Mounts the high pyre, and bares — not for such use

Had she obtained that gift — the Dardan sword:

But when the Ilían vestments met her view,

And the known bed, a little while in tears

And thought she lingered, leaning on the bed,

And these, her last words, uttering: — "Sweet remains, —

For sweet ye were while heaven and fate permitted, —

Receive this soul, and free me from these cares:

I 've lived; I 've run the race that fortune set me;

And great 's the image of me that shall now

Beneath the earth go; I 've a noble city

Founded; seen my own battlements rise round me;

Avenged my spouse; punished my hostile brother;

Happy, alas! too happy, if but only

A Dardan keel had never touched our shores."

She said; and with a kiss the couch impressing: —

"Though I die unavenged, I 'll die," she says;

"My downward journey, so — aye, so, precisely —

Becomes a pleasure; let the cruel Dardan

Gaze from the high-deep on these flames, and with him

My death take for the omen of his voyage."

She said, and while she yet spake the attendants

Behold her sink stabbed; the sword reeking blood,

Her hánds flung pówerless fróm her. Tó the háll's heights  
 The shout goes; thé repórt runs bÁCCHANÁL,  
 Sháking the cíty; with lámént and gróan  
 And wóman's cries the hóuses áre in úproar;  
 Loud rings the éther with the gréat hand-cláppings,  
 Breast-smítings: júst as íf the fóc had rúshed in,  
 And Cárthage áll, or áncient Týre were fálling,  
 And ó'er the híghest tóps of húman dwéllings  
 Ánd of dívine, the ráging flámes were rólling.  
 The síster héars — more líke a córpse than líving —  
 And thróugh the mídst runs — rúshes — ín dísmáy  
 And trépidátion, smítng ón her bréast,  
 Téaring her fáce, and én the dýing cálling  
 By náme:— "And wás 't for this then, síster? mé  
 Sóught'st thou to óverréach? wás 't this, this pyré,  
 These fíres, these áltars wére préparing fór me?  
 Whát shall I móst compláin of, Í forlórn,  
 Spúrne'd and desérted bý my dýing síster?  
 Thou shóuldst have hád my cómpáný, have cálléd me  
 Tó the same fáte; with óne death-wóund we twáin;  
 Ánd at the sélf same móment, shóuld have pérished:  
 Búilt I it with these hánds for thée? for thée  
 Invóked I with this vóice our cóuntry's Góds,  
 Then, crúel, fróm thee strétched here, stáid awáy?  
 Thou 'st rúined, síster, bóth thysélf and mé,  
 Péople, and síres Sidónian, ánd thy cíty.  
 Give wáter hére, and lét me wásh her wóunds,  
 Ánd her last bréath, if ány lást breath stíll  
 Hóvers abóut her, gáther with my móuth."

So sáying shé had scáled the lófty stéps,  
 Ánd her half lifeless síster ín her bósom's  
 Embráce wás hólding cúddled, gróaning mích,

And drying with her gárment thé black góre;  
 But shé, her héavy eýes to líft endéavoring,  
 Agáin faints; grídes benéath her bréast the infixed wound:  
 Thrice, on her élbow léaned, she ráised hersélf;  
 Thrice on the eóuch fell báck; with wándering eýes  
 Sought híg heaven's líght, and, háving fóund it, gróaned.

Omnípotent Júnó thén, her lóng pain pitying  
 And díffícúlt depárture, fróm Olýmpus  
 Sent Íris dówn to frée the strúggling sóul,  
 Ánd the knit límbs reláx; for ás 'twas néither  
 By fáte she pérished, nór her ówn desérving,  
 But prématúre and wrétched, in a súdden  
 Kíndling of fúry, Próserpíne had nó  
 The áuburn lóck díspárted fróm her crówn,  
 Nór to the Stýgian Óreus dóomed her yét.  
 Down thérefore thróugh the ský on sáffron pínyons  
 Flies déwy Íris, thóusand várious tínts  
 Bórrówing from th' ópposite sún; and stánding nigh,  
 Óver her héad:— "This cónsecráte to Dis  
 I béar as bíd, and fróm that bódý frée thee,"  
 She sáys, and shéars the lóck; and lífe awáy  
 Fléd to the winds, and cóld becáme the bódý.



## V.

In the méantime through wáves that with nóthwinds were bláckening,  
Enéas detérmined was cúttng his wáy,  
Back cásting his lóok on the tówers which alréady  
Are all lit up with hápless Elísa's pyre-flámes.

Though hidden the cáuse of so gréat conflagrátion,  
A présentiment sád thrills the bréasts of the Teúcri,  
When they thínk, of a lóve-cross how bitter the pángs are,  
And whát a vexed wóman can dó in her fúry.

And nów that the véssels are óut on the wide sea,  
And lánd is nowhére any móre to be séen,  
But éverywhere róund them the séa and the ský;  
Right óver his héad hangs a lívid cloud lówering,  
With níght charged and témpet; and ínto dark wrínkles  
The séa-surface cúrls; and thús Palinúrus  
The stéersman himsélf, from the héight of the póop:—  
“Ah! whát art thou át, father Néptune, and whérefore  
Encómpass such stórmclouds the éther abóut?”



This said, he commands them  
To gather their óars up,  
And with might and main rów;  
Sets the sáils at a táck,  
And to this effect speáks:—  
“Magnánimous Enéas,  
I wóuld not believe  
Even Júpiter's sélf,  
That with ský such as this  
We could stíll make Itália;  
The áir to mist thiekens;  
The wínds have changed quárter,  
And, in their might rísing  
From the óvercast súnset,  
Roar right thwart our cóurse;  
Nor with áll our endéavor  
Can we hólð our diréction,  
Or máke head agáinst them.  
Since Fórtune 's victórious,  
Come, lét 's follow Fórtune,  
And túrn at her cáll;  
Nor fár distant hénce  
Are the sáfe shores, I wéen,  
Of brótherly Éryx,  
And the hárbour Sicánian,  
If ónly my mémory  
Pláys me no fálse trick,  
As I cóunt my course báck  
By my nótes of the stárs.”

Then géntle Enéas:—  
“I tóo observe súrely  
The wínds are this lóng time

Detérmined upón it,  
 And áll to no púrpose  
 Agáinst them thou strivest.  
 Tack abóut; could there lánd  
 To mé be more gráteful,  
 Or to which with my tired ships  
 I 'd more gládly run dówn,  
 Than that lánd which presérves for me  
 Dárdan Acéstes;  
 Than that lánd which holds lápped  
 In its bósom the bónes  
 Of my fáther Anchíses?"

When thús he had sáid,  
 They máke for port stráight:  
 Fair zéphyrs the sáils stretch,  
 And swíftly the fléet  
 O'er the rólling flood cárry,  
 Till at lást to the knówn strand  
 With jóy they turn in.

But fróm the high hill-tóp afár,  
 Acéstes hád obsérved with wónder  
 The véssels óf his friends appróaching,  
 Ánd all brístly ó'er with jávelins  
 And Líbyan béar-skin, cómes to méet them;  
 Ánd, for bý a Trójan móther  
 Hé was són of stréam Crimísus —  
 Ánd his párents' mémory hónored —  
 Jóyful wélcomes théir retúrn,  
 Ánd with stóre of tréasures rúral  
 And friendly fúlness éntertáins  
 And sólacés their wéarínéss.

As soon as in the éarly éast  
 Bright mórn the stárs had róuted,  
 Enéas fróm the cóast all róund  
 Súmmons his cómrades tó assémbly,  
 Ánd from the túmulus' móund thus spéaks:—  
 “Míghty Dardánidáe, descéded  
 Fróm the high blood óf the Góds,  
 The yéar its círcle hás achieved,  
 And óne by óne its mónth's compléted,  
 Sínce my dívíné síre's lást remáins  
 Dúly in the gróund we láid,  
 And cónsecráted thé sad áltars;  
 And nów, unléss I érr, is cóme  
 That dáy which Í shall éver hóld  
 A dáy of bíternéss, shall éver —  
 Your wíll be dóne, O Góds! — hold hónored.  
 Whéther I páss this dáy in éxile  
 Amíd the Sýrtes óf Getúlia,  
 Ór by stréss of wínd and wéather  
 Dríven íntó Mycénae cíty  
 Óut of thé Argólic máin;  
 Gífts annivérsary ón this dáy  
 I 'll cárry ín procéssion sólemn,  
 Ánd wíth due ófferíngs héap the áltars.  
 Só much the móre then lét us cóme —  
 Nów that we 've éntered fríendly pórt,  
 And fínd óursélves upón the spót,  
 Nót, as I thínk, wíthóut the Góds'  
 O'errúling wíll and próvídéncé,  
 Besíde my párent's bónes and áshes —  
 Lét us all cóme, and jóyfully  
 Célebráte the féstal dáy,  
 And bég the Gód to gránt us wínds,

And to allow that in a temple,  
 To his service dedicated,  
 In my city I may offer  
 Every year a similar honor.  
 To each ship's crew Troy-born Acestes  
 Makes present of a pair of bees.  
 Bring to the feast your own Penates  
 And those your host Acestes worships.  
 Besides, when the ninth radiant morn  
 Shall raise the standard of boon day,  
 And unveil the globe to mortals,  
 I'll give the Teucri a regatta,  
 To commence their games withal.  
 And then let all who are good runners,  
 And every one whose bold proud step  
 Tells of his skill to speed the dart,  
 Or the light arrow, or whose strength  
 Ventures the gauntlet's crude encounter,  
 Be present and expect the prize  
 That shall reward the conqueror.  
 Lend me your favoring voices all,  
 And bind your brows with foliage."

He says, and with his mother's myrtle  
 At the same time veils his temples;  
 So Helymus, ripe-aged Acestes,  
 And so does too the boy Ascanius;  
 The others the example follow.  
 Direct from the assembly then,  
 Amidst a great encircling bevy,  
 He takes his way to the tumult,  
 Accompanied by many a thousand;  
 There on the ground in due libation

Pours twó bowls óf unmixed wine, twó  
 Of nów milk, twó of sácred blóod,  
 And flings bright púrpling flówers and sáys:—

“Sáncetified párent, háil once móre!  
 Áshes, sóul, and sháde patérnal,  
 Sáved to no púrpose, háil! all háil!  
 ’Twas nót to bé, that wé should séek  
 Itália’s fáted fields togéther,  
 And thát unknowñ Ausónian Týber;  
 ’Twas nót to bé.”

Scarce hád he sáid,  
 When, tráiling fórth  
 Out óf the déep .  
 Intérior cèll  
 Its sévenfold ról  
 Of séven huge cóils,  
 A slimy snáke  
 The túmulús  
 Benígnantly  
 Encómpassés,  
 And glides abóut  
 Amidst the áltars.  
 Its scály báck  
 Was áll one bláze  
 Of glówing góld  
 With spóts of blúe  
 And púrple fléckered,  
 Bright as the thóusand  
 Várious húes  
 Cást in a bów



Upón the clóuds  
Frónting the sún.

Ín amázeмент  
Gázed Enéas,  
Whilst the sérpent,  
Mídst the pólished  
Cúps and góblets  
Lóng time glíding,  
Sipped at lást,  
And áfter sipping  
Léft the viands  
Ánd the áltars,  
Ánd innóxious  
Tó the túmulus'  
Dépths retúrned.

Dóubtful, whéther  
Tó estéem it  
A lócal Géníus,  
Ór the atténdant  
Óf his síre,  
He célebrátes  
So múch the móre  
The rites begún  
Ín his síre's hónor,  
Ánd, complying  
With the cústom,  
Sláys two shéep  
Whose twó broad téeth  
Show twó years óld;  
Álso two swíne  
Ánd a líke númer  
Óf black cáttle;

And from bōwls  
 Pours wine-libátion,  
 And invókes  
 The sóul and Mánes  
 Of gréat Anchíses,  
 From Ácherón,  
 On léave, returned.  
 His cómrades too,  
 As éach has méans,  
 Bring gifts with jóy,  
 And sláughter stéers,  
 And lóad the áltars;  
 And sóme at éase  
 Stretch ón the gráss,  
 And sóme in órder  
 Sét brass cáldrons,  
 Or pláce live cóals  
 Benéath the spits,  
 And róast the flésh.

And nów the stéeds of Pháëtón brought in  
 The mórning óf the ninth, the expécted dáy,  
 Seréne and bríght; and rúmor ánd the náme  
 Of fámed Acéstes hád thé shóres all róund  
 Filled with reúnion jóyful óf the néighbours,  
 Thrónging to sée th' Enéadáe, and sóme  
 Prépared too tó compéte. The prizes first  
 Are fúll in view placed in the circus' midst;  
 Religious tripods — córonáls of gréen —  
 And pálm, the méed of víctory — and árms —  
 And vésts all crimsoned ó'er — and góld and silver,  
 Of éach a tálent. Thén, from the mídst of the móund,  
 The trúmp procláims the amúsements háve comménced.

The first gáme is betwéen  
 Four weíghty-oared bóttoms,  
 Selécted as máches  
 From the whóle of the fléet.  
 With his stóut rowers Mnéstheus  
 Impéls the swift Grámpus,  
 Mnéstheus who sóon shall be  
 Mnéstheus Itálian,  
 First of the ráce  
 That shall cáll themselves Mémmi.  
 With his thrée complete bénches  
 Of rówers Dardánian  
 In tríple rows ráising  
 Their óars simultáneous,  
 Fóward drives Gýas  
 The huge city-like máss  
 Of unwíeldy Chiméra.  
 Ín the great Céntaur  
 Is cárried Sergéstus,  
 From whóm takes its náme  
 The fámily Sérgian;  
 Ánd in blue Scýlla,  
 Cloánthus, from whóm  
 Thy ráce is derived,  
 O Róman Cluéntius.

Óver agáinst the fóaming shóre,  
 Fár in the séa there is a rók  
 Which, óverwhélmed and búffettéd  
 By swélling bíllows át such tíme  
 As wintry Córi híde the stárs,  
 Lifts silently, in tíme of cálm,  
 Óver the stíll and wáveless déep,

Its lével fíeld, the fáyorite háunt  
 Óf the súnshine-lóving séamew.  
 Fáther Enéas hére erécts  
 A vérdant góal of léafy ílex,  
 Sign to the sáilors hére to túrn,  
 And whéel from hénce their lóng course bák.  
 Their pláces thén they chóose by lót;  
 Effúlgent fróm the stérns afár  
 The cáptains' sélves distínguished shíne  
 In órnáménts of góld and crímson;  
 The óther yóung men háve their náked,  
 Glístening shóoulders sméared with óil,  
 Their bróws with wréaths of póplar sháded.

On the rów-benches séated,  
 Arms strétched to their óars,  
 Hearts pít-a-pat béating,  
 Exúlting and bréathless  
 With kéen greed of glóry,  
 All álíve, all atténtíve,  
 They wátch for the sígnal.  
 Then whén the shríll trúmpet  
 Its lárúm has sóunded,  
 From the bárríer awáy  
 Withóut stop or stáy  
 They áll leap togéther;  
 Sálors' húrrah's stríke éther;  
 Turned úp by the sínewy  
 Túg of their árms  
 The séá-surfáce fóams;  
 All álíke, all togéther  
 They plóugh up, they téar up,  
 They shátter with óars

And with tridentéd bóws  
 The whóle yawning séa-plain.  
 Less précipitous rúshing  
 And tó the race dáshing  
 Páir-in-hand cháriots  
 Búrst from the bárrier,  
 And scóur o'er the pláin;  
 Less ímpetus spéeds  
 The carcéer of the stéeds,  
 Though the drivers the wávy reins  
 Sháke to them lóose,  
 And óver the lásh  
 Lean their whóle bodiés fóward,  
 And háng on each stróke.

With handelápping and shóut  
 And pártisan róut  
 The enclósing shores róund  
 And wóodlands resóund,  
 And with péals of hurráhs  
 The hills rebóund.

Amidst the crówd and dín  
 Fóremost scúds awáy  
 Gýas ó'er the wátér;  
 Cloánthus, bétter rówer,  
 But bý his héavy timbers  
 Retárded, fóllovs áfter.  
 Céntaur thén and Grámpus,  
 Behínd at équal dístance,  
 Conténd which sháll be fóremost:  
 And nów 'tis Grámpus hásh it,  
 And nów huge Céntaur cónquers,  
 And pásses Grámpus bý;



And nów with bóws abréast  
 They dásh alóng togéther,  
 And síde by síde with lóng keels  
 Fúrrów thé sea bríne.

And nów to the rók  
 They were fást appróaching,  
 And júst at the góal,  
 When fóremost, victórious,  
 In the mídst of the swéll  
 To his stéersman Menoétes  
 Thus cálls aloud Gýas:—  
 “Whither awáy to the right so fár?  
 Hitherward, hither;  
 Húg the shore clóse,  
 And lét your oar-bládes  
 Graze the rókks on the léft;  
 Leave to óthers the déep.”

He sáid, but Menoétes,  
 Súnken rókks féaring,  
 Wrésts the prow séaward:—  
 “Whither awáy stray’st  
 Óut of the stráight course?  
 For the rókks make, Menoétes.”  
 So a sécond time shóuted  
 And cálléd him back Gýas,  
 And revérting his lóok,  
 Lo! behind him Cloánthus  
 Close préssing upón him  
 And táking the néar way.

Brushing bý in the interspace  
 ’Twíxt the resóunding rókks

And the lár-board of Gýas,  
In a twinkling Cloánthus  
Is óut on the sáfe sea,  
And behind has left Gýas,  
Behind left the góal.

Then indéed the youth's bónes  
With kéen anguish búrnéd,  
Nor wére his cheeks téarless;  
And óf his crew's sáfety  
Forgétful no léss  
Than óf the respéct  
Which he ówed to himsélf,  
Headlong into the séa  
From the hígh poop he húrled  
Dull plódding Menoétes;  
Himsélf takes the rúdder,  
Himsélf becomes stéersman,  
And chéers the crew ón,  
And shóreward the hélm turns.

But, whén from the bóttóm  
At lást he's come úp —  
And not éasily éither  
From yéars and the wéight  
Of his wét dripping gárments —  
Heavy-láden Menoétes  
Makes fór the rock's tóp,  
And thére on the drý stone  
Séts himsélf dówn.  
The Teúcri laughed át him  
Both fálling and swimming,  
And láugh at him nów

As he spéws from his inwards  
The sált water úp.

And nów in the twó last,  
Sergéstus and Mnéstheus,  
The jóyous hope kindles  
To béat lagging Gýas.  
Sergéstus starts fóremost  
And dráws near the róck,  
But nót by the léngth  
Of the whóle keel fóremost;  
By the stéerage he 's fóremost,  
While ón him abáft  
The bów of the Grámpus  
Émulous présses.

But Mnéstheus goes mídships  
And chéers the crew ón,  
In their véry midst pácing:—  
“Now, nów on your óars rise,  
Brave féllows Hectórian,  
Whom in Tróy's fateful hóur  
I selécted as cómrades;  
Now pút forth that vígor,  
That spírit put fórt,   
Which érewíle ye shówed  
In the Sýrtes Getúlian,  
The Iónian séa,  
And Málea's péstering  
Wáves pertinácious.  
I ásk not the fírst place,  
Nor stríve now for cónquest,  
Though gládly had Mnéstheus —

But I léave those to cónquer,  
 To whóm thou, O Néptune,  
 Hast gránted the cónquest;  
 Only lét 's not be lást,  
 Conquer só far at léast,  
 And avért that dishónor —  
 Fellow tównsmen, avért  
 That fóul, crying sín."

With extrémie, utmost éffort  
 They léan themselves fóward;  
 The brónzed vessel trémbles  
 Benéath the vast strókes  
 That ráise the keel óut of  
 And óver the wáter.  
 The thick panting shákes  
 Their límbs and dry móuths;  
 On áll sides abóut them  
 The swéat flows in rivers.

Mere áccident bróught them  
 The wished-for hónor;  
 For, whilst in a fúry  
 His prów forcing úp  
 On his ríval's lar-bóard,  
 And for wánt of room cútting  
 Too clóse to the rócks,  
 On a jútting reef fást  
 Stuck hápless Sergéstus.  
 The crág was concússed,  
 And ón the sharp snág  
 The prów, where it strúck,

Hung suspended, and crack  
Went the óars in the strúggle.

The sáilors, at fáult thrown,  
With lóud clamors rise  
From the bénches togéther,  
Ply shárp-pointed póles  
And íron-shod hánd-spikes,  
And pick up the bróken oars  
Óut of the abýsm.  
But Mnéstheus, made stóuter-  
By his véry succéss,  
Invókes the winds' áid,  
And with swift sweeping óar-banks  
Pulls jóyous awáy  
In the ópen sea-róom,  
And rúns with the fáll  
Of the wáter in lándward.  
As a dóve, that a súdden  
Alárm has distúrbed  
From her nést and sweet yóung  
In óne of a púmice rock's  
Númerous hídings,  
Awáy to the fíelds  
Flies óut of the cáve  
With a térrified flútter,  
But sóon on expánded  
And mótionless pinion  
Glides swiftly alóng,  
And dówn through the still air  
Her líquid way swéeps:  
So Mnéstheus flies óver  
The lást of the cóurse;



Her mere impetus só  
Carries Grámpus fóward.

And first he desérts  
Sergéstus hard strúggling  
In the high rocky shállows  
And in váin calling hélp  
And léarning to ráce  
With bróken óars.  
Then awáy after Gýas  
And enórmous - diménsioned  
Chiméra hersélf,  
Which, stripped of her stéersman,  
No lóng time compétes.  
And nów at the úttermost  
Énd of the cóurse  
Remains ónly Cloánthus;  
Hím he makes áfter,  
And his whóle strength exérting  
Presses hárd upon him.

'Tis thén indeed áll  
Repeat shóut upon shóut,  
And chéer on the chásér,  
Till éther resóunds  
With the crásh of the clámor:  
These indígnantly clíng,  
To the crédit acquired,  
And fást hold the hónor  
They have cóunted their ówn,  
And are willing to bárter  
Existence for glóry.  
Succéss feeds the óthers:

They dóub't not they 're áble,  
And thérefóre they 're áble.

And with bów beside bów  
They had bóth perhaps wón  
The prizes togéther,  
Hád not, with bóth hands  
Outstrétched toward the séa,  
Cloánthus thus vówed,  
Ánd to the déities  
Póured his prayer fórt'h:—

“Ye séa-ruling Góds,  
Upon whóse plains I ráce,  
Only gránt me my wish,  
And I 'll hól'd myself bóund  
To bríng to your áltars  
And sólemnly óffer,  
On this very shóre,  
A brílliant white búll,  
And into the sált waves  
With jóy flíng the éntails,  
And the flówing wine póur.”

He sáid, and the whole chóir  
Of the Néreids and Phórcus,  
And the máid Panopéa,  
Benéath the waves, héard him,  
And fáther Portúnus,  
With a púsh of his gréat hand,  
Himsélf-urged him ón.  
Swífter than Nótus,  
Than fléet arrow swífter,

The bárk flies to lánd,  
And into the déep port  
Shóots away fár.

Then the séed of Anchises,  
Fóllowing the cústom,  
Cálls all togéther,  
Ánd with the hérauld's  
Lóud voice procláims  
Cloánthus victórious,  
Ánd with green láurel  
Mántles his témples;  
And commánds him to chóose  
For éach ship three stéers,  
And gíves him for éach ship  
A présent of wine  
And a gréat silver tálent.

On the cáptains themsélves  
He bestóws the chief hónors:  
On the victor a chlámys,  
With góld over-wróught,  
And twice with a bróad  
Purple stripe Melibéan  
Meándered all róund;  
And in-woven thére  
Was the róyal bóy,  
Stálking the swift deer  
On léafy Ída:  
His lánce in his hánd  
He is hót at the spórt,  
You may sée him pánting;

But dówn on him swoóping  
Jove's winged armour-béarer  
Up aloft in his tálons  
From Ída has snátched him;  
Aged guárdians in váin  
Stretch their hánds toward the héavens,  
And fierce-barking dógs bay the áir.

But to him who hath wón  
Second pláce by his prówess,  
He gives a mail cóat  
Triple pláited with méshes  
Of búrnished gold wire  
(Adórment alike  
And defénce in the báttle),  
Which his ówn victor sélf  
From Demóleos had tórned  
Under high Ilium's wálls  
Rapid Símoïs beside:  
Exérting their whóle strength,  
Scarce áble the ménials,  
Phégeus and Ságaris,  
On their shóuldern to cárry  
Its mánifold plies;  
But Demóleos lóng ago  
Hád it upón him,  
When húnting and chásing  
The Trójans abóut.  
To the thírde he présents  
A páir of bronze básins,  
And two éwers of wrought silver  
With figures embóssed.

With their gifts they had áll now  
 Just só been présented,  
 And were márching alóng  
 In the pride of their wéalth,  
 With their témples bound róund  
 With ribbons of crimson,  
 When, with múch skill and tróuble,  
 From the féll rock pulled óff,  
 And láme with the lóss  
 Of a whóle tier of óars,  
 Sergéstus brings úp,  
 In the mídst of derision,  
 His hónorless véssel.

As whén on a cáuseway  
 A snáke is surprised  
 And bý a brass w héel  
 Obliquely run óver,  
 Ór with a héavy blow  
 Máimed by way-fárer,  
 And léft on the stóne  
 Between líving and déad;  
 In lóng coils it writhes,  
 And in váin to flee stríves,  
 And lífts up on hígh  
 Its fóre-part feróciús,  
 And its híssing neck réars,  
 And with fiery eyes gláres,  
 While, twisting and twining  
 In knóts on itself,  
 Its wóunded and láme  
 Hinder párt keeps it báck:  
 So límpingly rówed



The slów bark alóng,  
 But made sáil notwithstanding,  
 And únder spread cánvas  
 Éntered the pórt.

Enéas, rejóicing  
 That véssel and eréw  
 Have been bróught back in sáfety,  
 Bestóws on Sergéstus  
 The prómised rewárd:  
 A sláve not unskilled  
 In the wórks of Minérva,  
 Phóloë, the Crétan,  
 With twins at her bósom,  
 He hás for his príze.

This cómbat dismissed,  
 Tender-héarted Enéas  
 Hies to whére, round abóut  
 By a théatre girdled  
 Of eúrvéd, wooded hills,  
 On the vále's intermédiáte  
 Smooth gréen was a círcus.  
 'Twas hither the héro,  
 With mány a thóusand,  
 Repáired, and his séat took  
 On a hígh-raised estráde,  
 In the mídst of the assémbled  
 And séated speetátors;  
 And to shárpen the spirit  
 Of súch as might háply  
 Inelíne to conténd  
 In the rápid foot-ráce,

The prizes set out,  
And displayed the rewards.

They come flocking from all sides,  
Teucris mixed with Sicani:  
First Eurýalus and Nísus;  
Eurýalus of beauty rare,  
In the fresh green of youth fair;  
Nísus with all his heart  
Virtuously, tenderly  
Loving the lad.  
Next after in order  
Comes royal Dióres,  
Descended from Priam's  
Pre-éminent stock;  
Then Sálius and Pátron,  
Acaránian the one,  
Of Tégea's Arcáidian  
Lineage the other;  
Then two youths Trinácrian,  
Hélymus and Pánopes,  
Well used to the woods,  
Aged Acéstes' pages:  
And many besides  
Of dim fame obscure.  
In the midst of whom then  
It was thus spoke Enéas:—

“Give joyful attention,  
And hear what I say.  
Of all that are here  
I'll not allow one  
To depart unrewarded:

A páir of darts Gnóssian  
 Of bright, polished stéel,  
 And a twó-headed póle-axe  
 With ráised work of silver,  
 Shall bé to each óne  
 Présented alike.

“Prizes shall bé  
 For the fóremost thrée,  
 And a wréath, round their héads,  
 Of táwny ólive:  
 For the first a supérbly  
 Capárisoned hórse,  
 The rewárd of the victor.  
 An áamazon’s quíver  
 The sécond shall háve,  
 Full of Thrácian árrows;  
 It hángs in a bróad belt  
 With góld overláid  
 Ánd with a táper-turned  
 Jéwel-stud fástened.  
 Let the thírd depart pléased  
 With this hélmet Argólic.”

When thús he had sáid,  
 They táke their stands éach;  
 Then, well márking the góal,  
 Awáy on a súdden,  
 At the sóund of the trúmpet,  
 Rush into the cóurse,  
 Like a fást-dashing shówer,  
 And behínd leave the bárrier.

Far befóre all the rést  
Nísus shóots away first,  
More swift than the winds,  
Or the wínged thunderbólt.  
Néxt him, but néxt  
With a lóng interspáce,  
Sálius comes áfter,  
And thén, on the gróund  
They bóth have passed óver,  
Eurýalus thírd,  
By Hélymus fóllowed,  
Close behind whom, behóld!  
Dióres comes flýing,  
Leans óver his shóulder  
And tréads on his héels;  
And, gíve him but móre ground,  
He 'll slíp clear away from,  
And quíte behind léave,  
Him whom nów he 's so clóse to  
You dóubt which is fóremost.

And nów they 're almóst  
At the énd of the cóurse,  
And wéarily néaring  
The véry góal,  
When Nísus slíps, lúckless,  
In sóme glairy blóod  
Which where búllocks, it chánced,  
Had látely been sláughtered,  
Lay spilled on the gróund  
And had wét the green swárd.  
The yóuth was alréady  
Victórious, triúmphant,

When on this spot his foot,  
 To take firm hold céasing,  
 From únder him wént,  
 And flát on his fáce  
 He féll in the mídst  
 Of the góre sacrificíal  
 And éxcrement fóul.

Of Eurýalus, howéver,  
 And his lóve for Eurýalus  
 He wás not forgétful;  
 Bút, from the slippery ground  
 Úp as he róse,  
 Oppósed himself right  
 In the wáy of Sálius,  
 Who féll and rolled óver  
 On his báck in the thícK sand.

In the mídst of handeláppings  
 And shóuts of appláuse  
 Awáy shoots, awáy flies  
 Eurýalus fóward,  
 And bý his friend's kíndness  
 Has wón the first pláce.  
 Up comes Hélymus áfter,  
 And, nów to the third palm  
 Entitled, Díóres.

Here Sálius, with lóud shouts  
 The húge concave filling,  
 Insists to the whóle  
 Of the assémbled spectátors,  
 And móst to the síres



In the frónt places séated,  
 That the hórner is his,  
 And múst be restóred him,  
 Of which an unfáir  
 Manoeúvre has róbbed him.

For Eurýalus pléad  
 His becóming téars;  
 His vírtues, enhánced  
 By his pérsonal gráce,  
 Win the géneral fávor;  
 Díores too hélp him,  
 And shóuts for him lóud,  
 Having cóme in, in váin,  
 For the lást palm and príze,  
 If to Sálius restóred  
 The first márk of distínction.

Then fáther Enéas:—  
 “Your présents, young mén,  
 Remain cértain and fíxed,  
 And no óne shall distúrb  
 The pálm from its órder;  
 But mé you ’ll allów  
 To commiserate a fríend,  
 Whose misfórtune is dúe  
 To no fáult of his ówn.”

So sáid, he gave Sálius  
 The húge hide uncóuth  
 Of a líon Getúlian,  
 Gólden-clawed, shággy,  
 A búrthen to cárry.

Then says Nísus:— “If súch  
 Thy compásson for fálls,  
 And so gréat the rewálds  
 Thou bestów'st on the cónquered,  
 Let me sée the fine présent  
 Thou hast réady for Nísus;  
 For him who had glóriously  
 Wón the first gárland,  
 Had he nót been o'ercóme  
 By the sáme spiteful fórtune  
 That óvercame Sálius.”  
 He sáid, and displáyed  
 His fáce and limbs fóuled  
 With the sóft, dungy óoze.

The most éxcellent Fáther  
 Smiled at his plight:  
 Then bidding be bróught forth  
 The shíeld manufáctured  
 By skilled Didymáon,  
 Which the Dánaĩ had púlled down  
 From Néptune's door sácred,  
 Bestówed the choice gift  
 On the wórthy young mán.

The ráce at an énd,  
 And the présents awárded:—  
 “Now if ány man hére  
 Has indwelling cóurage  
 And spírit súfficient,  
 Let him stánd fòrth, and líft high  
 His gáuntleted pálms.”

He said, and set forth  
 The battle's twain honors:  
 For the victor a steer,  
 Vailed with fillets of gold;  
 A sword and grand helmet  
 To solace the conquered.

Then loud was the buzz of the admiring assembly  
 As Dares his mighty front raised on the instant:  
 'Twas Dares that used to contend against Paris,  
 Other equal for Paris was none.  
 He too it was that at mightiest Hector's  
 Tumulus sepulchral smote conquering Butes,  
 And stretched on the tawny sand dying the giant  
 Whose haughty demeanor showed how well he knew  
 He was come of Bebrycian Amycus' race.  
 Such was Dares that raised his high head first to battle,  
 Displayed his broad shoulders, and thrusting and cuffing  
 With each arm alternate, pommeled the air.  
 A match is sought for him; but, of all that array,  
 Not one dares approach him or draw on the gauntlet.

In high spirits therefore,  
 And thinking that one and all  
 Yield him the palm,  
 He stands right in front  
 Of the feet of Enéas,  
 And without more ado  
 With his left hand takes hold  
 Of the bull by the horn,  
 And says:— "Goddess-born,  
 If there 's no one so bold  
 As to venture the battle,

What énd of my stánding?  
 How lóng must I wáit?  
 Bid me léad the prize óff."  
 Same tíme the Dardánidae  
 Cálled out unánimous  
 To lét the brave mán  
 Have the prómised rewárd.

Here with gráve words Acéstes  
 Repróaches Entéllus,  
 As beside him he sát  
 On the gréen grassy bánk:—  
 "Entéllus, in váin once  
 The brávest of héroes,  
 And wílt thou so támely,  
 Withóut even a strúggle,  
 Allów such a prize  
 To be cárried away?  
 Whére is our Gód now,  
 That Éryx thy máster  
 Thou váunt'st of so ídly?  
 Where nów thy renówn  
 All Trinácia filling,  
 And the spóils thou 'st at hóme  
 Hanging úp in thy hóuse?"

"It is not féar" —  
 Thus ánswered hé —  
 "Nor scáred away  
 My lóve of glóry  
 And fáir áchievement;  
 But slów old-áge,  
 With núbling fróst,

Has chilled my blóod,  
 And wórned out quíte  
 My bóðily vigor.  
 Háð I but nów  
 The yóuth I had ónce,  
 That yóuth in which  
 Yon wréteħ exúlts  
 So cónfident,  
 Nor gift had Í  
 Nor fáir steer néeded,  
 Tó induce me  
 Tó come fóward.  
 Who líkes may táke  
 The príze, for mé."

Só having sáid,  
 He cást into  
 The mídst a páir  
 Of móst enórmous,  
 Weíghty gaúntlets,  
 With whose hárd hide  
 Dóughty Éryx  
 Úsed to stráp  
 His hánds and árms,  
 Évery time  
 The lísts he éntered.

All minds were astóunded,  
 So húge were those sévenfold  
 Plies of ox-léather,  
 So stiffened with ín-plaited  
 Íron and léad.  
 Abóve all the rést



Dares' sélf is astónished,  
 And will upon nó account  
 Trý the encóunter.  
 Then, while the magnánimous  
 Són of Anchíses  
 Swings híther and thíther  
 And túrns every wáy  
 The vólume imménse  
 Of those pónderous bánds,  
 The óld man gives útterance  
 To wórds such as thése:—

“And whát had ye sáid,  
 Hád ye but Hércules'  
 Ówn gauntlets séen,  
 And the sád fight he fóught  
 Upon this very shóre?  
 These gauntlets belónged  
 To thine hálf-brother Éryx  
 (Thou séc'st them with blóod still  
 Besprinkled and bráins);  
 With thése he confrónted  
 Mighty Alcides;  
 To thése I was úsed,  
 While a frésher blood-cúrent  
 Supplied me with vígor,  
 And nó yet had óld age  
 Énviously sprinkled  
 My témples with hóar.  
 But íf Trojan Dáres  
 These wéapons refúses,  
 And géntle Enéas  
 Is sátisfied só,

And if my abéttor  
 Acéstes appróves,  
 Let us máke the fight équal;  
 I dó not insíst  
 On the gáuntlets of Éryx  
 (Dismiss thy misgivings);  
 And thóu, put thou óff  
 Thy Trójan gloves too."

He sáid, and his dóubleť  
 Threw óff from his shóulděrs,  
 His gréat limbs laid báre  
 And his gréat bones and músćles,  
 And fóřth in his mĩght stood  
 In the mĩdst of th' aréna.

Then the séed of Anchíses  
 Like gáuntlets brought fóřth,  
 And with the matched wéapons  
 The síre strapped the hánds  
 Of the óne and the óther.  
 Upright on their tóes  
 In an instant both róse;  
 And undáunted arms hĩgh  
 Lifting úp toward the ský,  
 And lófty heads dráwing back  
 Fár from the stróke,  
 With hánd to hand spárring,  
 The báttle provóke.

More nĩmble the óne  
 In the prĩde of his yóuth;

Stronger limbed was the óther,  
 And móulded gigántic,  
 But trémulous slów  
 Are his tóttering knées,  
 And his vást limbs shake sóre  
 With the pánt of his bréathing.

Mány a blów  
 They tóss to and fró,  
 Áll to no púrpose;  
 Mány a blów  
 Loud ráttling rings  
 On hóllow chést  
 And sídes, redóubled.  
 Abóut ears and témples  
 Róves the hand fréquent,  
 And únder the hárd cuffs  
 The jáws go crick cráck.

In the sáme sustained pósture  
 Entéllus stands héavy,  
 And with vígilant eýes  
 The pásses avóids  
 By ónly inclíning his bódý.  
 His oppónent, like óne  
 Who brings works of wár  
 To béar on a high-seated city,  
 Or sóme mountain cástle beléaguers,  
 On this side tries nów,  
 Now on thát the appróaches,  
 And the whóle place abóut  
 Reconnoítres with skill,

And with various assaults  
Ineffectual presses.

Rears himself upright  
Entellus, and shows  
His right hand uplifted;  
The other wares quick  
The down coming blow,  
And with nimble evasion  
Slips out of the way.  
Entellus discharges  
His strength on the winds,  
And to the ground ponderous  
Falls of himself  
With his vast heavy weight:  
As on Erymanth sometimes,  
Or on mighty Ida,  
A hollow pine tumbles  
Torn up by the roots.

All at once and together,  
In their interest for either,  
The Teucri rise up  
And the youth of Trinacia;  
To the sky mounts the clamor:  
Acestes the first is  
Who runs to, and pitying  
Lifts from the ground up,  
His equal-aged friend.

But, by his mischance  
Nor retarded nor scared,  
The hero returns

But more kéen to the fight,  
 Of válor self-cóncious,  
 Wrath róusing his vígor,  
 Shame kíndling his míght;  
 And, áll in a glów,  
 Drives óver the whóle plain  
 DARES héadlong befóre him,  
 And nów with his léft hand  
 Redóubles his blóws,  
 And nów with his right.

There 's nó stop nor stáy,  
 But with blóws of each hánd,  
 As thíck, fast, and fréquent,  
 As páttering háilstones  
 Down shówering on róof-tops,  
 The héro thumps Dáres,  
 And knócks him abóut.

Then fáther Enéas,  
 Permitting no fúrther  
 Their íres to procéed,  
 Nor Entéllus to ráge on  
 In súch bitter spírit,  
 Put an énd to the fight,  
 And réscued tired Dáres,  
 Ánd with kind, pétting words  
 Thús to him sáid:—

“Luckless wíght, what delúSION  
 So stróng has posséssed thee?  
 Percéiv'st not, thou wárrest  
 Agáinst a God's stréngth,



And that Héaven 's turned agáinst thee?  
Give wáy to the Gód."  
He sáid, and the 'báttle  
Decláred to be énded.

But awáy to the véssels  
His fáithful compánions  
Bring Dáres, his crázy knees  
Drágging alóng,  
His héad now to this  
Now to thát side tóssing,  
And clóts of blood míxed with teeth  
Fróm his mouth spéwing;  
Then, súmmoned, the swórd  
And the hélmet recdive,  
And léave to Entéllus  
The pálm and the búll.

Then, exúberant in spirits  
And próud of the búll:—  
"Goddess-bórn," says the victor,  
"And yé other Teúcri,  
Behóld both what stréngth  
My yóuthful frame ónce had,  
And from whát certain déath  
Ye have Dáres delivered."

He sáid, and right ópposite  
The fáce of the stéer stood,  
That was bý-standing thére,  
The príze of the báttle;  
And rísing bolt-úpright,  
And dráwing back his ríght hand,

Swúng the hard gáuntlet  
 Betwéen the two hórn,  
 And the fróntal bone fráctured,  
 And crúshed in the bráin;  
 Próstrate the félléd ox  
 Lies on the swárd stretched,  
 Sénséless and quívering.  
 Then, óver him stánding,  
 These wórds he put fórh:—  
 “With this bétter life, Éryx,  
 I páy thee in fúll  
 For my nót killing Dáres,  
 And victórious here pút by  
 My gáuntlets, and with them  
 The árt pugilistic.”

Then stráightway Enéas  
 Invites to compéte,  
 Who háply may wish,  
 In the swift arrow cóntest,  
 And the prizes sets óut;  
 And Seréstus’ ship’s mást  
 With his lúge hand eréets,  
 And suspénds in a nóose,  
 From the tóp of the mást,  
 The márk to be áimed at,  
 A swift-winged pígeon.

The compétitors méet,  
 And ínto a bráss helm  
 Their lót-counters flínging,  
 Forth cómes first of áll,  
 Amid shóuts of appláuse,

The lóť of Hippócoon,  
Hýrtacus' són.  
Close áfter whom fóllovs  
Mnéstheus, just nóv  
In the shíp-race victóriús,  
Mnéstheus with ólive bough  
Gárlanded gréen.  
Thírd comes Eurýtion,  
Who cláims thee for bróther,  
O Pándarus most glóriús,  
Thóu that in óld time,  
Obédient to órders,  
The fírst wert thy wéapon  
To flíng midst the Achívi,  
And th' ármistice bréak.  
Lowest dówn in the hélmet  
And lást lay Acéstes;  
For hé too had dáred  
In the tásk of the yóung man  
His hánd's strength to trý.

Then évery man tákes out  
His sháft from his quíver,  
And gállantly évery man  
Bénds his strong bóv;  
And fírst from the twánging string,  
Cléaving the swift air,  
Thróugh the ský speeds the árróv  
Of Hýrtacus' són,  
And cómes and sticks fást  
In the frónt of the mást:  
The mást thróugh and thróugh quívvers,  
The fríghted bird flútters,

And fílls the place róund  
With its clápping wings' sóund.

Bóld Mnéstheus next áfter,  
With bénded bow stánding,  
His áim took on high  
With strained sháft and strained eye,  
But, alás! the bird missed,  
Though he bróke the lint nóose  
In which, tied by the fóot,  
From the táll mast it húng:  
And awáy to the sóuth winds  
And dárk clouds it fléw.

Then in áll haste Eurýtion,  
Who for sóme time was hólдинг  
Bow bént and shaft lévelled,  
Made a vów to his bróther,  
And únder the bláck cloud  
Cóvered and pierced  
With his árrow the pígeon,  
That ín the free ský there  
Its glád wings was clápping.  
Life léaving abóve  
In the stárry ethéreal,  
It túmbles down sénseless,  
And báck to the gróund  
Brings the sháft in the wóund.

Sire Acéstes, the ónly  
Remáining one nów,  
Though the victory 's lóst,  
Yet his science to shów  
In twánging the bów,

High into the ský  
 His árrów let flý.  
 Here méets the eye súdden  
 What divíners too láte,  
 By the gréat event táught  
 To prognósticate right,  
 Have decláred was an ómen  
 Of ímport terrífic;  
 For the réed, in th' untróubled  
 Clouds óf the fine wéather,  
 Took fire as it fléw,  
 And its páth marked with fláme,  
 Then into the thin winds  
 Áwáy withdrew spént.  
 So óftentimes flý  
 Shooting stárs through the ský,  
 And draw áfter them swéeping  
 Their lóng trail of háir.

Confóunded, astóunded,  
 To the Góds pray the Teúcri  
 And mén of Trinácia;  
 Nor refúses the ómen  
 Most mighty Enéas,  
 But embráces, and héaps  
 With great gifts, glad Acéstes,  
 And thús to him sáys:—  
 “Accépt this, O fáther;  
 For Olýmpus’ great king  
 By this pórtent decláres thee  
 Entitled to hónor  
 Apárt and espécial.  
 This rích-embossed wínebowl,



Which gréat-agèd Anchíses  
 Himsélf once posséssed,  
 Thou shalt háve for thy bóon.  
 Thracian Cisseus of óld  
 On my párent Anchíses  
 The gréat gift bestówed  
 To be képt as memórial  
 And plédge of his lóve."

He saíd, and salúted  
 Acéstes first victor,  
 And bóund round his témples  
 With láurel-branch gréen.  
 Nor did wórthy Eurýtion,  
 Though 'twas hé alone bróught down  
 The bírd from the high sky,  
 With jéalousy lóok  
 On the hónor put pást him.  
 For the néxt gift comes ín  
 He that rúptured the córd;  
 Last is hé whose swift árrów  
 Stood fíxed in the mást.

But fáther Enéas,  
 Ere énded thát gáme was,  
 Calls Epýtides tó him,  
 Compánion and guárdian  
 Of béardless Iúlus,  
 Ánd in his trústý ear:—  
 "To Ascánius áwáy quíck,  
 And if he has with him  
 His yóung troop of hórsemen  
 All eqúipped now and réady

To go through their manoeuvres,  
Bid him with them come hither  
In arms, and parade  
To his grandfather's honor.  
Out of the long circus  
Himself bids depart  
The whole influx of people,  
And leave the field free.

All glittering alike  
On their well-bitted horses,  
The lads make their entry  
In sight of their sires,  
Admired by the whole youth  
Of Tróy and Trinácia,  
And cheered as they go.  
They all wear their hair,  
As required by the custom,  
Cut close in a round crop;  
Two steel-pointed lances  
Of cornel each carries,  
And some on their shoulders  
A smooth burnished quiver;  
At the top of the chest  
Round the neck goes a collar  
Of flexible gold twisted.

Three troops of horsemen,  
Distinct and apart,  
Perambulate there,  
Each troop with a captain;  
Twice six glittering youths  
Every captain commands.

One yóuthful troop 's léd  
 In ovátion alóng,  
 By a tíny Priám  
 (Called áfter his grándsire),  
 Thine illústrious óffspring,  
 Polítes, and sóon  
 With a nów, vigorous gráft  
 To add stréngth to th' Itálians.  
 The pásterns are white  
 Of his píed Thracian chárger,  
 And lóftily cárried  
 The próud forehead white.

Átys, from whóm come  
 The Látin clan, Átii,  
 Little Átys is néxt,  
 The fávorite boy-friend  
 Of the bóy Iúlus.

Last and lóveliest of áll  
 Iúlus comes, móunted  
 On chárger Sidónian,  
 By fáir Dido gíven him  
 In remémbrance of hér  
 And in plédge of her lóve.  
 On áged Acéstes's  
 Hórses Trinácrian  
 Ride the rést of the yóuths.

Pit-a-pat gó their hearts,  
 Ás the Dardánidae,  
 Gázing delighted,  
 Ánd in their fáces

Trácing their fóresires,  
Receíve them with pláudits.

When nów round the whóle  
Of the séated assémbly  
They have ridden, with jóy,  
In their rélatives' sight,  
And to sét out are réady,  
Epýtides gíves them  
The sígnal from fár  
With whip-crack and shóut.

Each tróop then dívides  
Into twó equal párts,  
Which túrn about quíck,  
And trot óff from each óther;  
Then whéel round agáin  
At the wórd of commánd,  
And chárge, face to fáce.

Then their táctics they chángé,  
And in ópposite ráńks  
Advánce and retíre,  
And retíre and advánce,  
And whéel round and róund,  
And in íntricate ríngs  
Intercépting and cróssing  
And báffling each óther,  
Fight óut their sham báttle;  
Sometímes their backs túrning  
Defénceless and róuted,  
Sometímes spéar grappling spéar,

And thén again, péace made,  
Paráding united.

As the intricate blindways  
And thóusand turns púzzling  
Of the Lábyrinth they téll of,  
In high Crete of óld,  
Where nó clue to guide you  
Back, fórward, or óut,  
You wándered for éver  
Abóut and abóut:  
So púzzled the trácks  
Of the sóns of the Teúcri,  
So perplexedly wóven  
Sportive báttle and flight,  
Like the gámbols of pórpoises  
Pláyfully frisking  
Ín the sea-wáters  
Carpáthian or Líbyan.

Ascánius of óld,  
When róund Longa Álba  
He dréw his walls' círcle,  
Re-estáblished this gáme  
And these mánege manoeúvres,  
And táught the old Látins  
How himsélf, when a bóy,  
And the Trójan lads with him,  
Had been úsed to perfórm them.  
The Álbans their yóuth táught,  
From whóm mightiest Róme  
In dúe course reccéived,  
And, hónoring her fátchers,



Preserves to this dáy  
The spórt they call Tróy  
And the Trójan Battálion.  
So múch for the gámes  
In the sáinted sire's hónor.

Here Fórtune, unfáithful,  
Begán first to chángé;  
For whilst at the túmulus  
With várious amúsements  
The dáy 's solemnised,  
Júno Satúrnian,  
Mány a scheme póndering,  
And nó sated yét  
Of her áncient ill wíll,  
Dówn from heaven Íris  
On fáir wafting bréezes  
To the Ílian fleet sént.

Swift alóng her bow's páth  
Of a thóusand bright dýes,  
Down unséen runs the máid;  
The great cóncourse survéys,  
Round the cóast casts her eýes,  
And obsérves the port émpy,  
Desérted the fléet.

But apárt on the lónely beach,  
Wéeping in sécret,  
Troy's mátrons were wáiling  
The lóss of Anchises;  
And áll, as they wépt,  
On the déep sea were gázing:—

"Alás, such a lóng way 's  
 Still lýing befóre us,  
 And, tired as we áre,  
 We have só much sea wáter  
 To sáil over stíll!"  
 It was thús with one vóice  
 They áll were excláiming;  
 A city 's their práyer;  
 They are sick, sore and sórry,  
 And the tóils of the séa  
 Will no lónger endúre.

Ínto the mídst of them,  
 Práctised in míschief  
 Thérefore she flíngs her,  
 And púts off the figure  
 And vést of a Góddess,  
 And mákes herself Béroë,  
 The áged spouse becómes  
 Of Tmárian Dorýclus,  
 Who ónce possessed children  
 And kindred and náme.

In this guise amídst  
 The Dárdan dames míngling:—  
 "Wretched wómen," she críes,  
 "Whom Acháian hands lóng ago  
 Drágged not to sláughter,  
 When fierce raged the báttle  
 Your nátive walls róund —  
 O unfórtunate créw,  
 For whát worse destrúction  
 Does Fórtune reserve ye?

The séventh summer nów  
Since the rásing of Tróy,  
Its cóurse is revólving,  
Yet o'er lánd and o'er wáter  
We 're wándering stíll;  
Amidst bléak, savage rócks,  
Under stránge skíes are róaming,  
And, tóssed on the bíllows,  
Chace thróugh the gréat séa  
Ítália, that éver  
Befóre us is fléeing.  
Ín the fratérnal  
Domáins here of Éryx,  
Hére where we 're kíndly  
Recéived by Acéstes,  
What hinders from fóunding  
Our city's walls hére,  
And éntering at ónce  
On a cítizen life?  
O my cóuntry, and Ó ye  
Penátes, in váin  
Rescued óut of the fóc's midst,  
Shall there nó, now at lást,  
Be a city called Tróy?  
Am I nó where to sée  
A Símóis' or Xánthus'  
Hectórean stréam?  
Nay, náy, come alóng,  
And hélp me to búrn down  
These ún lucky véssels;  
For prophétic Cassándra's form  
Séemed, as I slépt,  
A lít torch to hánd me;

Here, she sáys, is your hóme,  
 In this spót seek your Tróy.  
 Opportúny wórks,  
 Ánd the great pródigy  
 Méets with no hín drance:  
 See hére where to Néptune  
 Four áltars are stánding;  
 With lít brands, with cóurage  
 The Gód's self supplies us."  
 She sáid, the way léd,  
 And the rán kling fire séized,  
 And, with right hand uplifted,  
 From whére she stood, brándished  
 And with might and main flúng.

The spirits are róused:  
 Of the Ílian mátrons,  
 With amázement their héarts struck;  
 And óne of the óldest  
 Óf the whole númer,  
 Pýrgo, nurse róyal  
 Óf the so númerous  
 Children of Priám:—  
 "No Béroë Rhoetéán,  
 No spóuse of Dorýclus  
 Ye have hére, dames;" she cries:  
 "See hów her eyes búrn,  
 Mark her beauty divíne,  
 Her expréssion, her spírit,  
 Her vóice and her gáit.  
 I mysélf but just nów,  
 When I cáme away híther,  
 Left Béroë síck,

And in sád disappointment  
That shé, only shé,  
The great óffice should míss,  
And nótt pay Anclíses  
The méritéd hónors."

She sáid, and the mátrons  
At fírst stood uncértain  
And éither way swáying;  
Ánd on the véssels  
An ill eye were cásting —  
On the óne hand sore lóve  
Of the lánd that was présent,  
On the óther the cáll  
Of the Fáte-destined réalms —  
When the Góddess her wings spread,  
And úp through the ský sped  
Her flight the clouds únder,  
Alóng the great bów.

Then indéed, by the pródigy  
Smóte with amázement;  
Impélled by a fúry,  
The mátrons a shóut raise  
At ónce and togéther,  
Snatch the fire from the héarthis,  
(While sóme strip the áltars),  
And fling bránds with their whóle force,  
And léafy twig-fággots.  
Through óars and row-bénches  
And páinted pine póops  
With lóose reins caréers  
Raging Vúlcán unbridled.



To the tómb of Anchises  
 Ánd to the théatre's  
 Wédge-grouped spectátors  
 Eumélus the néws brings  
 That the fléet is on fire;  
 They look báck and themsélves see  
 The dárk, showering áshes;  
 And Ascánius the first is  
 (Just só as he wás there,  
 All jóyous conduéting  
 His hórsemen's manoeúvres)  
 Off tó the distúrbed camp  
 At fúll speed to gállop,  
 Nór can his térrified  
 Guárdians restráin him:—

“What strange mádness is this?  
 What wóuld ye be át now?  
 What wóuld ye?” he cries:  
 “Ah! unháppy townswómen,  
 It is not the fóe,  
 Not the cámp of the Árgive,  
 'Tis your ówn hopes ye búrn.  
 See, Í 'm your Ascánius!”  
 And he tóok off and thréw  
 At their féet down before thém  
 The hélmet he wóre  
 In the shám-fight amúsement.  
 At the sáme time Enéas  
 Comes úp in all háste,  
 And the Teúcrian bands cóme.  
 But the wómen, affrighted,  
 Awáy flee on áll sides

Wide óver the shóre,  
And into the wóods steal,  
Or skulk into whatever  
Caves and hóles they can find.  
They repént their attépt,  
They 're ashámed of the líght,  
They acknówledge their friends,  
Their whóle temper 's chánged,  
And óut of their bréasts  
They have quíte shaken Júnó.

But nót the less ráges,  
For áll that, the fíre,  
Nor abáte the flames thérefore  
Their wíld, untamed stréngth;  
Benéath the moist tímbers  
The cálking tow smóuldérs,  
And slów vomits smóke:  
The élement súpplé  
Gnaws slówly the húlls;  
The pést descends dówn  
Through the whóle of the fráme:  
All the stréngth of the héroes,  
All the flóods they throw ón it,  
Aváil not to stáy it.

Then géntle Enéas  
Tears his vést from his shóuldérs,  
His hánds toward heaven strétches  
And the Góds' help invókes:—  
“O omnípotent Jóve,  
If not yét to a mán  
Thou detéstest us Trójjans,

If thou 'st still some remains  
 Of the pity wherewith  
 Thou wast wonted of old  
 To regard human troubles,  
 Grant our ships now, O Síre,  
 An escape from this fire,  
 And rescue Troy's slender  
 Estate from destruction;  
 Or complete thy work outright,  
 And, if such my deserving,  
 With angry bolt here  
 On this spot overwhelm me,  
 And with thy right hand  
 To death send me down."

Scárce had he uttered,  
 When the rains were let lóose,  
 And a dárk tempest raged  
 Beyond précedent furious,  
 And highlands and pláins  
 With thúnderpeals rattled.  
 Down fróm the whole éther  
 'Tis óne pour of wáter,  
 One thícK, rushing shówer  
 Of black bláck, troubled sóuth-rain.  
 The ships fill, and run óver,  
 The chárge'd timber 's drénched,  
 The fiery glow 's quénched,  
 And fróm the pest sáved  
 All the véssels but fóur.

But fáther Enéas,  
 By the sóur mischance shócked,

Weighty cares in his breast;  
 With himself was revólving,  
 And between the two ways  
 To and fró vacilláting:  
 Should he sèttle down thére  
 In the fields of Sicília  
 And forgét the fates quíte,  
 Ór for th' Itálian coasts  
 Máke right ahead.  
 Then élderly Náutes,  
 Whom Pállas Tritónian  
 Had spécially táught,  
 And réndered distinguished  
 Abóve every óther  
 For sóothsaying skill —  
 (Her ánsvers would téll him  
 What it wás the great wráth  
 Of the Góds was forebóding,  
 What is wás the Fates' préordained  
 Órder required),  
 In consóling words thús  
 To Enéas begán:—

“Whither the Fátes  
 Do so púll and re-púll us,  
 Goddess-bórn, let us fóllo.  
 Let whát will, be cóming,  
 No fórtune 's so bád  
 But it máy be surmóunted  
 By pátient endúrance.  
 There 's Acéstes, à Dárdan  
 And fróm the Gods sprúng,  
 To him impart fréely

Thy plán of procéeding;  
 He 's réady and willing  
 To hélp and advise thee.  
 The créws of the lóst ships  
 Hand óver to him,  
 And whoéver are sick  
 Of the gréat undertáking  
 And óf thy concérnments,  
 And the véry old mén,  
 And the séa-weary mátrons;  
 And chóose out the wéak ones  
 And súch as are tímíd,  
 And hére in this lánd  
 Let them fix their abóde,  
 And bestów on their city  
 (Thou 'lt allów them the privilége  
 Of chóosing the náme)  
 The náme of Acésta."

'Twas thén indeed, thén,  
 That, inflámed by the wórds  
 Of his élderly friend,  
 He was réally distrácted:  
 And dárk Night was nów  
 Alóng the sky driving  
 In páir-in-hand téam,  
 When, dówn from heaven glíding,  
 Appéared on a súdden  
 The fórm of his párent  
 Anchíses, and séemed  
 Words like thése to pour fórch:—  
 "O són, once than life  
 (When I hád life) more déar;



O sòn by the Ílian fates  
Hárassed so sóre;  
By that Júpiter, whó  
Drove the fire from thy ships,  
And from high heaven at lást  
Took compásson upón thee,  
I come híther, commáded.  
Obéy the advisings  
Of élderly Náutes,  
That so chármingly fít  
With the présent conjúcture:  
Yóuths of the stóutest heart  
Chóose out and táke  
To Ítaly with thee;  
Thou 'st a rúde, hardy péople  
In Látium to wár down.  
But the únder-ground dwélling  
Of Dís visit fírst,  
And thróugh deep Avérnus  
Come dówn, son, and méet me;  
For nót kindless Tártarus'  
Glóomy shades ówn me;  
In delightful Elýsium  
I wón with the géntle.  
Holy Sibyl, when mány  
A bláck sheep has bléd,  
Shall híther condúct thee.  
Of thine whóle future ráce  
And the city vouchsáfed thee  
Thou shalt thén be infórmed.  
And nów fare thee wéll!  
Humid Night has the hálf  
Of her jóurney compléted,

And with his pánting steeds

Féll Morn blows ón me."

He sáid, and like smóke

Into thín air awáy fled.

"Whither rúshest thou thén?"

Says Enéas, "or whither

Beták'st thyself fróm me?

Whom flécest? who kéeps thee

Awáy from my árms?"

So sáying, he stirred up

The fire's sleeping émbers,

Ánd fumigáted

Pergámean Lár

And hóar Vesta's shrine

With a fúll box of incense,

And óffered the blést meal,

And pút up his práyer.

The wórship compléted,

He súmmons his péers

And, abóve all, Acéstes;

And Júpiter's órders.

Lays fúllly befóre them,

And his déar sire's injúnctions,

And his ówn, formed opinión.

Acéstes gainsáys not;

The vóte 's not long pássing;

They transcribe to the city

And sét down from trável

The mátrons and áll who

To stáy are inclined,

Minds whóllly devóid

Of the pássion for glóry.  
Themsélves then repláce  
The half-éaten ship-tímbers,  
Make néw the row bénches,  
And with óar and rope-táckling  
Rig out afresh;  
They 're a bráve, gallant créw,  
Though they múster but féw.

In the méantime Enéas  
Marks out with plough-fúrrow  
The síte of the city,  
And lóts out the dwéllings;  
And hére bids be Ílium,  
And thére bids be Tróy.  
And Trójan Acéstes  
Delights in his réalm,  
And, fixing by édict  
A Fórum, presides  
O'er the Fáthers assémbled.  
On Éryx' high tóp too,  
Not fár from the ský,  
For Vénus Idálian  
A séat is estáblished;  
Ánd to Anchíses' tomb  
Ádded a priest;  
And a gróve consecráted,  
With wide-spreading púrlicus.

And nów for nine dáys  
All the péople were féasted,  
And ófferings, for nine days,  
Were láid on the áltars;

And beneath the mild bréezes  
 The séa-plain lay lével,  
 And the stéady and fáir breath  
 Of Áuster once móre  
 To the hígh-deep was cálling —  
 Then thróugh the bayed shóres  
 The great wáiling aríses;  
 In mútual embráces  
 They línger, and dráw out  
 The dáy and the níght;  
 And the mátrons themsélves  
 And thóse very mén  
 To whóm the sea's fáce  
 But just nów seemed so róugh,  
 And the wéather a thíng  
 That was nót to be bórne,  
 Are desírous to gó,  
 And endúre to the énd  
 All the tóil of the trável:  
 Whom with kínd, friendly wórds  
 Good Enéas consóles,  
 And with téars recomménds  
 To their kínsman Acéstes;  
 Then thrée calves commánds  
 To be sláughtered to Éryx,  
 And a lámb to the Témpests,  
 And one áfter anóther  
 To lét go the cábles.  
 Himsélf, with a clipped  
 Olive wréath round his héad,  
 Stands far óff on the bów,  
 And ínto the sált waves  
 The éntails consígn,

And the flówing wine póurs.  
 A wind rises áft  
 And convóys them alóng;  
 And, áll hands with rival oars  
 Smítíng the déep,  
 O'er the séa-plain they swéep.

But cáre-harassed Vénus  
 Meanwhile accosts Néptune,  
 Ánd from her bréast forth  
 Pours this lamentátion:—  
 “The sérious and éver-  
 Unsátiated ánger  
 Of Júnó's breast, Néptune,  
 Compéls me to áll  
 Sorts of práyers to descénd;  
 Unsóftened by léngth of time,  
 Úntouched by pity,  
 Unsubdúed by the Fátes,  
 By Jove's mándate unquélléd,  
 She néver rests quiet.  
 Not enóugh for her hórrible  
 Spíte to have tórtured  
 With áll sorts of tórture  
 And óut of the mídst  
 Of the Phrýgian nátion  
 Cut their cápítal cíty,  
 She must pérsecute stíll  
 Murdered Tróy's poor remáins,  
 Her bónes and her cínders;  
 Best knówn to herself  
 The cáuse of such fúry.  
 Thou thysélf art my wítness,



What a cóil but just nów  
 She raised, áll of a súdden,  
 In the Libyan sea-wáters;  
 How the whóle sea and ský  
 She mixed úp in one póther,  
 On th' Eólian blasts squállly  
 Relyíng in váin —  
 In thý realms she dáred this.  
 See too, how she has driven  
 Troy's dámes into crime,  
 And fóully our shíps burned,  
 And ón an unknowñ land  
 Compélled us to léave  
 Our cómrades behind us.  
 One thíng, and one ónly,  
 Remáins for us nów,  
 Ánd for that ónly  
 One thíng I entréat thee,  
 Safe vóyage acróss  
 To Lauréntian Týber,  
 If the Párcae permít us  
 Our cíty to fíx there,  
 And íf I claim nóthing  
 But whát 's been accórded."

Thus spóke then the déep sea's  
 Saturnian contróller:—  
 "Thou 'st all ríght, Cytheréa,  
 To confide in my réalms,  
 Since from thém thou art sprúng:  
 I desérve it too fróm thee:  
 For thee I 've suppresséd oft  
 The wíld, raging fúry

Both of ský and of séa;  
Ánd that I háve not  
Óf thine Enéas  
Taken léss care on lánd,  
Let Xánthus and Simoïs  
Téstify fór me.  
When agáinst their own wálls  
Pursúing Achilles  
Dashed Tróy's half-dead squádróns,  
And sléw many thóusands,  
And, with déad bodies filled up,  
The rívers' beds gróaned,  
And Xánthus no lónger  
Could fínd out a pássage  
Or ról to the séa,  
From mighty Pelides,  
For whóm he was nó match  
In Góds or in stréngth,  
Safe in a cloud's hóllo  
I snátched off Enéas,  
Though stróng my desire  
To o'ertúrn from the bóttom  
That pérjured Troy city  
Mine ówn hands had búilt.  
Now tóo I 've the sáme mind  
Unáltered and stéady;  
Fear nót — he shall sáfely  
Réach, as thou wishest,  
The pórt of Avérnus,  
With the lóss, on the déep,  
Of a single man ónly,  
Whose óne life shall ránsom  
The líves of the mány."

The sire, with these words  
 Having gladdened and soothed  
 The heart of the Goddess,  
 Puts the bit in the mouths  
 Of his wild, foaming steeds,  
 With their gold harness yokes them,  
 Lets run through his hand loose  
 The whole length of the reins,  
 And in his dark-blue car  
 Flies lightly along  
 O'er the face of the sea:  
 The swollen waters subside,  
 And spread level under  
 His thundering axle;  
 Out of the vast ether  
 Away flee the storms.  
 In his motley cortége  
 Was the great, monstrous whale,  
 And old Glaucus' choir,  
 And Inóan Palémon,  
 And swift-speeding Tritons,  
 And Phórcus' whole muster;  
 On his left hand was Thétis  
 With Neséa, Thalia,  
 Cymódoce, Spio,  
 The maid Panopéan,  
 And Mélité.

Here through the mind anxious  
 Of father Enéas  
 Bland joy in its turn thrills;  
 He commands them to set up  
 All the masts quickly,

And the sáils on the yárds spread.  
 They unfúrl sail togéther,  
 Fírst on the lárboard side,  
 Thén on the stárboard side,  
 Ánd to the gúnnel  
 The cléw-lines brace fást;  
 All at ónce they heave úp  
 Their yárd-horns on hígh,  
 Then hául them taught áft,  
 And befóre the wind scúd.  
 Palinúrus, ahéad,  
 The dénse squadron léd;  
 All the óthers were órdered  
 To shápe course by him.

And now dámp Night had réached  
 About hálfway her góal,  
 And beside their oars strétched  
 All alóng the hard bénches  
 The sáilors in still sleep  
 Their limbs had reláxed,  
 Whén from th' ethéreál sky  
 Dówn gliding light,  
 The múrky air pártíng,  
 And scáttering the dárkness,  
 Sómnus to thée comes,  
 Ó Palinúrus,  
 Ánd for no fáult of thine  
 Bríngs thee sad slúmbers;  
 And, in figure like Phórbas,  
 On the hígh poop the Gód sat,  
 And póured this discóurse:—

"Palinúrus Iásides,  
 Stéady the fléet goes  
 Befóre the fair wind;  
 'Tis the hóur of repóse;  
 Lay thine héad down to slúmber,  
 And stéal for thy tired eyes  
 A móment of rést:  
 I mysélf for a while  
 Will take ón me thy dúty."  
 To him Palinúrus,  
 His eýes scarce uplifting:—  
 "And desírest thou mé  
 To confide in this mónster,  
 As íf I knew nó  
 What the plácid face méans,  
 And the cálm of the sált sea?  
 Or wóuldst thou have mé,  
 Whom a fáir-seeming ský  
 So óften has chéated,  
 Give Enéas in chárge  
 To the tréacherous bréezes?"

He sáid, and kept wáatching  
 With fixed eyes the stárs,  
 And clung clóse to the tiller,  
 And wóuld not let gó:  
 Then ó'er both his témples,  
 Behóld! the God shákes  
 A bóugh drenched in Léthe's  
 Stygian déw soporific,  
 And reléases his swimming  
 And únwilling eýes.  
 No sóoner the fírst touch



Of sléep unexpected  
His limbs had relaxed,  
Thán with his whole weight  
He léans down upón him,  
And into the cléar water  
Púshes him héadlong,  
With the bróken-off hélm  
And a párt of the póop,  
And óft on his cómrades  
In váin for help cálling;  
Then úp to the thín air  
Awáy soars himsélf.  
But the fléet notwithstanding  
Sails dáuntlessly ón,  
In sire Néptune's word sáfe:  
And nów they were néaring  
The rócks of the Sirens,  
Dángerous of óld,  
And with sáilors' bones white;  
Far óff heard the cónstant  
Hoarse róar of the bréakers;  
When the Fáther, perceíving  
The shíp drifting wíde  
For wánt of her hélmsman,  
Himsélf steered her ón  
Through the mídnight wáters,  
Much shócked, and láménting  
With mány a gróan oft  
The ill chánce of his friend:—  
“O too much confídng  
In fáir sea and ský,  
On an únknown shore náked,  
Palínúre, thou shalt líe.”

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## VI.

With téars he sáid, and gáve his fléet the réins;  
Ánd at last glides to Cúma's shóres Euboéan.

Móored by the ánchor's tóoth tenácious,  
The véssels' cúrved sterns líne the cóast;  
Óut toward the séa the próws are túrned:  
Fóρθ on the shóre Hespérian léap  
The árdent yóung men in a bánd:  
Sóme for the séeds of fíre make séarch,  
Whére in the flínt's veins théy lie hídden;  
Sóme through the wóods scour ánd the déns  
And thicket of their wíld indwéllers,  
Or find and shów where flów the rivers.

But kínd Enéas séeks afár  
The stéep where lúgh Apóllo réigns,  
Ánd the vást and áwful cávern,  
Sécret háunt of dréad Sibýlla,  
Whóm the séer of Délos fills  
With ínsprátions lígh and míghty,  
Ánd foreknówledge óf the fúture.

Ánd now tó the gróves of Trívía  
Ánd the gólden fáne they cóme;

Dédalús, so sáys repórt,  
 Fróm the réalms of Mínos fléeing,  
 Dáred on fórdward-béaring pinions  
 Tó confide him tó the ský,  
 And, bý that únfrequénted róute  
 Tóward the gélid Ártic sáiling,  
 Lightly sèt his fóot at lást  
 Ón the hígh Chalcídic stéep.

Hére where he fírst touched lánd agáin,  
 He ráised thee, Phoébus, á vast témples,  
 And in it cónsecráted tó thee  
 The wings with which he hád rowed thither.  
 Andrógeos' déath was ón the dóors,  
 Ánd the Cecrópidaé compélléd  
 To páy awáy in ánnual múlet,  
 Ah wóe! seven óf their sóns alive:  
 You sée befóre you stánding thére  
 The úrn from whénce they 've dráwn their lóts.

And córrespónding, ópposite,  
 The Gnóssian lánd, raised ó'er the séa,  
 Displáys the unnátural, stólen connéxion  
 Óf Pasíphaë with the búll,  
 Ánd the mónstrous pássion's frúit,  
 The bíform Mínotáur, memórial  
 Óf the confúsióh bétween kinds.

Here tóo is séen th' eláborate hóuse,  
 That máze from which there 's nó escáping —  
 But Dédalús, out óf compássióh  
 Tó the gréat love óf the quéen,  
 With a elúe the cáptive's blínd steps

Himself guided, and unravelled  
The building's cunning roundabouts.

Thou too, O Ícarus, hadst had,  
Hád the fáther's gríef permitted,  
A lárge share in so gréat a wórk —  
Twice he essayed in góld  
The díaster to móuld:  
Twice the patérnal hands  
Pówerless féll.

Bút befóre they cóuld entírely  
With their eýes the wórk go óver,  
Achátēs, whóm they hád befóre them  
Despátched as cóurier, hád retúrned,  
Ánd Deíphobe, Gláucus' dáughter,  
Phoébus' and Trívía's priestess, with him,  
Whó in thése wóds tó the kíng:—  
“Thís is nó tíme fór síght-séeing;  
Bétter fár it wére to óffer,  
Ás demánded bý the cústom,  
Séven steers fróm th' unblémished hérd,  
Ánd an équal númer chóice sheep  
Thát have cút their sécond-yéar teeth.”

The priestess, whén she hád in thése wóds  
Addréssed Enéas (nór wére théy  
Slów to perfórm the rítual órdered),  
Ínto the hígh fane cálls the Teúcri.

The síde of thé Euboéan rók  
Ínto a cávern húge is hólloved,  
Whíther a húndred wíde appróaches

Through a húndred bróad mouths léad,  
 Whénce the ánsvers óf the Sibyl  
 Ín a húndred vóices rúsh.

Tó the éntrance théy had cóme,  
 Whén the virgin:— “Tó demánd  
 The fátes now ís the time,” she sáys:  
 “The Gód! see thére! the Gód! the Gód!”

While thús befóre the dóor she spóke,  
 Her cóunténánce, all óf a súdden,  
 And cólor chánged; intó disórder  
 Féll her combed háir; high héaved her bréast,  
 Sávae and rábid swélled her héart;  
 Tállér than húman lóoks her státüre,  
 Lóuder than mórtal's sóunds her vóice,  
 As clóser still and clóser ón her  
 Blóws the Gód's inspiring bréath:—  
 “Whý so slów with thy vóws and práyers,  
 Trójan Enéas, whý so slów?  
 Néver, untíl thou hast vówed and práyed,  
 Will this astóunded dwélling ópen  
 Its mighty, yáwning móuth.”  
 This sáid, she húshed; an icy trémor  
 Thrilled through the hárdy Teúcrians' bónes,  
 And fróm the bóttóm óf his bréast  
 Poured fórth these práyers the kíng:—

“O Phoébus, óf Troy's gríevous tóils  
 Compássionate éver; whó diréctedst  
 Straíght agáinst Eáicides' bódy  
 Páris' Dárdan sháft and hánd;  
 Fóllowing whose guídance Í have éntered



So mány séas encómpassing  
 So mány widely trénding cóasts,  
 Éven to the quite out-óf-the-wáy  
 Massýlian tribes, and tó the lánds  
 That lie behind the scréen of the Sýrtes;  
 Nów that, at lást, we háve caught hóld  
 Óf the fúgitive shóre Itálian,  
 Lét our évil Trójan fórtune  
 No fúrther gó alóng with us.  
 Ye tóo, Gods áll and Góddesses,  
 To whóm Dardánia's mighty glóry,  
 And Ílium gáve such úmbrage, yé  
 May wéll spare nów the ráce Pergámean:  
 And thóu, most hóly séer prophétic,  
 Gránt me — I ásk a déb't — the réal'm  
 My fátes have prómised mé in Látium;  
 A séttlement fór the Teúcrians thére,  
 Ánd for Troy's trável-hárrassed Góds.  
 To Phoébus ánd to Trivia thén  
 I 'll fóund a sólíd márble témp'le,  
 And sét apárt days tó be képt  
 Féstive in Phoébus' náme and hónor.  
 Thee tóo, O grácious máid, awáits  
 A gréat shrine in our réal'm; for thére  
 A brótherhóod I 'll cónsecráte,  
 To táke charge óf thine óracles,  
 Ánd the mystérious fátes intérpret,  
 Appóinted tó befáll my líne.  
 Ónly trust nót to léaves thy vèrses,  
 Lést, of the rápid winds the spórt,  
 Hére and thére they flý disórdered:  
 Síng them thysélf, I práy."  
 No fúrther wórd he ádded.

Bút, of Phoébus nót yet pátient,  
 The séer ramps in the cáve, ontrágeous,  
 To sháke off, if she máy, the gréat God;  
 So múch the móre in hánd he béars her,  
 So múch the móre her rábid móuth  
 Wórries and wórks, and támes her wild heart.

And nów the búilding's húndred húge doors  
 Ópen spontáneous, ánd the séer's  
 Respónses thróugh the áir transmit:—  
 “O thóu who hást at lást o’ercóme  
 The mighty périls óf the séa  
 (Lánd’s greater périls yét awáit thee),  
 The Dárdans tó the réalm Lavinian  
 Shall cóme — thine ánxious dóubts dismiss —  
 Bút they shall rue the dáy they cáme:  
 Wárs, horrid wárs, I sée; and Týber  
 Fóaming with a blóody flóod.  
 Néver shalt thóu a Simoïs wánt,  
 A Xánthus, ór a Dóric cámp;  
 In Látíum ’s provided fór thee  
 A nów Achilles, ánd no lés  
 Bórn of a Góddess thán the fórmér;  
 And néver will the Teúcrians’ bággage,  
 Júnó, be ábsent fróm them fár.  
 Whére ’s the Itálian tríbe or eity,  
 To which in thát thine hóur of néed  
 Thou shált not ráise thy crý for hélp?  
 Agáin the cáuse of só great tróuble  
 Shall bé a stránger bríde’s espousal  
 Bý a Teúcrian brídegroom-guést.  
 But yíeld not thón to évil fórtune;  
 Ráther confrónt the ill more bóldly

The móre advérse it cómes upón thee.  
 Salvátió'n's wáy will ópen tó thee  
 Fróm a quártér whénce of áll  
 Thou hóp'st it léast, a Gráian city."

In súch dark wórds the trúth invólving,  
 The Cúman Sibyl fróm the shrine  
 Cháunted her fríghtful rhápsody,  
 And máde the cávern róund rebéllow;  
 So crúelly Apóllo chécked  
 Her ráging móuth's bars with the bit,  
 And dúg into her síde the rówels.

Át the first pause óf her fúry,  
 Fírst rest óf her rábid móuth,  
 Héro Enéas thús begins:—  
 "Néw to mé or únexpécted  
 Ríses, máid, no fórm of tróuble:  
 Í have forescéen and in my mind  
 Préviously gone thróugh the whóle.  
 One thíng I bég; since hére, they sáy,  
 The dóorway óf the inférnal kíng,  
 And hére the dísmal láke that cómes  
 From the óverflów of Ácheron,  
 Shów me the wáy that Í should gó  
 My déar sire's fáce once móre to sée,  
 Ópen the sácred pórtals fór me;  
 Him from the énýmy's mídst I snátched,  
 Upón these shóuldérs bóre him óff  
 Thróugh flámes and thóusand fóllówing weápons;  
 Wéak as he wás, he wént with mé  
 Áll the seas róund, my trável's cómrade,  
 Bore áll the thréats of wáves and weáther,

To yéars declíning só unsúited.  
 Náy, himself bégged me ánd commissíoned  
 To cóme thus súppliant tó thy dwélling.  
 Take píty, grácious máid, I práy thee,  
 Both ón the són and ón the síre;  
 For thine is hére the pówér suprême,  
 Ánd not idly Hécate gáve thee  
 Dominíon ó'er Avérnus' gróves.  
 If Órpheus with his Thrácian lýre's  
 Resóunding stríngs could súmmon báck  
 His spóuse's Mánes;  
 If Póllux fór his bróther's life  
 Could gíve his ówn life in redémption,  
 Ánd that ród pass ánd repáss,  
 Life for déath so óften chánging —  
 Or néed I méntion míghty Théseus,  
 Gréat Alcídes néed I méntion?  
 Í too am sprúng from Jóve suprême."  
 So práyed he bý the áltars hólдинг;  
 And thús begán the próphetess:—

"Trójan Anchisiádes, séed of the Góds,  
 The descént to Avérnus is éasy —  
 Day and níght open stánds  
 The dóor of dark Dís —  
 But thy stéps to the úpper air  
 Báck to retráce,  
 That indéed is labórious,  
 Hard wórk indéed thát,  
 By those ráre ones accómplished,  
 Whom, bórn of the Góds,  
 Just Júpiter fávored,  
 Or árdor of virtue

Bore aloft to the éther;  
 Wide wóods intervène,  
 And aróund with dark bósom  
 Cocýtus' stream wínds;  
 But if twice to sáil  
 The Stýgian lake óver  
 So stróng be thy pássion,  
 If so kéen thy desíre  
 Black Tártarus to sée twice,  
 And thou lík'st at the mád toil  
 To táke thy full swíng,  
 Hear what 's first to be dóne:  
 On a dárk shady trée  
 There gróws a bough sácred  
 To Júnó Inférnal;  
 All gólden its léaves are,  
 Its tóugh stem all gólden;  
 In the dépths of the gróve,  
 In the glóomy glen's dépths,  
 It lies hidden obseúre;  
 Yet máy no oíe énter  
 The únderground wórd,  
 Ere this gólden-tressed shóot  
 He has plúcked from the trée.  
 This gift as her ówn  
 Fair Prosérpina cláims,  
 And commánds to be bróught her.  
 The fírst branch off-bróken,  
 Anóther gold bóugh  
 With líke golden léaves  
 Shoots óut in its stéad.  
 So explóre the place róund,  
 Till the bráncþ thou hast fóund,



And thén with thy hánd  
 (With thy hánd it must bé)  
 Break it óff from the trée;  
 For 'twill gó with thee réady,  
 If fór it thou 'rt fáted;  
 Else nó strength of thine,  
 Not éven with hard stéel's help,  
 May aváil to compél it.  
 I will téll thee besides,  
 Thy friend lifeless lies  
 (Ah! little thou dréam'st it)  
 And with his dead bódý  
 Pollútes the whole fléet,  
 Whilst héré thou keep'st hánging  
 About my purlicús,  
 And for óraclés séek'st.  
 Him awáy carry first,  
 And dúly dispóse  
 In his hóme in the tómb;  
 Then bring thy black cáttle,  
 And máke thy sin-óffering.  
 That dóne, the groves Stýgian  
 At lást thou shalt sée,  
 And the réalms that no éntrance  
 Allów to the líving."  
 She sáid, and her móuth closed,  
 And fúrther word spáke not.

Enéas, with fíxed eyes and sád,  
 In his mínd the dark fúture revólving,  
 Quits the cáve, and with fáithful Achátés,  
 Than himsélf no less cáreful and ánxious,  
 Alóng walking, várious discússes

What cómrade the próphetess méant,  
 Whose déad body wás to be bíuried;  
 When, ló! as they cóme to the béach,  
 Misénus they sée lyíng déad,  
 Of a nóbler death wéll worthy hé:  
 Than Misénus Eólides nóne  
 With the sóul-stírríng blást of the trúmpet  
 Knew bétter the báttle to kíndle;  
 Great Héctor's compánion he 'd béen,  
 And, dístínguished for blówing the trúmpet,  
 Dístínguished for húrlíng the spéar,  
 In the fíght had his státion near Héctor;  
 But whén Hector's lífe had becóme  
 The préy of víctóríous Achíllés,  
 The redóubtable chámption attáched him  
 To Dárdan Enéas, a pátron  
 To Héctor hímsélf not infériór.  
 But nów as he chánced to be máking  
 The sea with his hóllow conch ríng,  
 Ánd in his fólly had chállénged  
 The Góds to a tríal of skíll,  
 Jealous Tríton, if trúé what they sáy,  
 Came póunce on his ríval and drówned him  
 In the mídst of the fóaming sea-bréakers.

So abóut him they áll,  
 And géntle Enéas  
 Móre than the rést,  
 Raise the lóud shout and cry,  
 And áll the whíle wéeping  
 Make háste to perfórm,  
 Withóut stop or stáy,  
 The commánds of the Síbyl,

And strive toward the ský  
With felled trées to raise high  
The funéreal pýre.  
Intó the old wóod,  
Lofty stáble of wild beasts,  
Awáy they are góne;  
Down túmble the pine trees,  
The évergreen óak  
Rings with their axe stróke;  
The trúnk of the ásh  
With their wédges is rént,  
And split into billets;  
Rolled dówn from the hills  
To the héap the great Órnus.

In the midst of such lábors  
Enéas is fóremost,  
And, girded with like tools,  
Exhórts on his cómrades;  
And, ón the imménse wood  
His lóok forward cásting,  
Ponders thús in his sád heart,  
And thús aloud práys:—

“Might but that gólden bough  
Nów in this gréat wood  
Show itsélf on its trée,  
Since but tóo true, alás!  
All the próphetess sáid,  
O Misénus, of thée!”

Scarce hád he the wóords sáid,  
When twó doves, befóre

His véry face, chanced  
 From the ský to come flyíng,  
 And lít on the gréen sward:  
 Then the mightiest héro,  
 With jóy recognising  
 His móther's birds, práyed:—

“My guídes be yé,  
 If wáy there bé,  
 And through the áir  
 Befóre me glíding  
 Léad me whére  
 The rích branch shádes  
 The gróve's rank sóil.  
 And thóu, thy són,  
 O Góddess móther,  
 In this his hóur  
 Of néed, forsáke not.”

He sáid; and his stép staid,  
 The birds' route obsérving,  
 And which way to gó  
 They might gíve him the signal.  
 So fár as the eýe  
 Of óne coming áfter  
 Might stíll in view hólđ them,  
 Alóng they went flyíng,  
 And féeding betwéen times;  
 Bút to Avérnus's  
 Íll-smelling throát  
 No sóoner they cóme,  
 Than úp lightly rising  
 They glíde through the cléar air,

And táke their perch thére  
 Where he só much desired,  
 Side by side on the trée  
 Through whose bóughs shone contrásted  
 The rádiance of góld.  
 You have séen in the wóods,  
 How the mistletoe (birth  
 Of a trée not its ówn)  
 Wraps thie táper stem róund  
 With its yóung, saffron shóots,  
 And púts forth its fóliage,  
 And flórishes fáir  
 In the cóld of the winter:  
 So lóoked the gold bóugh  
 On the shády holm óak,  
 In the light breezes só  
 The metállic leaf cráckled.  
 Enéas forthwith grasps  
 And éagerly bréaks off  
 The slów-yielding bóugh,  
 Ánd to prophétic  
 Sibýlla's home béars it.

On the shóre in the méantime  
 The Teúcri no léss  
 Were bewáiling Misénus,  
 Ánd on the thánkless  
 Áshes bestówing  
 The last márk of respéct.  
 And fírst of oak-billet  
 And únctuous tórchwood  
 They búild the huge pýre,  
 Ánd with dark fóliage



Its sídes intertwíne,  
And funéreal cýpresses  
Sét up befóre it,  
And with árms bright and shining  
Adórn it abóve.  
And sóme brazen cáldrons  
Of wáter get réady,  
And bóil on the fire;  
Then báthe and anóint  
The cóld corpse, and óver it  
Ráise the loud cry;  
On the cóuch then they láy out  
The bódy láménted,  
And óver it cást  
The well-known purple quílt.

Some táke on their shóuldern  
The gréat bier, sad óffice!  
Or únder the pýre  
The tórch hold, and túrn  
Their fáces aside  
As their fórefathers úsed;  
Or from mány a lárge bowl  
Pour óil on the pýre,  
And húge heaps of viands,  
And ódorous gúms,  
And búrn all togéther.

But whén into áshes  
The búrning pýre sánk,  
And the fláme played no lónger,  
They throw wíne on the rélics  
And bíbulous émbers;

And in a brass casket  
Corynéus collécts  
And inclóses the bónes.  
Thén round the cómpany  
Thréé times he cárries  
The púre, lustral wáter,  
And, ás he goes, sprinkles  
With ólive branch lucky  
The líght dew upón them,  
And the lást, last words útters.

But géntle Enéas  
On tóp of him pláces  
A gréat mass sepúlchral,  
The héro's arms béaring  
And trúmptet and óar,  
At the fóot of that móuntain  
High in the air tówering,  
Which nów has from him  
The náme of Misénus,  
And will through all áges  
Perpétuate the náme.  
This dóne, he procéeds with,  
And éxecutes quickly,  
Sibýlla's commánds.

By a bláck lake protécted  
And glóomy woods róund,  
There gáped with a vást  
Awful yáwn a deep cávern  
All rúgged with shingle,  
Over which without hárm  
Could no flýing thing páss,

Such a stéam from its dárk jaws  
 Exháled to heaven's cónvex;  
 For which réason the Gráïï  
 The pláce called Avérnus.

Hére first the priestess  
 Sets fóur black steers stánding,  
 Ánd on their fóreheads  
 Póurs the wine sídeways;  
 And plúcking the úppermost  
 Háirs 'twixt the hórn,  
 Pláces the firstlings  
 On the fíre of the áltar,  
 And alóud calls on Hécate  
 In Érebus poténtial  
 As wéll as in héaven.  
 And óthers the júgulars  
 Incise from belów,  
 And in wide, shallow sáucers  
 Reccéive the warm blóod.  
 To the móther of the Fúries,  
 And tó her great sister,  
 Enéas himsélf slays  
 A fléecy, black lámb,  
 Ánd to thee, Próserpine,  
 A bárren-wombed héifer;  
 Then tó the king Stýgian  
 The night áltar ráises,  
 And an óx's whole cárcase  
 Upón its fire pláces,  
 And óver the hót roast  
 Póurs the fat óil.

But, behóld! at sunrise  
 The ground únder their féet  
 Is beginning to béllow,  
 And the móuntain tops wóody  
 To quáke to and fró,  
 Ánd through the dárkness  
 Dog-bíitches are hówling;  
 For the Góddess is cóming:—

“Off! óff! ye profáne ones,”  
 The próphetess cries:  
 “Let not óne of you ánywhere  
 Ín the gróve línger —  
 But thóu, draw thy swórd,  
 And set óut on thy róad;  
 For cóurage, Enéas,  
 Now, nów is the time;  
 For firmness the time 's now.”  
 These wórds having úttered,  
 She plúnged all infúriate  
 Ínto the cáve's mouth;  
 Hé, with no timid step,  
 Kept páce with his guide.

Ye Góds who rule óver  
 The émpire of spírits,  
 And yé, silent Shádes,  
 Ye, Cháos and Phlégethon,  
 Régions of wide-brooding  
 Stillness and níght,  
 Be the prívilege allówed me  
 To téll what I 've héard,  
 Your sánction accórded

The things to reveal  
That in darkness are sunk  
And the depths of the earth.

In the lonely night, darkling,  
They went through the shade,  
Through the realms unsubstantial  
And mansions of Dis,  
As one travels in the woods  
By the crescent moon's twilight,  
When Jupiter plunges  
The sky into shadow,  
And murky night strips  
The world of its color.

In the vestibule's front,  
And the very beginning  
And jaw's edge of Orcus,  
Remorse has her couch placed  
With Sorrow beside her,  
And there pale Diseases  
And sad Old Age dwell,  
And Penury vile,  
And ill-counselling Hunger,  
And Fear, Death and Toil,  
Frightful forms to behold,  
And, Death's cousin, Sleep,  
And the criminal Passions;  
And in front, as thou interest,  
Death-dealing Warfare,  
And the Eumenides'  
Iron bedchambers,  
And Discord insensate,



With blóody band týing  
The snákes of her háir.

In the mídst an aged élm  
Its wide-branching árms  
Huge and shády spreads óut,  
Under whóse every léaf,  
Vain, incónsequent Dréams,  
They sáy, have their dwélling  
And néstle in clústers.  
Many mónsters besides  
Of béastly forms várioús  
Abóut the doors kénnel;  
Centaurs, Górgons, and Hárpies,  
Half-mán half-fish Scýllas,  
Hundred-hánded Briáreus,  
Lerna's béast hissing hórrid,  
Flame-bélching Chiméra,  
And the thrée-bodied Sháde.

Here Enéas his swórd grasps,  
In súdden alárm,  
And présents the drawn édge  
To thém coming ónward,  
And séems to be bént  
(Were it nót for the wárning  
His skilled comrade gives him,  
That they 're nóthing but thín  
Unsubstántial souls flitting  
Under sémbance of bódies)  
To rúsh in upón them,  
And, áll to no púrpose,  
Cleave the sháadows in sún-der.

From hénce the road léads  
 Tó where Tartárean  
 Ácheron's wáters  
 In vást muddy whirlpool  
 Rising belch óver  
 The whóle of their sánd and lees  
 Ínto Cocýtus.  
 A férryman hórrid  
 Has chárge of these wáters,  
 Charon, térribly squálid,  
 With eýes of flame stáring,  
 And gréat grisly béard  
 Uncáred on chin lýng,  
 And sórdid garb hánging  
 Tied óver his shóulder:  
 Althóugh somewhat áged,  
 The Gód is still hárdy,  
 And wéars his years wéll;  
 And himsélf with a lóng pole  
 The bóat forward scúlling,  
 Himsélf the sails ténding,  
 Acróss in his rústy craft  
 Férries his fréight.

With a rúsh the whole crówd  
 Toward the férry was póuring;  
 Men and mátrons were thére,  
 And magnánimous héroes,  
 The tásk of life óver,  
 And yóung lads and máidens,  
 And yóuths whom their párents  
 Saw ón the pile pláced;  
 As númerous as léaves fall

Detached in the fórest,  
 In the first chill of áutumn;  
 Or as bírds from the hígh-deep  
 Tóward the land shóaling  
 When the cóld season róuts  
 And to súnný climes sénd them  
 Awáy beyond séa.

Acróss to be ferríed  
 The fóremost were bégging,  
 And in lóve with the fúrther bank  
 Strétched their hands óut;  
 But the bóatman sévère  
 Now sóme takes, now óthers,  
 And sóme from the stránd  
 Removes fár and keeps óff.

Then Enéas in wónder  
 And móved by the tímult:—  
 “What méans,” says, “O máiden,  
 To the ríver such cóncourse?  
 What ís it these sóuls seek?  
 Or fróm the banks whý  
 Are sóme of them túrned back,  
 While sóme of them óver  
 The lívid straits rów?”  
 To whóm briefly thús  
 The áge-stricken priestess:—

“O són of Anchíses,  
 Gods’ óffspring undóubted,  
 Of Stýx and Cocýtus  
 Thou sée’st the deep wátters,

Which nó God may swéar by  
 And nó keep his óath.  
 Unbúried, forlórn,  
 All the crówd thou see'st hére;  
 Yon férryman 's Cháron;  
 Acróss sail the búried.  
 These hórrible bánts  
 And this hóarse stream to cróss  
 No sóul is permitted,  
 Ere his bónes in the tómb rest.  
 A húndred years flitting  
 They wánder these shóres round;  
 Then at lást are admitted  
 To vísit agáin  
 The so múch longed-for wáters."

Stayed his stép and stood stíll  
 The séed of Anchíses,  
 Pítying their hárd lot,  
 And múch within póndering;  
 For thére he saw sád  
 And withóut funeral hónors  
 Leucásp and the Lýcian  
 Crew's cáptain, Oróntes,  
 Both togéther by Áuster  
 O'erwhélmed in the wáters,  
 And súnk with their shíp,  
 As from Tróy they sailed óver  
 The stórmy sea-pláin.

And behóld sauntering thére  
 Palinúrus the stéersman,  
 Who, while wátching the stárs,

Had fálle*n* overbóard  
From the stérn, in the mídst  
Of the láte Libyan vóyage;  
Whóm when he récognised  
Sórrówing thére  
(And not éasily éither,  
So gréat was the dárkness),  
He thus prior addréssed:—  
“What Gód snatched thee fróm us  
And míd the sea drówned,  
Palinúrus, come téll me;  
For in thís sole respó*n*se,  
That thou shóuldst to Ausónia’s bounds  
Vóyage in sáfety,  
Has Apóllo decéived me,  
Whom áught but truth-spéaking  
I fóund before néver.”

“O commánder,” he áns*wered*,  
“The cúrtain that cóvers  
The trípod of Phoébus,  
Has nó*t* played thee fá*lse*;  
Nór in the sé*a*-plain  
Has ány God drówned me;  
For whíle to my pó*st*  
At the hél*m* I kept clóse,  
And steered stéad*y* aló*ng*,  
I féll headlong dó*wn*  
And dragged with me, it chá*nced*,  
And with gréat force áwá*y*  
From its plá*ce* tore, the rúdder.



"By the róugh seas I swéar,  
 I feared léss for mysélf,  
 Thán lest thy véssel,  
 Deprived of its táckle,  
 Its stéersman o'erbóard,  
 Should nót prove a máteh  
 For so gréat, rising wáves.  
 During thrée stormy níghts,  
 Over séa-plains imménse,  
 Notus bóre me alóng  
 Through the rúde dashing wátters;  
 Scarce at lást on the fóurth day  
 From tóp of the wáve  
 Had I víew of Itália.

"To the lánd by degrées  
 I had flóated, and nów  
 Was júst out of dánger,  
 When the nátives, mistáking me  
 Fór a rich bóoty,  
 Fell crúelly ón me,  
 Weighed dówn as I wás  
 With my wét clothes, and gráppling  
 With my hánds crooked upón  
 The cliff's rough projéctions —  
 And nów the waves háve me,  
 Ánd the winds tóss me  
 Abóut on the shóre.

"Bút by the ský's  
 Pleasant light and áir,  
 By thine hópeful Iúlus  
 \*And thy síre I entréat thee,

O invincible, rescue me  
 Out of these troubles,  
 Or to the Véline port  
 Go, for thou 'rt able,  
 And throw earth upon me;  
 Or if thou at all may'st,  
 And thy Goddess-mother  
 Points out any way  
 (For without the Gods' sanction  
 Thou attempt'st not, I think,  
 O'er these rivers to sail  
 And this great, Stygian flood),  
 To a poor wretch thy hand stretch,  
 And take me along with thee  
 Over the waters,  
 That in death I may find  
 At least some place of quiet."

These words he had said,  
 When the prophetess thus:—  
 "Whence, Ó Palinúrus,  
 This passion so dire?  
 Shalt thou to the shore  
 Unpermitted go down?  
 Shalt thou, unentombed,  
 The severe Styx behold,  
 The Euménides' river?  
 Abandon the hope  
 That the fates of the Gods  
 May be bent by entreaty;  
 But hear and remember,  
 And from my words take  
 For thine hard case some comfort:

Thy neighbours, impelled  
 By portents from heaven,  
 Shall expiate thy death  
 Far and wide through their cities,  
 And a túmulus build thee,  
 And at the túmulus  
 Rites anniversary  
 Perform in thine honour,  
 And the place shall for ever  
 Be called Palinúrus.”  
 These words soothed his care,  
 And his heart for a little while  
 Eased of its sadness;  
 That the land bears his name  
 Is a pleasant thing to him.

They proceed therefore on  
 With the journey in hand,  
 And draw near to the river:  
 But when from Styx' waters  
 The boatman beholds them  
 Through the silent wood coming  
 And toward the bank turning,  
 He thus prior accosts,  
 And begins thus to chide them:—

“Halló! whosoever  
 Thou art, that in arms  
 Approachest our river,  
 Say wherefore thou com'st —  
 From that very spot say —  
 And stop thy step there.  
 This of Shadows the place is,

And Sléep, and Night drówsy;  
 Live bódies to férry  
 In Stýgian boat óver  
 Were high misdemeánor;  
 And smáll cause have í  
 To be glád that I tóok  
 On the férry Alcídes,  
 Or Piríthous and Théseus,  
 Invincible thóugh they were,  
 Ánd of Gods sprúng.  
 The one sóught to impríson  
 The kéeper Tartárean,  
 And drágged him all trémbling  
 From the véry king's thróne;  
 The óthers Dis' lády's  
 Abducción attépted."

To which the Amphyrsian seer  
 Briefly thus ánswered:—  
 "No such plóttíng is hére  
 (Thou néed'st not so frét thee),  
 Nór by these weápons  
 Dó we mean fórcé;  
 The huge dóor-watch for ús  
 May for éver and éver  
 In his cávern keep báking,  
 To the blóodless Shades' térror;  
 'Cross her úncle's door sill  
 Chaste Prosérpina néver  
 For ús need set fóot.  
 Trójan Enéas,  
 The géntle and bráve,  
 To Érebus' lówest shades

Hére is descéding  
 To visit his síre.  
 If that pícture of ténderness  
 Móve thee no jót,  
 At léast thou 'lt acknówledge  
 This bránc" — and she shówed  
 The bránc", that lay hid  
 In the fóld of her vést.

The swéll of his íre  
 Subsides from his héart,  
 And no móre words there pássed,  
 But with wónder regárding  
 The réverenced gift,  
 The fáted wand, nót  
 For so lóng a time séen,  
 He 'bóuts his dark-blúe skiff,  
 And dráws near the bánk;  
 Then máking rough cléarance  
 Of the sóuls that were sitting  
 Alóng the long bénches,  
 Throws ópen the gángway,  
 And into the bóat's hull  
 Takes gréat-sized Enéas:  
 Opprésed by the wéight,  
 The stítched wherry gróaned,  
 And let ín through its léaks  
 A gréat plash of wáter;  
 But at lást on the fár side  
 Sets dówn without dámage  
 In the yéllow-green sédge  
 And ríver slob úgly  
 Both héro and sér.



In a c ave right in fr ont  
 Huge C erberus lies c ouchant,  
 Uncouth m onster, and m akes  
 With his triple throat's b arking  
 The wh ole realm res ound.  
 To him the seer fl ings  
 (For she s ees on his n eck  
 The snakes bristling alr eady)  
 A c ake sweet with h oney  
 And dr ugged with narc otics.  
 Wide  pening his thr ee  
 Ravening g ullets, he s eizes  
 The g obbet thrown t o him,  
 Then  n the ground str etches  
 His uncouth chine  ut,  
 And h uge and rel axed lying  
 Fills the whole c ave.  
 En eas, the gu ard  
 Of the p assage entr anced,  
 M akes good his  ntr ance,  
 And with l ight foot behind leaves  
 The b ank of that fl ood  
 That is n ever recr ossed.

Imm ediately h eard  
 In the  ntr ance the v oices  
 Of children's souls w ailing,  
 Which,  re they had t asted  
 Of sw eet life their sh are,  
 A dark d ay snatched aw ay  
 From the br east, and consigned  
 To a pr emature gr ave.

Beside these were those  
 Who to die were condemned  
 On a false accusation.  
 (Nór were the places  
 At rándom appóinted,  
 Or withóut judge's séntence;  
 But président Mínos  
 Shakes úp in the úrn  
 The bállots for júdges,  
 And assémbles togéther  
 The stíllý souls áll,  
 And mákes inquisítion  
 Respécting the crímes  
 That in life they 've committed.)

Next to these dwell in sádness  
 Those whó the light lóathed,  
 And though guíltý of nó crime  
 Laid hánds on themsélves,  
 And their líves threw awáy.  
 How gládlý they 'd póverty  
 Nów bear, and hárd toil,  
 Abóve in the éther!  
 But the Fátes stand oppósed,  
 The háteful wave binds them,  
 And níne times wound róund them  
 Sevére Styx's wátters  
 Cut óff their retúrn.

Not fár hence are shówn  
 On évery side spréading  
 The Sórrowful Pláins  
 (For by thát name they 're cálléd)

Where, under the cöver  
 Of myrtle groves, wánder  
 In sécret paths hídden  
 Those whóm unrelénting  
 And crúel love's plágue  
 To the córe has corróded;  
 Not éven in death's sélf  
 Do their sórrows forsáke them.  
 Here he sées Eriphýle  
 Displáying in sádness  
 The wóunds which her són's  
 Cruel hánd had inflieted;  
 He sées here Pasíphaë,  
 Phédra, and Prócris,  
 And Evádne, and Láodamia,  
 And sómetime male Céneus  
 Now fémale agáin  
 Ánd to his first sex  
 By Fáte's will retúrned.

And thére in the midst of them,  
 Frésh from her wóund,  
 In the gréat forest wándered  
 Phoenícian Dído:  
 Whom són.as Troy's héro,  
 Not fár from her stánding,  
 Behéld through the sháadow,  
 And récognised díme,  
 As óne who the néw moon  
 Sees through the clouds rising,  
 Or imághines he sées,  
 He wépt, and with ténderness  
 Thús to her sáid: —

"The néws then was trúe,  
 O unfórtunate Dido,  
 Thát thou laidst violent  
 Hánds on thysélf;  
 And Í have, alás! been  
 The cáuse of thy déath —  
 But I swéar to thee, quéen,  
 By the lights of the ský,  
 And the Góds above dwélling,  
 Ánd by whatever faith  
 Réigns undergróund,  
 'Twas agáinst my will sóre  
 From thy cóasts I depárted.  
 Those sáme Gods' commánds,  
 Which now fórcé me to trável  
 Through these shádwy pláces  
 Of hóar desolátion  
 And this night profóund,  
 Impérious compélléd me;  
 Nor cóuld I have thóught  
 Thou hadst félt, at my párting,  
 A páng so sévére.  
 Stay — withdráw not — whom flée'st?  
 'Tis the lást time by Fáte  
 I 'm allówed to addréss thee."

Her búrning ire's scówl  
 Enéas with súch words  
 And súch tears was sóothing;  
 But awáy she turned fróm him,  
 And ón the ground mótionless  
 Képt her eyes fixé,  
 And no móre her look áltéred

For áll he could sáy  
 Than íf 'twere a hárd  
 Flinty róck that stood thére  
 Or táll cliff Marpéssian;  
 At lást she turns óff short,  
 And flíngs herself spíteful  
 Ínto the shrúbbery's  
 Cóvert umbrágeous,  
 Where Sichéus, her fórmér spouse,  
 Rénders her lóve for love,  
 Ánd with her sórróws  
 Gríeves sympathétic.  
 Móved by the sád case,  
 And wéepling, Enéas  
 Fóllows her pitying  
 For sóme time afár off;  
 Ón his appóinted way  
 Thén he procéeds.

And nów they at lást reach  
 Those dístant retréats  
 Which brave wárríors inhábit.  
 Here he cómes across Týdeus,  
 And Adrástus' pale ghóst,  
 And Párthenopéus  
 That wárríor renówned.  
 And déep was his gróan  
 When he sáw the long mústér  
 Óf the Dardánidae  
 Fálled in báttle,  
 Whóm in the wórld above  
 Hé had so móurned —  
 When he sáw Gláucus thére,



And Thersilochus, Médon,  
 And Anténor's three sóns,  
 Ánd Polyphoétes,  
 Céres' priest hóly,  
 And Idéus who stíll had  
 His cháriot beside him,  
 And stíll held his árms.

Thick róund him the sóuls stand  
 Both on ríght hand and léft,  
 Ánd, not conténted  
 With séeing him ónce,  
 Love to línger alóngside  
 And méasure steps wíth him,  
 And ásk why he cómes.

Bút the battálions  
 Ágamemnónian,  
 And chiefs of the Dánaĩ,  
 When they sée through the sháadow  
 The héro's arms gléaming,  
 Some in gréat trepidátion  
 And féar turn their bácks,  
 As tóward their ships érewíle  
 Their flíght they dírécted;  
 And sóme, making éffort  
 To ráise a gréat shóut,  
 Scarcely útter a squéak.

Here, wíth his whole pérson  
 (His fáce both and límbs)  
 All crúelly mángled,  
 Deíphobus, Príam's son,

Álso he sées:  
 Both his hánds they are lópped,  
 Both his éars they are crópped,  
 Ánd with a wóund  
 Ignominious shorn óff  
 His nóse from his fáce.  
 He knéw him, though hárdly,  
 As cówering he stóod there,  
 And stríving to cówér  
 His púnishment díre:  
 And óf his own mótion  
 Salúted him thús  
 In áccents well knówn:—

“O wárrior Deíphobus,  
 Teúcer's blood lófty,  
 To dó thee this spíte  
 Who could fínd in his héart?  
 Or whó had the pówer?  
 The repórt to me cáme  
 That, on thát final níght,  
 Áfter thou hadst tíred thyself  
 Kílling Pelásgi,  
 Thou hadst pérished on tóp  
 Of a gréat heap of sláughter.  
 A cénotaph tó thee  
 I thérefore erécted  
 On the séacoast Rhoetéan,  
 And thrice in a lóud voice  
 Cálled on thy Mánes;  
 Thy náme and thine árms  
 Mark the pláce for thine ówn.  
 In váin I sought fór thee, friend,

Át my depárture,  
 In órder to láy thy bones  
 Ín their own lánd."

Priámides ánswered:—

"Thou hast léft nought undóne;  
 To Deíphobus' ghóst  
 Thou hast páid, O my friend,  
 All the fúncral hónors.  
 My déstiny 'twás,  
 And the wickedness déadly  
 Óf the Lacónian,  
 That in thése evils plúnged me;  
 These tókens are hérs;  
 For hów in the midst  
 Of false jóys we were pássing  
 That lást night thou knów'st  
 And must tóo well remémber,  
 When dówn on high Pérgamus  
 Cáme with a bóund  
 That fátal horse prégnant  
 With árméd men of wár,  
 She, únder preténce  
 Of a Bácechanal dánce,  
 Leading róund in procéssion  
 The "Évoë"-shóuting  
 Mátrons of Phrygia,  
 And high in the midst of them  
 Hólding a húge torch,  
 From the tóp of the citadel  
 Signalled the Dánaü.  
 Exháusted with cáres,  
 And with drówsiness wéighed down,

I hád, at that móment,  
 Withdráwn to my lúckless  
 Connúbial bedchámber,  
 Where ás I lay súnk  
 In a déep and sweet sléep  
 (Placid déath's very image),  
 My nótable spóuse,  
 Having fírst from the hóuse  
 Remóved all my árms,  
 Ánd from my pillow  
 My trústy sword stólen,  
 Throws wide ópen the dóors  
 And calls in Meneláus,  
 Expécting, no dóubt,  
 By a bóon so impórtant  
 Conferred on her lóver,  
 To effáce from his mémory  
 Her fórmér misdéeds.

"But why a long stóry?  
 They break into my chámber,  
 Eólides with them,  
 That incíte to ill —  
 Ye Góds, to the Gráii  
 Requite like for like,  
 If I ásk for no móre  
 Than a júst retribútion,  
 And nót for revénge.  
 But cóme, it 's thy túrn now  
 To sáy what chance hither  
 Hath bróught thee alive;  
 Have the Góds hither wárned thee?  
 Or hást thou thy cóurse lost

When ón the sea sáiling?  
 Or whát other áccident  
 Drives thee to vísit  
 These drear, óvercast régions,  
 These súnless abódes?"

While thús they converséd,  
 Auróra alréady  
 With her rósy four-hórse team  
 Had máde 'cross the ský  
 Half her vóyage ethéreal;  
 And they míght have perháps  
 Whiled awáy in like mánnér  
 All the périod allotted,  
 Had nó comrade Sibyl  
 Thus briefly admónished:—

"Night cómes on apáce,  
 Enéas, while wé  
 The hóurs pass in wéeping.  
 This is the spót where  
 The ród into twó splits;  
 The ríght hand road 's óurs,  
 Which by gréat Dis's tówers  
 Conduéts to Elýsium:  
 The léft hand 's the pénal road,  
 Wáy of the wícked  
 To Tártarus kíndless."  
 Deíphobus ánswered:—  
 "Be not ángry, great priestess;  
 I 'll párt from ye hére  
 And to dárkness retúrn  
 And fill up the númer.



On, ón, O our pride,  
 And thy bétter fates úse."  
 No wórd more he úttered,  
 But túrned as he spóke.

Looking róund on a súdden,  
 Enéas behólds,  
 At the fóot of a rók  
 On the léft, a wide fórtress,  
 Round whose tríple wall rápid  
 Tartárean Phlégethon  
 Its tórrent of flámes pours  
 And lóud rumbling stónes.  
 So sólídly built  
 Of ádamant pillars  
 Its húge gate in frónt,  
 That of mórtals no pówer,  
 No pówer of immórtals  
 To fórcé it were áble:  
 High tó the air rises  
 The gáte tower of íron,  
 Where, with blóody pall girt,  
 Sits Tisiphone sléepless,  
 And wátches the véstíbule  
 Bóth day and night.  
 Groans are héárd from wíthín,  
 And whips' cruel crácking,  
 And íron chains clánking.

Enéas stopped shórt  
 Ánd to the gréat noise  
 Listened affríghted:—  
 "What púnishments thése,

O declare to me, máiden,  
 Or for whãt crimes inflicted?  
 What gréat wail is this,  
 Rising híg to the áir?"  
 Then the próphetess thús:—

“Renowned chief of the Teúeri,  
 Over thát wicked thréshold  
 Must no blámeless foot páss;  
 But Hécate hersélf,  
 When óver the gróves  
 Of Avérnus she sét me,  
 All the pénalties táught me  
 Óf the divíne wrath,  
 And thróugh the whole léd me.

“Infléxibly rígid  
 And ábsolute rules  
 Gnossian Rhádamanth hére,  
 Tries the cáse, and awáreds  
 The rógues their chastisement,  
 Compélling them fírst  
 To conféss the deeds dóne  
 Abóve in the wórlð,  
 The atónement for which  
 (Inly plúming themsélves  
 On the sílly decéit)  
 They had pút off till déath,  
 And untíl ’twas too láte.

“With avénging whip réady,  
 Insúltng Tisíphone  
 Ínstantly fálls on

And lashes the culprits,  
 And her twisted snakes at them  
 Thrusts with her left hand,  
 And her fell sisterhood  
 Calls to come forward.

“Then at last, with a horrible  
 Jar of their hinges,  
 The cursed gates are opened:  
 Discern'st what a guard  
 In the vestibule watches?  
 Discern'st at the door  
 What a figure keeps sentry?  
 More fell within seated  
 A Hydra gapes hideous  
 With fifty dark swallows,  
 And Tartarus itself  
 With its headlong abyss  
 Down below the Shades stretches  
 Twice as deep as the height  
 When from earth thou look'st up  
 Toward ethereal Olympus.

“Here down to the bottom  
 With thunderbolts hurled,  
 Roll groveling the Titans,  
 The old brood of Terra.  
 Here too I had sight of  
 Those bodies gigantic,  
 The twain Aloidæ,  
 Who attempted the great heaven  
 To take by assault,

Ánd from his réal'm above  
Dówn to thrust Jóve.

“Here too, undergóing  
His púnishment-crúel,  
Salmóneus I sáw,  
Who, divíne honors cláiming,  
And thínking to ímitate  
Júpiter's líghtnings  
And thúndering Olýmpus,  
Dróve in ovátion  
With tóreh round him brándished  
In fóur-in-hand cháriot  
Through Élis' chief city,  
Ánd through the mídst  
Of the Gráian péoples,  
Ánd, in his fólly,  
Had fáin made the clátter  
Of hórny-hoofed hórses,  
And cháriot of bráss  
On brass-víaduct rólíng,  
Páss for the unpáralleled  
Thúndercloud vólley.  
But the Fáther almighty  
From amóng the thíck clóuds  
Flung át him his míssile  
(No smóky lamp wás it  
Nor túrpentine tóreh),  
Ánd with a hídeous whirl  
Dáshed him down héadlong.

“Here too to be séen  
Was ómni-productíve Earth's

Fóster-son Títyos,  
 Whose bódy lies spréad out  
 Over nine entire ágres,  
 And housed únder whose táll chest  
 A húge, hideous vúlture  
 With hóoked beak sits grúbbling  
 For tit-bits his vítals,  
 And kéeeps ever crópping  
 His liver immórtal,  
 Which, as fást as cropped, bóurgeons,  
 And bréeds him new tórment,  
 Incéssant, for éver.

“Of the Lápithae why  
 Ór of Piríthoüs  
 Néed I make méntion,  
 Ór of Ixíon,  
 Right óver whom hángs  
 A dárk, flinty róck  
 Ever réady to fáll down  
 And, ás it were, fálling?  
 On shíning gold féet  
 Rest the hígh, genial sófas;  
 With magníficence róyal  
 Befóre their eyes spréad out  
 The sumpúous repást;  
 But the chíef of the Fúries  
 Starts úp from a sófa,  
 And, with thúndering vóice,  
 And firebrand uplífted,  
 Forbíds touch the víands.



"Here those who while living  
 Have hated their brother,  
 Or raised hand against parent,  
 Or cheated their client,  
 And those who in privacy  
 Over a hoard  
 Of saved money pored,  
 And for relatives set not  
 Some portion aside  
 (And these form the chief crowd),  
 And for adultery  
 Those who were slain,  
 And those perjured slaves  
 Who against their liege lords  
 Raised arm contumacious —  
 All those are shut up here,  
 Abiding their torment.

"Ask me not to inform thee  
 What tortures they suffer,  
 Or how in particular  
 Each one is punished;  
 Some a huge rock are rolling;  
 To a wheel's upright spokes  
 Legs and arms some are tied;  
 There sits hapless Theseus  
 And there will sit ever;  
 And from the depth  
 Of his misery Phlegyas  
 Calls aloud through the darkness  
 To all men his warning:—  
 "Take a lesson from me,  
 And hold not too lightly

The Góds who command you  
*'Be júst in your déalings'.*"

"This óne here for góld  
His fátherland sóld  
And placed únder the thráll  
Of a pówerful máster;  
And ón the walls vénally  
Pósted new láws,  
And fróm the walls vénally  
Óld laws took dówn:  
With a súit against náture  
His dáughter's bedchámber  
That óther inváded:  
Every óne of them dáred,  
And dáring achieved,  
Some enórmy hídious.  
No, nót with a húndred tongues,  
Nót with a húndred mouths,  
Ánd voice of iron,  
Cóuld I describe all  
Their crimes' various fórms,  
Or enúmerate the módes all  
In which they are púnished."

So said Phoébus' aged priestess,  
And ádded:— "Come, háste;  
Let 's get óver the gróund,  
And pút the last hánd  
To our gift's presentátion;  
For I séc plainly yónder  
The Cýclops-forged tówers,  
And ópposite our fáce stands

The gáteway's arched pórtal,  
Where our órders commánd us  
This gift to depósit."

When thús she had sáid,  
They procéd side by side  
Alóng the dark wáy  
That remáined intervéníng;  
And whén to the dóors come,  
Enéas goes ín,  
And with frésh water sprinkles  
His bódy, and hángs up  
The bráñch in the éñtrance.

These thínks at last dóne,  
Ánd the due cómpliment  
Páid to the Góddess,  
They réach the delightful  
And gréen grassy wóodlands  
Where the Bléssed reside.  
Here a wider-spread éther  
Invésts all the lándscape  
With brillianter húes;  
Thèy 've a sún of their ówn,  
And stars different from óurs.  
On the gráss in gymnástics  
Some súpple their límbs,  
Ánd on the táwny sand  
Spórtively wréstle:  
And sóme of them síng songs,  
And sóme of them dáñce;  
And, dréssed in his lóng vest,  
The Thrácian bard tó them

Trills the changes melodious  
Of Music's seven sounds,  
And now with his fingers  
Along the chords sweeps,  
Now with ivory quill.

Here too are those warriors  
In better years born,  
That old stock of Teucer  
So lovely to see,  
Those magnanimous heroes,  
Assaracus, Ilus,  
And Dardanus, Troy's founder.  
On their arms from a distance  
And shadowy chariots  
With wonder he gazes;  
In the ground stand their spears fixed;  
Their horses unyoked  
Graze all over the plain:  
Beneath the earth buried,  
They take as much pleasure  
In chariots and arms,  
And the caring and fattening  
Of sleek shining steeds,  
As they took when alive.

And lo! he beholds  
On the right hand and left  
Along the grass stretched  
Others nourishment taking,  
And singing glad Péans  
In chorus amidst  
The odorous laurel groves,

Whence Eridanus springs —  
 That river which rólls  
 Through the úpper world's fórest  
 Such a vást flood of wátters.

Here the pátriot hándful  
 That bléd for their cóuntry,  
 And thóse who were hóly priests  
 While they were líving,  
 And thóse hearts of géntleness,  
 Bárd's whose discóursings  
 Were wóthy of Phoébus,  
 And all thóse who had ádded  
 To cívilisátion  
 By invéntions in árts,  
 And all thóse whose desérvings  
 Had máde them remémbered,  
 Wéár round their témples  
 The snówy white fillet:  
 Whom, ás they flocked róund them,  
 Sibýlla addréssed thus,  
 And chieflý Muséus,  
 Abóut whom was stánding  
 And úp to him lóoking  
 A gréat crowd of pérsons  
 All of whóm he o'ertópped  
 By the héight of his shóuldérs:—  
 "O sáy, happy sóuls,  
 And thou, éxcellent bárd,  
 In what quárter 's Anchises,  
 Or whére to be fóund?  
 For his sake we 've cóme,



Ánd across Érebus'  
Gréat rivers sáiled."

To whóm then in féw words  
Thus ánswered the héro:—  
"No fíxed abòdes bind us;  
We inhábit the gróve's  
Shady cóverts, or dwéll  
In frésh, watered méadows,  
And ón rivers' bánk.  
But yé — if so pléase ye —  
Cross óver this ridge,  
Ánd on the éasy path  
Át once I 'll sèt ye."  
He sáid; the way léd;  
And fróm above shówed them  
The fáir, smiling pláins:  
Then they léft the hill tóp.

Now it chanced, sire Anchíses,  
Far withín a green válley's  
Inclósure, was pássing  
Befóre him in múster  
Those sóuls who should shórtly  
Ascénd to the líght,  
And a cénsus was táking  
Óf the whole númer  
Óf his dear óffspring,  
And cárefully stúdying  
The héroes' explóits,  
Their fates, mánners and fórtunes:  
But thróugh the grass tóward him  
As sóon as he sáw

Enéas adváncing ,  
He strétched out both hánds  
In a tránsport of jóy ,  
And, while téars his cheeks cóursed down ,  
In thése words addréssed him :—

“And hást thou at lást come ,  
And thy filial afféction  
(As I wéll knew it wóuld)  
The wáy’s hardships cónquered ?  
And ám I permitted  
To lóok in thy fáce, son ,  
And héar thy known vóice ,  
And speak with thee as wónt ?  
So indéed I considered  
And thóught it wóuld bé ,  
Counting óver the tíme ,  
And I fínd I ’ve been ríght .  
Escáped from what dángers ,  
My són, thou com’st tó me !  
After hów many tóssings  
On lánd and on wáter  
I háve thee here sáfe !  
How gréatly I féared  
Lest that Libyan kíngdom  
Should wórk thee some hárm !”

“Thy ghóst,” thus he ánswered ,  
“Thy sád ghost, O síre ,  
Several tímes manifésted ,  
Has híther impélléd me :  
My shíps in the Týrrhene sea  
Stánd at their móorings .

Give me, O give me,  
Thy right hand, O sire,  
And from my embracings  
Withdraw thyself nóť.  
The téars, as he thús said,  
Streamed fást down his fáce;  
His árms round the sháde's neck  
He thrice strove to thrów;  
Thrice from his frústrate grasp,  
Líght as the wínds,  
As a fléeting dream swift,  
The shádw escapéd.

In the méantime Enéas  
Has séen, in a válley  
Indénting the highland,  
A wóodland seclúded,  
And shrúbberies rústling,  
And the ríver of Léthe  
Close glíding alóng  
By the plácíd abóde.  
On évery side róund  
Innúmerous péoples  
And nátions were flitting,  
As thícķ as you 've séen,  
In the fíne summer séason,  
Bees in the meads thrónging  
Abóut the white lílies,  
Ánd settling dówn on  
The flówers variegáted,  
Ánd with their búzzing hum  
Filling the pláin.

Enéas, in ignorance,  
Starts at the sudden sight,  
And asks what the cause is,  
What river that yonder,  
And who are the people  
That fill all its banks  
In such thick, swarming numbers.  
Then father Anchises:—  
“Those souls to whom due  
Second bodies by Fate,  
Here, at the care-easing  
River of Lethe,  
Drink long oblivion  
Of their first bodies.  
This long time I've wished  
To point these out to thee  
Here in thy presence,  
And with thee count over  
The tale of my offspring,  
That no less than mine  
May be thy exultation  
That Italy's found.”

“And can it be thought, sire,  
There are any souls  
That are hence to ascend  
To the sky, and once more  
The dull body enter?  
What dire yearning is this  
Of the wretches for light?”  
“I'll tell thee the whole, son,  
And not in doubt leave thee,”

Thus Anchises the wórd took,  
And expláined all in órder:—  
“In the ský and the éarth  
And the líquid sea-pláins,  
The móon’s shining glóbe,  
And the plánets Titánian,  
There dwélls from the fírst  
An intélligent mínd,  
A spírit intérnal,  
Diffúsed through the mémbers  
And sétting in mótion  
The whóle, mighty máss.  
Hence derived are the líves  
Of mán, beast and bird,  
And óf the strange mónsters  
Prodúced undernéath  
The séa’s marble súrface.  
In the émbryo of éach  
Is a prínciple fiéry  
Descénded from héaven  
Although dúlled and impáired  
By a fráil, earthy móuld,  
And a fráamework of flésh,  
And límbs that must pérish:  
From this cláyey admixture  
Their féars and desíres come,  
Their páins and their jóys,  
Ánd that, shut úp  
In a dárk prison’s glóom,  
They cást no look báck  
On the ský’s radiant light.  
Not éven with the lást  
Closing dáy of their líves



Does the bád wholly léave them,  
Nor quite depart from them  
The plágues of the flésh,  
For múch of the ill  
Has néeds grown invéterate,  
And márvellous déep  
The ingrâin of long hábit:  
They are thérefore torménted,  
And súffer the páins  
Of their áncient misdéeds;  
Some fórms unsubstántial  
On crósses are spréad out,  
And húng to the winds;  
The déep dye of sin  
Out of óthers is wáshed  
Under vást floods of wáter,  
Or búrnt out with fire;  
And thén when at lást,  
In long prócess of time,  
The deep stáin is expúnged,  
And the éssence ethéreal,  
The éffluence fiery,  
Left púre and unblémished,  
And éach one his ówn  
Special Mánes has súffered,  
Into ámple Elýsium  
We 're sént to range frée,  
And sóme few to stáy  
And the glád fields inhábit.  
But all thése thou see'st hère,  
When a fúll thousand yéars  
Have complétely rolled róund,  
The Gód summons fórh

In thèse mighty númbers  
 To the river of Léthe,  
 That of pást things oblivious  
 They máy become willing  
 To re-énter the flésh  
 And retúrn to the wórld."

Anchíses these wórds said,  
 And into the mídst  
 Of the crówded and búzzing  
 Assémbly his són brought,  
 And with him the Sibyl,  
 And a túmulus móunted  
 From whénce he might sée  
 And háve a front view of  
 The lóng array cóming:—

"Come nów and I 'll téll thée  
 What fátes shall be thine,  
 And what glóry shall fóllo  
 The són of the Dárdan,  
 What a ráce of Itálians  
 From him is to spring,  
 What illústrious sóuls  
 Mounting úp to the wórld  
 Shall cáll us forefáthers.

"Thou see'st yónder that yóuth  
 On the scéptre-wand léaning;  
 He 's the fírst for the líght;  
 Of the míxed blood Itálian  
 Hé to th' ethéreal air  
 Fírst shall ascénd,

And become Sílvius  
 (That well-known name Álbán),  
 Thy too late begóttén  
 And pósthúmous són,  
 Whom thy cónsort Lavinia  
 In thine óld age shall béar thee,  
 And in the woods réar up;  
 A king he 's himsélf,  
 And the fáther of kíngs,  
 And thróugh him descéding  
 Our líne shall rule lórdly  
 Ó'er Longa Álba.

"And néxt him see Prócas,  
 The Trójan stock's príde,  
 And Númítor, Cápys,  
 And, glórious no léss  
 For mártial achievements  
 Than for áll gentler vírtues,  
 Sílvius, thy námesake,  
 If to Sílvius Enéas  
 Should éver descénd  
 The scéptre of Álba.  
 What gállant youths théy!  
 See what stréngth they displáy!  
 And hów with the pátriot  
 Cítizen's óakleaves  
 Their témples are sháded!  
 These are théy who the cíties  
 Fidénæ shall búild,  
 And Noméntum and Gábii;  
 Who shall pláce, on the hílls  
 Of Collátia, the cástle;

Ánd of Pométii  
 Láy the foundátions,  
 And Ínui Cástrum  
 And Bóla and Córa;  
 All thén noted pláces,  
 Now lánds without náme.

“Aye; and Rómulus, Márs’ son —  
 Of the blóod of Assáracus  
 By Ília his móther —  
 Shall accópany his grándsire.  
 See thére on his héad  
 How the Sire’s self alréady  
 Has sét the twain crésts,  
 Has márked him even hére  
 With the éblem of hónor  
 He ’s to wéar in the wórld.  
 Behóld, son, the mán  
 By whose áuspices léd  
 That chivalrous Róme  
 Shall acqúire a dominion  
 With Éarth coexténsive,  
 A spirit for which  
 Not Olýmpus too lófty,  
 And enclóse with one city’s wall  
 Cítadels séven:  
 Happy móther of héroes!  
 Not móre blest than shé,  
 Drives through Phrýgia’s cities  
 Turret-crówned Berecýnthia,  
 The Góds’ happy móther,  
 Whose glád arms embráce  
 A húndred grandchildren,

Divinities áll,  
All instálled in high héaven.

“Now hitherward bénd  
Both thine eýes, and behóld  
Thine own nátion of Rómans:  
’Tis César thou hére see’st,  
And the whóle stock of Césars  
Who are yét to come fórt  
In Iúlus’s líne,  
The great fírmament únder.  
This, this is the mán,  
The prómised man this,  
Of whóm thou ’st so óft heard —  
That César Augústus,  
The Gód Cesar’s són,  
Who shall bring back to Látium  
And tó the fields érewwhile  
Reigned óver by Sátur  
The éra of góld;  
Who his swáy shall stretch óver  
Garamántes and Índi,  
And whát lands soéver  
Lie beyónd the eclíptic  
And páth of the plánets,  
Where ský-propping Átlas  
Spins róund on his shóulder  
The fírmament stúdded  
With bright-burning stárs.  
Of the ádvent of this man  
Even nów the realms Cás pian  
And lánd of Meótis  
Héar with a shúdder



In the Gods' ánswers;  
 And with consternátion  
 Are séized even alréady  
 The séven mouths of Níle.  
 Not éven Alcides,  
 What thóugh he transfixéd  
 The bráss-footed dóe,  
 To Érymanth's wóodlands  
 What thóugh he gave péace,  
 Ánd with his bów's twang  
 Made áll Lerna trémble —  
 Not éven conquering BÁCCHUS,  
 Who from Nýsa's high tóp  
 Drove in tíger-drawn cháriot  
 With réins twined with véneleaves,  
 Equal spáce of land cómpassed:  
 And dó we doubt still  
 To ádd to our fórmer deeds  
 Frésh deeds of prówess?  
 Or sháll fear forbíd us  
 To plánt a firm fóot  
 In the lánd of Ausónia?"

"But with bróws decked with láurel  
 Whó is that yónder  
 I sée sacrificíng?"  
 "By his gréy locks I knów him,  
 And bý his beard grisly,  
 That kíng of the Rómans  
 Who sháll first set the cité  
 On láw's firm foundátion.  
 Tó his great góvernment  
 Fróm her soil stérile

Diminutive Cúres  
 Shall send him commissioned.

“Next to him succeeds Túllus,  
 Who shall break the inactive  
 Repóse of his cóuntry,  
 And to árms call the wárrior-bands,  
 Nów for some time  
 Unaccústomed to triumphs,  
 And flágging in spirit.  
 Close áfter whom fóllovs  
 Rather váin-glorious Áncus,  
 To whóm to be fánned  
 By the pópular bréath  
 Even nów 's but too pléasing.

\*  
 “Dost thou wish me to shów thee  
 The mónarchs Tarquinian,  
 And the próud soul of Brútus  
 His cóuntry's avénger,  
 And the Fásces he wring  
 From the grásp of the týrant  
 And restóred to the péople?  
 This is that Brútus  
 To whóm shall be first  
 Committed the cónsulship  
 Ánd the fell áxes —  
 That únhappy sire  
 Who for fáir freedom's sáke  
 Shall cáll forth his ówn sons  
 To súffer the pénalty  
 Dúe to the néw crime  
 Of wár 'gainst one's cóuntry.

Let postéridy tálk  
 Of the déed as they will,  
 The pátriot's unbóunded  
 Pássion for glóry  
 Will béar all befóre it.

“Aye, and fár off behóld too  
 The Décii and Drúsi,  
 And wielding the héadsman's axe  
 Rígorous Torquátus,  
 And Camillus home bringing  
 The stándards recóvered.

“But those sóuls whom thou sée'st there  
 In équal arms brilliant —  
 Concórdant souls nów  
 Whilst kept dówn under night —  
 Ah, what wárs they shall wáge,  
 What múrderous báttle,  
 Agáinst one anóther,  
 Let them dáylight but réach!  
 The fáther-in-láw,  
 To confrónt the son, cómes  
 From Monoécus' Arx dówn  
 And his rámpart of Álps:  
 With áll the arráy  
 Of his ármament éastern  
 The són-in-law méets him.  
 But dó not, my yóung friends,  
 To só bitter báttle,  
 Ah, dó not inúre ye!  
 Agáinst fátherland's bówels,  
 Ah, túrn not your míght!

And thóu, mine own blóod,  
 Be the first to leave óff —  
 Thou Olýmpus-sprung scíon;  
 The swórd from thy hánd  
 Fling thóu away first.

“Yonder ’s hé that retúrning  
 All glórious, victórious,  
 From the táking of Córinth,  
 And róut of the Achívi,  
 Shall tó the high Cápitol  
 Drive his war-tríumph.  
 That óther shall Árgos  
 And Agamemnónian  
 Mycénae o’ertúrn,  
 And fróm an Eácides,  
 Líneal descéendant  
 Of wárríor Achilles,  
 Exáct retribútion  
 For his fóresires of Tróy  
 And the fóul desecrátion  
 Of the fáne of Minérva.

“Who ’d léave thee behind him  
 Unméntioned, O Cóssus?  
 Or thée, mighty Cáo?  
 The stóck of the Gráccí  
 Whó ’d leave unméntioned?  
 Or wár’s pair of thúnderbolts,  
 Líbya’s misfórtune,  
 The Scípiadae twáin?  
 Or Fabrícíus, on smáll means  
 Commánding the déference

Páid to the rich?  
 Or thée, O Serránus,  
 The plóugh-furrow sówing?  
 But whither áway  
 So húrry me tíred,  
 Ye fá mily Fábian?  
 O Máximus thóu 'rt he,  
 That síngle one thóu,  
 Who by prócrastinátion  
 Restór'st us our lóst state.

"Other nátions, I dóubt not,  
 Will wórk brass with sófter,  
 More bréathing expréssion,  
 And óut of the márble  
 Draw féatures more lífe-like,  
 Will pléad causes bétter,  
 Ánd with the trácing rod  
 Dráw more corréctly  
 The gréat heavenly círcles,  
 And the rísing stars márks —  
 But, remémber it éver,  
 'Tis thy part, O Róman,  
 To góvern the nátions;  
 To spáre the submíssive,  
 To wár down the háughty,  
 And impóse upon áll  
 Modes and hábits of péáce."  
 So sáid sire Anchíses,  
 And as wóndering they lóoked on,  
 These wóords besides ádded:—  
 "See hów with the *Spólia*  
*Opíma* dístínguished,



And áll overtópping,  
 Victórious Marcéllus  
 Comes márchíng on yónder!  
 In the mídst of the gréat  
 Gallic túrmoil and túmúlt  
 This mán shall the Róman state  
 Hóld firm and stéady,  
 And únder his hórse's hoofs  
 Tréad Carthaginian  
 And rébel of Gául;  
 And to fáther Quíçinus  
 Suspénd the Spoils Róyal,  
 The thírd that were éver  
 By Róman arm wón."

And hére said Enéas —  
 For he sáw with him góíng  
 A yóuth of rare beauty  
 And brilliantly ármed,  
 But his brów far from chéarful,  
 And dówncast his eýes —  
 "Who 's that yónder, O sire,  
 That goes with him as cómrade?  
 His són perhaps is he?  
 Or óne of the gréat stock  
 Óf his descéndants?  
 How his cómrades buzz róund him!  
 What a hóst he 's himsélf!  
 But abóut his head flitting  
 Dark Níght spreads her sád shade."  
 Then with gúshíng tears thús  
 Replied fáther Anchíses:—

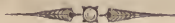
“‘Into thy fá mily’s  
Gréat grief, my són,  
O máke not inquiry;  
The Fátes shall but shów  
This young mán to the wórd,  
And thén away béar him.  
Too pówerful, ye Góds,  
Had becóme in your eýes  
The bréed of the Rómans,  
Had ye gíven them for góod and all  
Présents like this.  
How that Cámpos shall gróan there  
Beside Mars’ great cíty!  
What funéreal rites, síre  
Tiberíne, thou shalt sée,  
Ás by that nówly-raised  
Túmulus thou glídest!  
Néver of Ílian stock  
Bóy shall be bórn  
That shall ráise in his Látin  
Grandfáthers such hópe;  
Of nó other són  
Shall the cóuntry of Rómulus  
Máke so loud bóast.  
Ah, móurn for him, móurn!  
Had he líved, he ’d been géntle,  
A mán of his wórd  
Like the mén of old tímes,  
With éver uncónquered  
Right árm in the báttle.  
What fóe had unpúnished  
Withstóod his footchárge,  
Or the rúsh of his fóaming steed

Ráked with the rówels!  
 Ah! find but the méans  
 To break thróugh thy hard fátes,  
 O yóuth to be pitied,  
 And thóu 'lt be Marcéllus.

“Give me lilies in hándfuls;  
 Let me scátter aróund  
 Flowers púrpling and bright:  
 What though váin be the óffice,  
 I 'll with a profúsióh  
 Of súch gifts at léast  
 Heap the sóul of my grándson.”

In the bróad, airy láwns  
 So they wánder abóut,  
 And scrútinise évery thing  
 Ín the whole région:  
 All which to his són  
 When Anchíses had shówn,  
 And póinted out tó him  
 Each séparate óbject,  
 Ánd with a lónging  
 For th' óncoming glóry  
 Had kindled his sóul,  
 He describes next the wárs  
 To be wáged by the héro,  
 And abóut the Lauréntian  
 Péoples infórms him,  
 And Latinus's city,  
 And hów to avóid best  
 Or béar every tróuble.

There are twó gates of Sléep,  
 The one hórny, they sáy,  
 And affórding free pássage  
 To réally true visions:  
 Through the óther, of white  
 Glossy ivory wróught,  
 The Mánes their fálse dreams  
 Send úp to the wórld.  
 Toward the ivory gáte  
 Anchíses his són  
 Condúcts as he spéaks,  
 And with him the Síbyl,  
 And léts both out thróugh it.  
 To the shíps and his cómrades  
 Enéas retúrns;  
 Then alóng the shore cóasts  
 To Caiéta's port stráight.  
 From the prów they cast ánchor:  
 The stérns line the shóre.



## CORRIGENDA.

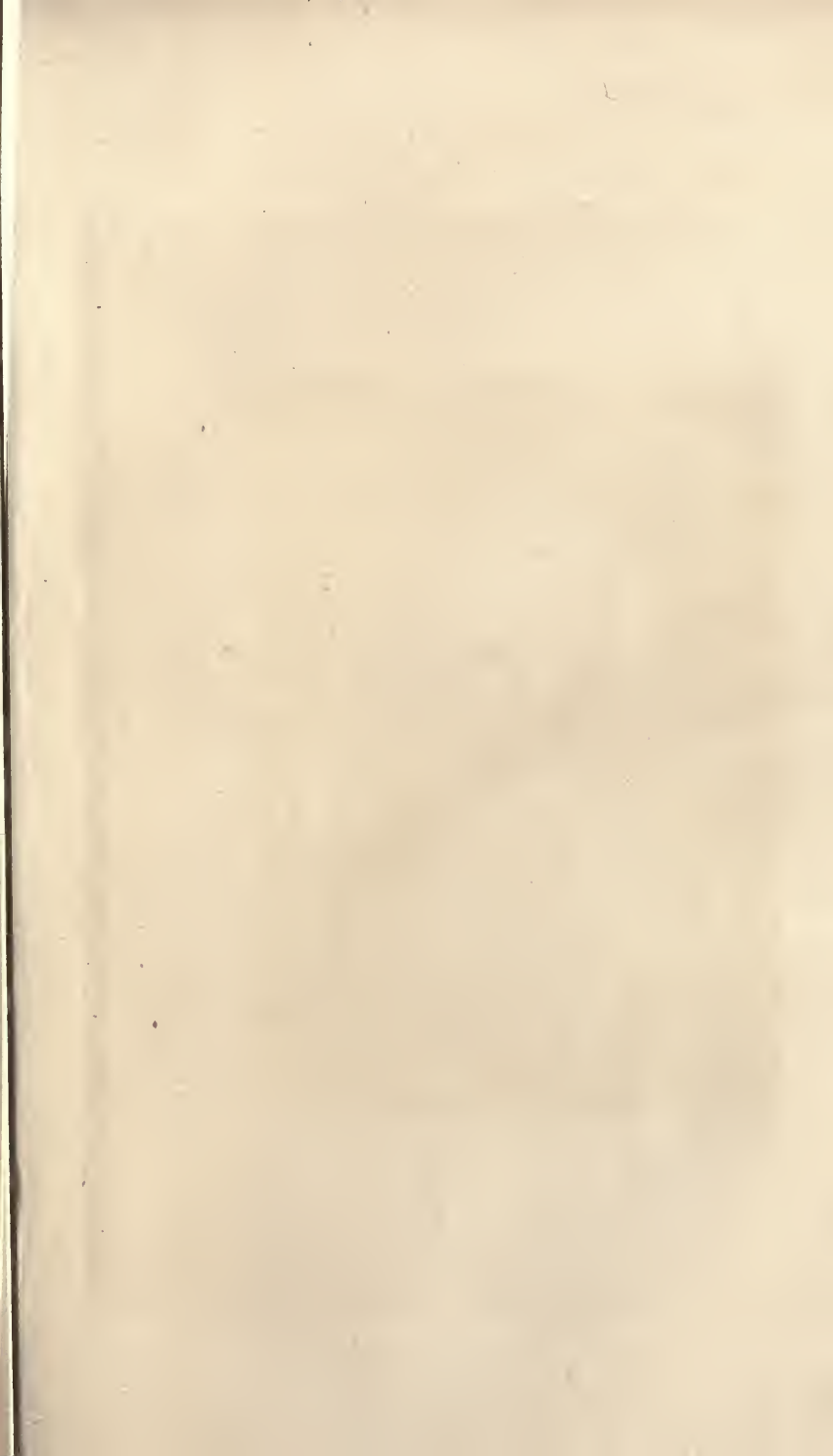
- Sign. γ6. Line 4 from bottom, instead of thóu, read thou  
 Sign. γ7. Line 14 from bottom, instead of óur, read our  
 Sign. c2. Line 12 from bottom, instead of impóster, read  
           impóstor

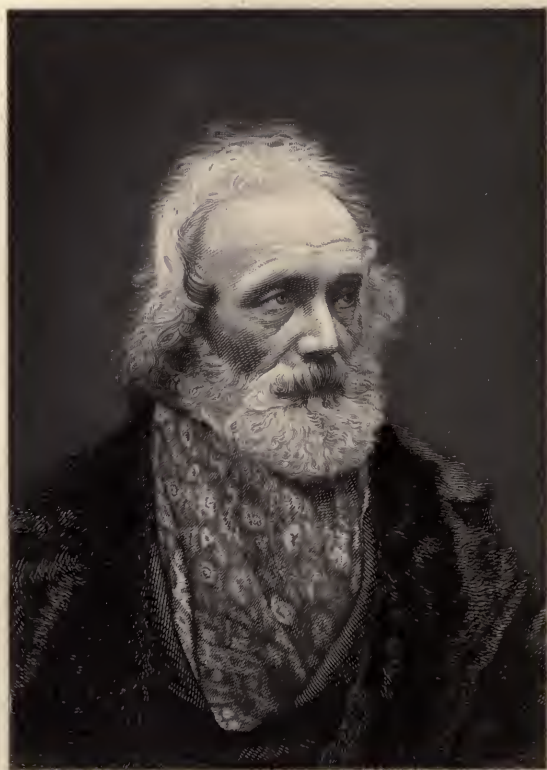
- Page 1. Instead of lines 8, 9, 10 from top, read  
 Mars' bristling árms and Him whom first  
 And léader fróm the cóasts of Tróy  
 Fate bróught to Ítaly réfugée, \*
- Page 3. Instead of lines 13 and 14 from top, read  
 Which shé had been fóremost  
 To wáge against Tróy  
 On behálf of dear Árgos — \*
- Page 4. Line 15 from top, instead of I, read Í
- Page 16. Line 6 from bottom, instead of Troys, read Troy's
- Page 20. Line 2 from bottom, instead of bréast, read wáist,
- Page 32. Instead of line 14 from bottom, read  
 For ús — we have nóthing to féar;  
 And thóu — thou shalt néver repént thee \*
- Page 59. Instead of line 8 from bottom, read  
 And Macháon the princípál móver, \*
- Page 90. Instead of lines 9 and 8 from bottom, read  
 For while, divérging fróm the ród's  
 Diréction knówn, I fóllow býe-paths,
- Page 143. Instead of lines 15 and 14 from bottom, read  
 Í acknówledge Í 'm one  
 Óf that créw of Dánaĩ
- Page 152. Last line, instead of knéw, read knów
- Page 157. Instead of line 3 from top, read  
 Ánd on the tóp o' th' crág the Nýmphs huzzáed.\*
- Page 168. Line 7 from bottom, instead of píous, read fórmér\*
- Page 176. Line 11 from top, instead of Ílíán, read Ílian

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\* For the reason of this alteration see my *Notes of a Twelve Years' Voyage of Discovery in the First Six Books of the Eneis*.







James Henry. M.D.  
Art. Page 56

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# A HALF YEAR'S POEMS

OF

JAMES HENRY, M. D.

CRITIC.

In vain through all your pages  
For one good thought I look;  
I'd say but for politeness,  
You've written a worthless book.

AUTHOR.

The judgment a man utters  
Does but himself reveal;  
The flint to lead refuses  
The spark it yields to steel.

Trompeter-Schlösschen, Dresden; April 9, 1854.

1246  
6/1/92.

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DRESDEN.

PRINTED BY C. C. MEINHOLD AND SONS.

1854.

THANKSGIVING.

I thank thee, Muse, for pleasures three —  
“Póet, what pleasures may those be?”  
I thank thee first for the delight  
I take myself in all I write;  
I thank thee next and thank thee more  
Fór the delight with which I store  
Cellfuls of honied poesie  
For those who shall come after me;  
And last and most for the delight  
I thank thee, Muse, with which I write  
Póems my friends from morn to night  
And night to morn read with delight.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

51  
sp/1/2

ÓFT 'twixt sleep and waking  
Í behóld a figure  
Airy light and hándsome  
Flitting ríght before me,

Ríght before me flitting  
Like Itálian firefly  
Ón a Júly évening  
Júst at dáylight-góing,

Ór like plánet rising  
Fróm the ócean's cléar edge,  
Ánd reveáled alternáte  
Ánd hid bý the billows.

Whén intént I wáke up  
Tó embráce my lóst Love,  
Áh! the vision 's vánished  
Ánd all 's blánk around me;



Whén I láy my heád down  
Ónce more ón the pillow,  
Thére again 's the vision  
Flitting right befóre me,

Like refléction pláying  
Ón a smooth white ceíling  
Fróm a gláss of wáter  
Sháken in the súnlight.

Íf, insteád of wáking,  
Í sleep ónly deéper,  
Óther visions máy come  
Bút I lóse the figure.

Néver cómes that figure  
Óút of deád and góne times,  
Flitting thére befóre me  
Aíry líght and gráceful

Líke Itálian firefly  
Ón a stíll damp évening  
Ín the mónth of Júly  
Áfter thé sun 's góne down,

Líke a plánet rísing  
Ón the édge of ócean  
Ánd reveáled altérnate  
Ánd hid bý the bíllows,

Líke the sún's refléction  
Ón a whíte-washed ceíling  
Fróm a gláss of wáter  
Sháken in the wíndow,

Bút when Í 'm too hánging,  
Hálf asleép half wáking,  
Équipoised betweén  
The deád world ánd the living.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
Febr. 8—9, 1854.

### BELISARIUS.

NOVEMBER's clouds are gathering fast;  
The woods are whistling in the blast;  
It is a rugged old oak tree  
That spreads between the sky and me  
His wrinkled arms, with here and there  
A leaf upon his fingers bare.  
About his feet lie sere and red  
The honors of his once green head.  
Hére make my grave, there 's sympathy  
Between this ancient oak and me;  
Like him I grew and florished 'fair;  
Like him I 'm withered old and bare;  
O'er me like him life's storms have passed;  
Like him I 've shivered in the blast;  
We both draw near our end at last.  
Hére lay me down, here let me die;  
No need of stone or verse have I;  
Write Belisarius on the tree;  
My name tells all my history.

Written while walking in BADEN, from WALDWIMMERSBACH to MOSBACH,  
Nov. 25, 1853.

AWAKE him not; look at him if thou wilt,  
But let no touch or sound or stir disturb him  
Out of his slumber; see his mighty chine,  
His firm-set shoulder muscular and brawny;  
In what thick ringlets hangs his shaggy mane  
Enveloping as with a wiry muff  
Withers and neck and ears and half his forehead.  
From the one paw thou see'st there, somewhat thrust out  
From underneath the superincumbent weight  
Of that huge bony head, judge of the others.  
If from those dark, drooped lids, and those closed jaws,  
That quiet, slow, and scarce perceptible  
Swelling and falling of those nostril edges,  
Thou turn'st away with an instinctive horror,  
How wilt thou face the uncovered eyeballs' glare,  
The wide-dilated nostril, the curled lip,  
Tusks gnashing, muttered growl, and rising mane,  
And tail indignant lashing both his sides,  
And claws erect and ready for the spring?  
Nay, nay; if thou art wise, thou 'lt not molest  
The lion peaceful sleeping in his lair —  
Thou 'lt not with deed or word or thought aggressive  
Stir in its placid light repose thy conscience.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 17. 1854.

## ARRIA.

TAKE the knife, Petus; fear not it will hurt thee;  
Or if it hurt thee, it is bÚT a hurt,  
Óne friendly hurt that saves thee from a thousand.  
Thou 'rt pale; afraid; give mé the knife; see there,  
That 's my blood on it, yet I 'm nothing frightened.  
I 'm sore where it has cut me; what of that?  
A little deeper, I were sore no longer;  
No knife, no Cesar, more, had power to hurt me.  
TAKE the knife, Petus; and bid loud defiance  
To all who with the knife would terrify thee.  
No man with knife in hand 's the slave of Cesar.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5. 1854.

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SHE lies below;  
These roses grow  
On Ellen's grave;  
Sigh, nightwinds, sigh  
As ye pass by,  
Ye willows, wave.

One month ago,  
We loved as though  
Néver to part;  
And now — Alas!  
All flesh is grass;  
Break, break, my heart.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

## PAIN.

"PAIN, who máde thee?" thus I said once  
Tó the grím unpítýing mónster,  
Ás, one sleépless night, I wátched him  
Heátíng ín the fire his píncers.

"Gód Almighty; whó dare dóubt it?"

With a hídeous grín he ánswered:

"Í 'm his éldest bést-belóved son,  
Cút from mý dead móther's bówels."

"Wrétch, thou líest;" shócked and shúddering  
Tó the mónster Í replíed then;

"Gód is goód, and kínd, and grácíous;  
Néver máde a thíng so úgly."

"Téll me thén, sínce thou know'st bétter,  
Whóse I ám, by whóm begóttén;"

"Héll 's thy bírth-pláce, ánd the Dévil  
Bóth thy fáther ánd thy móther."

"Bé it só; to mé the sáme 'tis  
Whéther Í 'm God's són or grándson,  
Ánd to theé not greát the dífference  
Ónce thy flésh betweén my tóngs is."

"Spáre me, spáre me, Páin;" I shriéked out,  
Ás the réd-hot píncers cáught me;  
"Thou árt Gód's són; áye thou 'rt Gód's self;  
Ónly táke thy fíngers óff me."

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, Jan. 26, 1854.



TAKE that and that and that, detested viper;  
 Thou 'lt never more across my way come hissing,  
 And spirting venom; now at last thou 'rt settled,  
 And I am happy. Let me sit down here  
 And leisurely enjoy my happiness.  
 And so, it 's done; what next? that 's all; it 's done,  
 And nothing more about it. Murdered him!  
 Aye, that I did; and were it still to do,  
 Would do it again; he hated me, I him.  
 It 's a cursed passion, hatred; a cursed passion;  
 That drives a man to kill even his own brother.  
 It was not I, it was my hatred killed him;  
 If I had loved him he had still been living.  
 Hatred and love! I might as well have loved him,  
 Or better. Why then didn't I? I could not.  
 I was not given the choice to love or hate him;  
 I was made hate him simply, and made love  
 My sister; with all love was made to love her,  
 And with all hatred made to hate my brother.  
 So then it was not that I had not love,  
 But that he was no object for that passion;  
 And, for no reason but because she is not  
 My hatred's object, I don't kill my sister;  
 Both passions are my nature, my choice neither;  
 Had I my choice, I 'd neither love nor hate  
 But rise to both superior, like the oak  
 That in the forest spreads his broad arms out  
 With like indifference above a pair

Of duellists, and pair of cooing lovers.  
Well then, the consequence? that 's bad for me.  
Men have forbidden murder; not that men  
Are good and virtuous, but because each man  
Fears for himself and his; therefore their statutes,  
Are point-blanc against murder; and they 'll rise  
And hunt me like a wild beast down, and kill me;  
Kind, loving, tender men that so hate murder!  
Well, be it so! I did it open-eyed,  
And knowing well that men would murder me  
For daring to do that, alone and singly,  
Which each of them fears by himself to do,  
And only does when by participation  
Of all the rest with him, no 'rest' remains  
To call him to account, and judge, and punish.  
Well then! and when they 've murdered me, is that all?  
Kind, loving, tender men again! that 's not all.  
Ye cannot follow me yourselves indeed  
Beyond your murder — pity that ye cannot!  
But ye will pray your God to raise us all  
Out of our common grave, and with new life  
And sensibility of pain endow us,  
That ye may sit in everlasting joy  
Above with angels, and look down on me  
And all those whom for murdering ye have murdered,  
Writhing in hellfires unextinguishable,  
While ye sing Peans to His righteousness  
Who made ye twice for joy, us twice for torment.  
Aye, 'twas I did it; here I am, your prisoner.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 6, 1854.

PLEÁSANT áre the sún's rays  
Híll and vále adórning,  
Pleásant áre the smáll birds  
Sínghing in the mórning,

Pleásant is the spríng's breath  
Thróúgh the thórnhedge blówing,  
Pleásant is the primrose  
Ón the dích-side grówing,

Pleásant is the wíld bee's  
Ríght conténted húmming,  
Pleásant is the óld fríend's  
Lóng expécted cóming,

Pleásant is the kéttle  
Ón the bríght fire sínging,  
Pleásant áre the jóybell's  
Ín the steéple rínging,

Pleásant is the chíld's face,  
Sleéping in the crádle,  
Pleásant is the yóung colt's  
Whínny in the stáble,

Pleásant is the órgan  
Thróúgh the gréat áisle péaling,  
Pleásant is the nún's' chant  
Thróúgh the láttice steáling,

Pleasant is the garden's  
Variegated full bloom,  
Pleasant is the hayfield's  
Almost sweeter perfume,

Bút to mé it 's sweéter  
Pleasantér and bétter  
Fróm my ábsent Truélove  
Tó receive a létter

Bidding mé to bánish  
Dóubt and féar and sórrow,  
Ánd to cáll upón her  
Eárlý ón tomórrów.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 9, 1854.

---

"WHAT árt thou, dim figure, that stoppest me so,  
Down the path to the ford as I hurry along?  
Let me pass; the sun 's set, and I 've far yet to go —  
For a maid to be out after nightfall were wrong."

"Dear Rose, thou canst not pass the river tonight,"  
As he threw back his cloak her own William replied;  
"See the flood how it covers the stepping stones quite —  
Nay Rose, art thou mad? thou must stay on this side."

"Let me go; there 's still light and I know the ford well;  
It will scarce at the stepping stones reach to the knee;  
How could I tomorrow my cross mother tell  
That I 'd spent the whole livelong night, William, with thee?"



"Thou shalt sleep with my sister, and, when at gray day  
The fall of the water the stepping stones shows,  
To thy cross mother's house she 'll escort thee half way,  
And still in life's garden shall bloom William's rose."

"It máy not be, William; I 'd rather tonight  
This dárk flood its drumly waves over me rolled,  
Than my cróss mother greet with tomorrow's daylight,  
And see her eyes flash as my story I told.

"So thank thee, dear William, and let my hand go;  
Across in a moment in safety I 'll be,  
For the flood 's not deep yét and the current moves slow;  
Good night, my sweet William, and feár not for me."

He holds her hand hard and keeps close to her side,  
And they 're both in the water now up to the knee: —  
"It 's a rough stream that me from my Rose shall divide;  
Clasp both arms round my neck, Love, and cling close to me."

With a strong grasp he 's caught her and lifts her up high,  
Her slender feet hanging down scarce touch the stream;  
Four steps, steady steps now — but was that a 'cry'  
And a fall and a struggle, or do I but dream?

Strong is love, and the arms of a young man are strong  
When they 're clasped round the waist of his newly pledged bride,  
But stronger 's the mountain flood rushing along,  
When the rains from the clóuds burst at wet lammas-tide.

Down the river 's a garden where marigolds blow,  
And sad willows lean over the water and weep,  
And thére country folks still the green hillock show  
Where the youth and the maid by the rippling wave sleep.



No need of stone letters the names to disclose  
Of the poor pair below, hapless bridegroom and bride,  
For a flower of Sweet William there each lammas glows,  
And a white mossy Rose bud droops close by its side.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 7—8, 1854.

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“WILL you allow me to go out, Sir?”

Thus Pat to me one evening said,

As weary, dreary, in my study

I sat with aching heart and head.

“And what is ’t, Pat, you would go out for?”

Can’t you at home the evening spend?”

“I ’ll not be long, Sir; only just run

Over the way to see a friend.”

“To see a friend! stay, I ’ll go with ye;

Bring me my cloak and stick and hat;

A friend! a friend! what is a friend like?

I never saw a friend yet, Pat.”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5, 1854.

---

BREÁTHE not a murmur thou of querulous  
Dissatisfaction at the inscrutably  
Dark and mysterious ways of Providence,  
If in thy fortune’s ruin thou ’st preserved

A pair of easy, wool-lined, velvet slippers.  
 About the color, whether black or brown  
 Or green or scarlet, be not too fastidious;  
 But, if stern destiny allows a choice,  
 Choose yellow, as the prettiest and most Turkish.  
 I like the Turks because they 're Mussulmen,  
 Not preaching, praying, money-loving Christians;  
 I like the Turks because they hate the Russians  
 And will, I doubt not, give them a sound drubbing;  
 I like the Turks because they 've a fine city,  
 Constantinople on the Bosphorus,  
 Where one can plainly see the sun at midday;  
 But most I like the Turks because they never  
 Wear boots at home, but always yellow slippers.  
 I won't suppose thou hast on either foot  
 A hard or soft corn, as the Earl of Mayo  
 Advertises he had before he got them  
 Extracted by that notable chirurgeon,  
 Chiropodist and boot-and-shoe-maker,  
 Valentine Prendergast in Sackville street,  
 Right opposite the General Post Office,  
 And next door to the general breeches-maker,  
 Quaker, and gentleman, Friend Richard Allen —  
 I won't suppose thou hast on each great toe  
 A bunion large and round as a small apple;  
 I won't suppose it, though I might since bunions  
 Are never out of fashion with high gentry —  
 But I 'll suppose thou 'st half the day been walking  
 (A lady on each arm) in the genteelest  
 Least desert part of our once flourishing city,  
 Death and the Doctors' side of Merrion Square,  
 In that same pair of boots thou now hast on thee,  
 Shorter by two full inches than thy foot  
 And full three inches narrower, and hast come home,

And with the aid of two maids and a bootjack  
Forced, with convulsive struggles desperate,  
The polished instruments of torture off,  
And set the crippled joints at liberty —  
Góds! thy contentment as thou 'dst slip first one  
And then the other quivering, lame, and wounded  
Extremity into the refuge safe  
Of a large, wool-lined, velvet pair of slippers.  
Then if thou wert not thankful, didst not bless  
High Heaven's beneficence to wretched sinners,  
Thou 'dst merit, not Saint Patrick's Purgatory  
Or Hell's sulphureous fires unquenchable,  
Bút to be doomed on Heaven's hard sapphire pavement  
To promenade for ever in those same boots,  
And find, to all eternity, no bootjack,  
No pitying angel's hand, to rid thee of them.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 6, 1854.

## POET AND FRIEND.

POET.

“A pair of twins were born, they say,  
The selfsame hour, the selfsame day;  
How many years it was ago  
I never heard and do not know,  
But born they were, as like each other  
As ever twin was like twin brother,  
And, be it so long as it may,  
Have lived from that hour to this day  
Through every change of wind and weather,  
In perfect harmony together,

Beside or near each other ever,  
And for one half hour parted never,  
Saturday, Sunday, morn or night,  
By gas no less than candle light.  
As soon as either goes to bed  
The other droops his heavy head,  
Awake no sooner is the one  
Than the other too with sleep has done;  
Both rise together and all day  
Together work, together play,  
Study, pay visits, read, or write  
Letters of business, or indite  
Nonsense in rhyme, called poetry,  
Or by land travel or by sea,  
One never farther from the other  
Than Siamese twin from his brother  
Nor half so far; yet strange to tell  
Though each the other loves so well,  
Smiles when he smiles, weeps when he weeps,  
And by his side for ever keeps,  
Neither has yet the other seen —  
Ye learned and wise, say whom I mean."

FRIEND.

"Poetic Sir, in vain you try  
A thing so plain to mystify;  
How easy will the learned and wise  
Pierce your conundrum's thin disguise,  
When I, though neither learned nor wise,  
Read its plain meaning in your eyes."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 5, 1854.



## MOG OF KILDARE.

Oh there never was flower half so rich and so rare  
As my own pretty lassy, sweet Mog of Kildare;  
Her cheeks are two tulips, red bordered with white,  
I 'd not tire looking at them from morning till night.

Except the black spot on the flower of the bean  
I have never a match for her eye's blackness seen,  
And yet from that blackness there shoots such a light  
As you 've seen from the young young moon on a clear night.

But her mouth! — where 's the thing with her mouth may compare  
In sweetness, except a ripe Bergamot pear?  
And her lips! — they 're a pair, sure, of red blushing cherries;  
And her breath! — makes one think of the time of strawberries.

Fine is flax, silk is fine; but far finer the hair  
That in black, glossy ringlets falls down on her bare  
Glancing white neck and shoulders, for Mog's neck 's as white  
As cambric, or swansdown, and as satin bright.

You have heard, some May evening, when all round was still.  
From the midst 'of the thorn bush the blackbird's note thrill;  
I would rather than that note hear Mog's daily voice,  
Could 'rathers' and wishing but get me my choice;

But they cannot, for if they could I 'd not be here  
In black Dublin pining all round the long year,  
But tomorrow would see me pay down second fare,  
And away to the Curragh and Mog of Kildare.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 8, 1854.



IT is indeed a noble sight, this hall  
 With its full stream of people pouring in,  
 Uninterrupted, at one end, and out  
 Uninterrupted pouring at the other.  
 I wish they did not disappear so soon,  
 That I might make acquaintance with them, learn  
 Something about them; whence they come, and whither  
 In such vast multitudes they can be going;  
 New faces and new faces still, and still  
 New faces; and beyond the faces, nothing;  
 Nothing beyond; black darkness fills the portal:  
 Out of the darkness comes the stream of faces,  
 Varied and fair and ever-varying faces:  
 I 'd love them if I knew them, and if only  
 They did not so soon at the far door vanish  
 Away into impenetrable darkness,  
 For out beyond that portal too I see  
 Nothing but darkness, blank nonentity:  
 That incorporeal darkness has for me too  
 A force attractive, and toward the far portal,  
 Were 't but permitted, I 'd go with the stream,  
 And for a light and airy Negative  
 Exchange this Positive's too oppressive weight.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, February 16, 1854.

## THE BETROTHED.

[Recitative.]

HE.

FOR all the ages man has lived and died,  
Dug mines, hewed forests, sailed the ocean wide,  
Planted and ploughed and reaped, and bought and sold,  
And prayed to heaven and gathered heaps of gold,  
Néver was maiden loved as thou by me,  
And never youth deceived as I by thee.

SHE.

For all the ages yonder glorious sun  
Round this great world his annual course has run,  
Dispensing to poor mortals heat and light,  
Summer, spring, autumn, winter, day, and night,  
Néver was simple maid so cruelly  
Betrayed by perjured man as I by thee.

HE.

So long as tides shall flow and tempests sweep,  
And billows to the shore roll from the deep,  
So long as grass is green and skies are blue,  
And flowers, on summer mornings, wet with dew,  
I 'll hate the name of woman and believe  
God made her lovely only to deceive.

SHE.

So long as I have vital strength and heat,  
So long as in these veins a pulse shall beat,  
So long as in this bosom heaves a sigh,  
So long as in this brain dwells memory,

I 'll curse the unlucky month, week, hour, and day,  
I gave my free heart to a man away.

HE.

Cursed hour! I well remember it; 'twas night;  
We stood there in the orchard, in the light  
Of the full moon, thy right hand clasped in mine,  
In thy left hand this sprig of jessamine;  
Thou on this sprig swor'st, I by the moonlight,  
To be each other's ever from that night.

SHE.

The jessamine 's withered, the full moonlight fled,  
Thine oath forgotten, my love cold and dead;  
Here let us part; take thou thy separate way  
And I 'll take mine; tomorrow 's a new day;  
May it shine happy on thee; and of me  
Henceforth as seldom think as I of thee.

HE.

Farewell, and happy live; thy jessamine  
I give thee back; and should'st thou e'er incline  
To love another, look on the dead flower  
And of thine oath think and that moonlight hour,  
Then give thine hand, thy new oath swear, and then  
Break thy new oath, and cry: — How fickle men!

SHE.

Agreed; give me the flower: — Heaven, hear me swear  
By this once sweet flower and this noontide air,  
And by thyself and yon bright sun above,  
As true and faithful as to my first Love  
I 've ever been, I 'll to my second be;  
So help me Heaven, I pray on bended knee.

Náy, rise not yet: — Kind Heaven, hear mé too swear  
 By thee and by this flower, yon sun, this air,  
 Beside my first Love here on bended knee:  
 I 'll to my second Love as faithful be,  
 As constant true and kind eternally,  
 Ás my first, second, óny Love to me.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, January 28, 1854.

# FROM THE PUBLIC HUE AND CRY,

JANUARY 1, 1854.

CAUGHT — a thíef, last night at midnight,  
 Bý the wáitch in thé New-márket,  
 Cárrying ón his báck a weighty  
 Búndle óf all sórts of stólen goods.

Thé right ówners cán recóver  
 Their lost wáres on ápplicátion  
 Tó the únder-signed Watch Sérgeant,  
 Bétween Twélve and Fóur on weék days.

Nº 1. Bag fúll of réd cheeks  
 Sóft and plúmp, withóút a wrinkle;  
 Ládies míssing súch can trý on  
 Ín a roóm ápárt provided.

Nº 2. Bag fúll of lóng hair,  
 Ráven bláck, and brówn, and aúburn,  
 Lánk, and frizzled, ánd in ringlets,  
 Coárse and fine — in shórt, of áll sorts.

Nº 3. Of teéth a lárge box,  
Péarly-white and smóóth and éven,  
Grínders, cánine, and incísors,  
Nót to speák of sêts of milk-teeth.

Nº 4. Some dózen bóttles  
Fúll of cleár transparént wáter  
Tásteless, sméll-less, and most likely  
Téars of órphans ór of wídows.

Súndry bládders filled with gáses  
Óf spécific grávitíes várious:  
Sóme tried with reágents túrn out  
Tó be síghs and oáths of lóvers;

Sóme, impónderáble whóllý  
Ánd to nó known tést respónding,  
Áre conclúded to be dáy-dreams,  
Hópes and féars and cástle-buildings;

Sóme, from thése in nóthing different,  
Háppilý bear lábels státing  
Théy are points of fáith and cónscience  
Nécessáry to salvátion.

Thé abóve, with óther ítems  
Fár too númerous fór a hánd-bill,  
Sáfely fróm the thief recóvered  
Ín my óffice wáit their ówners.

Mémorándum. Thé thief háving  
Ín the scúffle ánd confúsiön,  
Ás they bróught him to the guárdhouse,  
Slípped his hándcuffs ánd got cleár off,



You are nóiced, hé is neither  
Old nor young in his appeárance,  
Neither swárthy nór fresh cólored,  
Neither wéll- nor yét ill-lookíng;

Neither táll nor lów of státüre,  
Neither nárrow- nór broad-shóuldered,  
Bút is in perpétual mótion,  
Ánd has woúndilý long fíngers.

Bý these twó marks you may píck him  
Óut at ónce from mídst a thóusand,  
Bý his lóng and slénder fíngers  
Ánd his éver réstless mótion.

Úp and dówn while óther thíeves go,  
Báck and fórdward scóurged by cónscience,  
Hé alóne makes éver fórdward,  
Ón and ón, for éver ónward.

Eýe hath néver seén him loóking  
Ónce behínd him ás he ón goes,  
Eár hath néver heárd his foótfall,  
Líght his stép as hé were félt-shod.

Shóuld you sée him, you 're requested  
Tó this óffice tó send nóíce;  
Fífty Póunds to him, that tákes him.  
Signed and seáled — Pat Smíth, Watch Sérgeant.

[TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, JAN. 29, 1854.]

## YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN

### GOING TO SEA.

THE billow, the billow  
Shall be my head's pillow,  
The wind my lullaby;  
The roll of the deep  
Shall rock me to sleep;  
Welcome, welcome, blue sea.

The white sail 's unfurled,  
With the breeze the wave 's curled;  
How sweet 'tis to roam!  
Farewell, father, mother,  
Farewell, sister, brother,  
I 've got a new home.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

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NOTHING say,  
But come ere day,  
And I 'll be ready;  
Bring silk rope  
And love and hope  
And courage steady;  
Bring gold ring,  
And fleet horse bring,  
And purse of gold;  
The cloister bell  
Ere noon shall tell  
I 've broke the fold.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

THERE 's a raft upon the water;  
A frail raft, ill put together;  
On it sits a lovely maiden —  
Blessed God! what there has brought her?

In a white chemise of cambric,  
Head, feet, breast and shoulders naked,  
See her, in this stormy weather,  
Helpless on the bare raft sitting.

Up and down upon the billow,  
Hither, thither, how she tosses!  
Loose upon the wind her tresses,  
Like a ship's long pennon, streaming.

Save her, save her, ere she perish!  
Providence thou 'rt all a fable!  
Stay, there 's some one there beside her;  
On the raft I see two figures.

She has help now; Heaven, I thank thee!  
He will save her, sure, or perish;  
None but a strong swimmer ever  
Made the raft through those high billows.

Now he throws his arms about her —  
God, there is no flesh upon them!  
Through his ribs I see the blue wave,  
And the raft is slowly sinking.

Lúckless maiden, lóveliest Psýche!  
Túrned adrift and léft to pérish! —  
Ón the wind one búbbling shriék dies,  
Ánd no spéck more 's ón the wáter.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, Jan. 28, 1854.

SLEÉP, babe, sleep;  
Í will keep  
    WátcH o'er thy head;  
Nóthing fear,  
Móther 's near,  
    Guárding thy bed.

Lóng ago  
Í lay so,  
    Guárded by one,  
Whó loved me  
Ás I thee —  
    Alás! she 's gone,  
Time draws nigh,  
Whén thou by  
    Thý babe shalt sit,  
Ánd o'er me  
Clósed shall be  
    The deep grave pit.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

## YOUNG MIDSHIPMAN

### RETURNING HOME.

It is the land!  
My native strand!  
The dear loved shore!  
With what delight  
Each well known height  
I greet once more!

Deep rolling sea  
That tempted'st me  
Away to roam,  
I love thee more  
Than ever before —  
Thou 'st brought me home.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 25, 1854.

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THE dead bells may ring,  
And the choristers sing  
Round the coffin so black,  
But long they may ring,  
And sweet they may sing,  
Ere they bring the life back.

On the grave-hillock green  
The buttercup sheen  
And daisy may grow,  
But the maggot will creep  
Where in the earth deep  
The corpse rots below.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 1, 1854.



FRETTINA TORMENTINA NOTHINGRIGHT.

FOR man for bird for fish for brute  
This world 's well made, it 's past dispute;  
Yét in this world some things there be  
That never yet agreed with me:

I 'm always in close carriage sick,  
Whéther it 's going slow or quick;  
Far better be upon the rack  
Thán to the horses turned my back.

Jólting I never yet could bear  
With common patience; I declare  
I 'd rather trudge upon my feet  
Than up and down bump on a seat.

An outside car in jeopardy  
Puts life and limb; one cannot see  
Óut of an inside — might as well  
Bé at the bottom of a well.

I dearly buy the time I gain  
Whén I go with the railway train;  
I 'm sure I 'm not given to complain,  
Bút the noise álmoust turns my brain.

Turf smoke I hardly can endure;  
Coál smoke to stifle me is sure;  
The smell of hyacinths sets me wild,  
And musk I 've hated since a child.

Tobacco smoke I scarce can bear  
Even in the free and open air;  
Judge of my torture, with the fume  
When I 'm shut up in the same room.

I almost faint if I breathe gas,  
Or hear the braying of an ass,  
Or see a spider on the wall,  
Or hear a kitten give a squall.

I would not stay in any house  
In which I knew there was a mouse,  
Much less that hideous thing, a rat;  
And yet I can't endure a cat.

There 's nothing I dislike so much  
As of a limy thing the touch,  
Unless 't be cold iron rust,  
Or window curtains full of dust.

If with me you would live at peace  
Don't let me see a spot of grease  
On table-cover, chair, or floor,  
Much less a handmark on the door.

I 'd rather sit the livelong day  
With my eyes closed or turned away,  
Than look out through a dirty pane,  
Whether at sunshine or at rain;

And yet I own I don't like rubbing,  
Polishing, brushing, dusting, scrubbing;  
Washing, if possible, I hate more,  
And scouring day 's to me a bore.

‘If I but thought, or heard it said,  
There wás even óne bug in my bed,  
I ’d either die at once of fright  
Or sit up at the fire all night.

Damp weather fills me full of pains,  
In frost and snow I get chilbláins,  
In summer heats I melt away  
And sweat and smother night and day.

My deadliest enemy ’s fog or mist;  
‘In a close room I can’t exist,  
And yét I find it hard to bear  
The smallest current of fresh air.

Whén the wind blóws from the north-east,  
I ’m never well; but that ’s the least;  
My sensibility sympathizes,  
And greater grows as the wind rises.

Whén the wind blóws from the south-west,  
Bódy and soul are both oppressed;  
I ’m good for nothing, dead and dull,  
Life’s mercury down quíte to null.

But let the wind blow as it may,  
All ’s well while it blows but by day;  
Bút when there comes a stormy night —  
Píteous indeed is then my plight;

I can’t lie still, far less can sleep;  
But jumping up and down still keep,  
Óut of, and into bed all night,  
Sometimes even scream aloud with fright.

It makes me ill, all day to sit  
Mumchance at home, whether I knit  
Antimacassar sopha-cover,  
Or turn dull Boz's pages over;

But let me venture to go out,  
And I may count sure on a bout  
Of toothache or sore chest and cough  
For the next threeé weeks, on and off.

When visits I receive or pay,  
I must wear smiles and sweet things say;  
But sore it goes against my grain,  
Visits to me are downright pain,

Were 't only that I cannot brook  
Still to be told how well I look,  
While I feel ill in every part,  
Sórry and sore, and sick at heart.

Though I cannot bear compliment  
However kindly it be meant,  
And look on flattery as a curse,  
Yet somehow the plain truth is worse —

Is it not shocking to be told:  
"You look as if you 'd got a cold;  
Your eyes how red! your lips how blue!  
Sénd for a doctor; dear friend, do."

I 'd rather not go out at all  
Than go to what you call a ball;  
Dress naked, flirt, hop on the floor,  
And scarce get to my bed at four.

A dinner 's worse — stiff ceremony,  
Gúzzling and politics; the whole thrée  
Ántipodistic quite to me;  
The only thing I like is tea;

That is, I like tea if it 's not  
Too strong, too weak, too cold, too hot,  
Too white, too sugared; nor has been  
With Pekoe flavored, or with green.

Cóffee excites me — makes me dream;  
Besides it 's nó good without cream,  
And cream is heavy; cocoa 's trash —  
My stómach never could bear splash.

I turn at butter, if it 's spread  
Like spermaceti on my bread;  
Toást I could never yet get down  
If smoked or singed, or not quite brown.

An egg, more than three minutes boiled  
Or half a second less, is spoiled;  
The hen should be brought from the stable  
And made to lay upon the table.

You 'd scarce believe the misery  
It always was and is to me  
To be obliged to sit and see  
The fire poked injudiciously.

I cán't bear trifling conversation;  
For serious I 've small inclination;  
It 's not genteel to be too gay,  
Far less to romp about and play.



I don't like books; it hurts my sight  
To read the print by candlelight,  
And if I 'm seen to read by day,  
What in the world will people say?

"Have you no better occupation?"  
"You put a stop to conversation;"  
"Why really Fretty 's growing blue;"  
"Now can't you do as others do?"

Préss me to sing, you set me mad;  
Nót to be asked at all 's as bad;  
And ás for playing a quadrille,  
I neither ~~can~~ nor ought nor will;

Só if you múst dance, dance away;  
But don't ask mé to sit and play;  
My shoulders covered with my shawl,  
Ánd my face túrned right to the wall.

It 's scarce less bad to sit stock still,  
And, as a statue, dumb until  
Missy has done her caterwauling —  
God pity those who don't like squalling!

I wouldn't like to have it said  
Thát I had lived and died a maid;  
Yet marriage, after all, is worse —  
Kill me, but don't make me a nurse.

It 's therefore clear to me as day  
That somehow I have gone astray,  
That this world 's not my proper sphere,  
Ánd by mere accident I 'm here.

And yet I wouldn't like to change;  
It 's safe to stay, unsafe to range;  
A fall comes of rash leap or rush;  
A bird in hand 's worth two in bush.

So, with your leave, I 'll just stay here  
Until I find my proper sphere;  
And if I never find it — why,  
There 's many as ill off as I.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

To the battle, to the battle,  
For our country and our right;  
Hear the cannon how they rattle;  
Our friends are in the fight.

Drive báck the bold aggressors  
With bayonet-thrust and ball;  
Stand firm the field's possessors,  
Or whére ye stand, there fall.

Wave wave, gay tricolór,  
Wave wave, proud union-jáck;  
Hurrah for France and England,  
Down with the false Cosáque.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 25, 1854.

HEAVY coffin, black pall;  
Servants stand in the hall;  
Strangers pass to and fro;  
To the green churchyard near  
Sad and slow moves the bier  
With its trappings of woe.

There 's not even a mouse  
To be heard in that house  
So deserted and lone;  
Hush! hush! from the gloom  
Of one close-curtained room  
Sobs the poor widow's moan.

And, oft wondering why  
Own papa should so die,  
Little children in vain  
At the avenue gate  
For him sit and wait  
Who will not come again.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

'TIS the gáy bridal feast;  
From the greatest to least  
All the household 's in joy;  
It 's sweetmeats and flowers,  
And perfumes in showers —  
No alloy, no alloy.

From the boárd hies the throng  
To the dance and the song  
In the garland-hung hall,  
Where the bridegroom and bride,  
In their beauty and pride,  
Hand in hand lead the ball.

But there 's óne watery eye,  
As the danc'ers sweep by;  
Ah, poor gráy-headed sire!  
It 's thine heart pays the cost,  
For forever thou 'st lost  
Her whom áll eyes admire.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

"GRACIOUS César," said Hormisdas  
Answering a repeated question,  
"Truly noble is your city,  
Truly mighty are the Romans;

"Through your streets and your piazzas  
I have wandered never weary,  
From the sunrise to the sunset —  
Gods, the Romans are your children.

"Marble columns, golden ceilings,  
Baths and porticoes and temples,  
Statues, paintings — all the world sure  
Into Rome's lap pours her treasures.

"But there 's one thing I admire more  
Than Rome's porticoes and temples,  
Than her statues, than her paintings,  
More even than the crown of César."

"And what 's that one thing, Hormisdas,  
For I take you for a wise man,  
What 's that one thing you admire more  
In Rome than her power and riches?"



"'As your city gáte I éntered  
Yésterdáy, from Pérsia cóming,  
Í read ón a simple tómbstone: —

ACCA UNI NUPTA VIRO.

"Mighty César, bé not ángry  
With your húmble Eástern sérvant,  
Íf more thán Rome's crówn impérial  
Í admire the Róman mátron."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 17, 1854.

THE long and last  
Sad struggle 's past  
Of hope and fear;  
Fást from my eyes  
The dáylight flies;  
Káth'rine, art near?

Beside me stand;  
Give me thy hand  
And don't let go;  
Even in death  
I 'll feel thy breath,  
Thy kisses know.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 23, 1854.

## NEWTON.

I well remember how upon this beach  
Pláying about, some fourscore years ago,  
A thoughtless child, I found a cockleshell  
And brought it home and showed it to my friends  
And prayed them to admire with me the treasure.  
Since then I 've wandered oft upon the beach  
Of the great universe, and here and there  
Picked up a cockleshell left by the tide,  
And brought it home and giv'n 't some idle name,  
Centripetal, as it might be, or Centrifugal,  
Repulsion or Cohesion or Refraction;  
And so with fair toys filled my babyhouse.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 14, 1854.

## THE ESCAPE.

Down the stream,  
Like a dream —  
Hush, hush, no noise —  
In our boat  
Smooth we float;  
Pull, pull, my boys.  
  
To the shore  
Turn your oar;  
No noise, no noise;  
On the strand  
Jump to land;  
We 're safe, my boys.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.

## MORNING AND EVENING.

I 'm gay and happy in the sunny morning,  
When everything around is fresh and cheerful;  
Birds caroling and flowrets spreading wide  
Their painted saucers to th' all-gladdden ray.  
My spirit then with hope and confidence  
Looks forward to the future, and I 'm full  
Of noble enterprize and great achievement.  
But when day's glorious orb down from the zenith  
Wheels his precipitous course, and evening gray,  
Behind him rising in the darkening East,  
Leads on the sad funereal pomp of night,  
A damp comes o'er me and I feel no more  
That strong elastic buoyancy of spirit,  
Which lifts me up from earth and carries me  
Away, away, into the interminable  
Elysium of a bright and prosperous future;  
Then fear takes place of hope and I recoil  
Before the Coming, and my backward eye  
Turn sad and tearful on the happy past;  
My youth's and manhood's friends with hollow voice  
Call to me from their sepulchres and bid me  
Prepare to follow; Evening first, then night,  
Deep black midnight, possesses my whole being;  
Till with inaudible, light footstep Sleep  
Steals on me and throws over me his mantle  
Oblivious, and I lie entranced till touch  
Of the new day awakes me to new life,  
New courage, and new action, hope, and joy,  
To last again till evening, night, and sleep —  
Such puppet art thou, proud, vain-glorious Man!

STERZING, in the TYROL, Sept. 14, 1853.

### THE BIRTHDAY ODE.

THE earl will háve a birthday ode;  
Is to the Muses' mean abode: —  
"Máster, I need some dozen rhymes;  
Must háve them ere the vesper chimes;  
Before a goodly company  
Rehearsed tomorrow they shall be."  
"Impossible, my noble Lord;  
Too poór this dwelling to afford  
Materials, ere the vesper chimes,  
For half of half a dozen rhymes."  
"It múst be done," the earl replied;  
"Tomorrow my new-wedded bride  
Her birthday celebrates; thére 's the gold;"  
And ten broad pieces down he told.  
The poet scrupulous shook his head,  
And smiled and to the earl thus said: —  
"The gold 's all right, but there 's no time;  
'Tis but two hours to vesper chime,  
And far off lies the town away;  
The road is bad and rough the day."  
"And what has weather, town, or road  
To do with birthday or with ode?"

“To weave a web you must have thread;  
To cast a bullet one needs lead;  
You can't make butter without milk;  
It 's out of mulberry leaves comes silk;  
Without long grass you can't make hay,  
Nor china without potter's clay;  
And poetry's extatic thought  
Was never into being brought  
Oút of an empty, hopeless nought.”

“Say out your meaning short and clear;  
Nót to read riddles come I here;  
And see on yonder castle wall  
Where frowning stands the gibbet tall.”  
Trémbling and falling on his knee,

“My noble Lord, you 'll pardon me” —  
Thus to the earl then answered he;  
“The elements of poetry  
Lie in yon castle's buttery.”

The earl laughed loud and heartily,  
And raised the poet from his knee;  
Away they 're to the castle gone;  
The evening table 's spread anon;  
Black wurst, brown venison, red tokay;  
Tomorrow 's the bride's Naming day;  
The cellar, buttery, and hall,  
Oerflowing with provisions, all: —

“Heáth to the bride — that 's fine tokay;”  
The poet thus began to say,  
As through his veins and fibres weak  
The liquor mounted to his cheek  
And filled with life and energy  
His heart and brain and flashing eye: —  
“Heáth to the Lady Geraldine —  
Féllow, another bumper wine;”



What mónth is this, and what the day?"  
"Tomorrow is the First of May."  
Now say not that the poet dozed,  
Íf for a while his eyes he closed,  
For foot and lip and fingers' play  
Shóws that he meditates a lay;  
And all at once thus to his tongue  
The numbers crowded, and he sung: —

Join hands round, and in a ring,  
Máymaids, lét us dáce and sing,  
Daughters áll of Mája fair,  
Mája with the golden hair.

Daisy, primrose, violet bring;  
Every flówer that lóves the spring  
Weáve into a gárland fine  
Fór the brów of Géraldine.

Géraldine shall bé our Queén;  
Whén was fairer Máymaid seén?  
Fóward, báckward; óne, two, threé;  
Bénd to Géraldine the kneé.

Nót with córd the wreáth entwine,  
Bút with spríg of églantine;  
Cúrtsyng, dáceing in a ring,  
Tó the Queén the gárland bring;

Sét it ón hér heád and sáy: —  
"Theé we crówm on thy birthdáy,  
Thée we crówm Queen óf the Máy;  
Háppy háppy live and gáy."

Thén join hánds and in a ring  
Róund and róund her dáce, and síng: —  
“Theé we crówn on thý birth dáy,  
Theé we crówn Queen óf the Máy.”

Móther Mája hear us práy: —  
“Lét this bé a jóyful dáy,  
Tó the brídégroom and the brídé  
And to áll the cóntry wíde.”

Fóward, báckward; óne, two, threé;  
Tó the brídégroom bénd the kneé;  
Hé is stróng and shé is fáir;  
Néver wás a lóvelier páir.

Bléss the brídégroom, bléss the brídé,  
Ever bý each óther's síde,  
Éver háppy, éver gáy,  
Áll the yeár to thém one Máy.

“By th' holy rood,” then cried the earl,  
“Of birthday odes that is the pearl,  
And wéll such venison, wurst, and wine  
Will please the Lady Geraldine.”  
The poet bowed and bade good night,  
And wént home, and till dawning light  
Sat úp inditing poetry;  
A joyful man I trow was hé.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 7, 1854.

CÁW, caw, caw,

Blithe Jackdaw,

Come hére to me;

Whý so shy?

Thou and I

May wéll agree.

I for great

Chúrch and State

Cáre not one spittle,

Ánd I trow,

Wise bird, thou

Car'st júst as little.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 13, 1854.

"THERE is a wee wee word I love

All other wee wee words above;

What may this wee wee word be, guess;

Three letters spell it" — "Y — E — S."

"This wee wee word has a wee brother

Whom I hate more than any other

Ill-natured wee wee dwarf I know,

Two letters spell his name" — "N — O."

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 1—2, 1854.

TWÉNTY ápples fór a pénny;

Néver gáve, befóre, so mány;

Cóme, Sir, buý;

Twénty ápples frésh and fair,

Mélting sweét as ány peár;

Thére, Sir, try.

Buý my ápples, spénd your pénny;

Nó one élse will gíve as mány;

Whát, Sir? deár!

Fair 's the price or Í 'd not ásk it;

Íf your wíse you 'll cleár my básket! —

Húzza, cleár!

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 2, 1854.

“Album mutor in alitem.”

THE Roman Lyrist's soul, 'tis said,

Oút of his body when it fled,

Entered the body of a swan,

And thére continued to sing ón.

But wén the bard of Ambleside,

Fóllowing the example, died,

Hís spirit — never of much use —

Entered the body of a goose,

And, faithful to its ancient knack,

Kept gabbling ever, gak gak gak.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
Febr. 18—19, 1854,

## THE TWO WRESTLERS.

Two wréstlers mét once on a green;  
Two sturdier carls were never seen;  
Each other's enemies, I ween,  
Time immemorial they had been.

"Well met, well met," at once they cried;  
"Now let us our old feud decide;"  
And with the word doffed cloak and hood;  
And naked on the champaign stood.

One moment each the other eyed  
From top to toe, from side to side;  
Then raised his brawny arms on high  
And closed upon his enemy.

The one was florid, fresh, and fair,  
With ruddy cheeks and curly hair;  
The other swarthy, grizzled, grim,  
But nót less stout in heart and limb.

The fresh and fair one has the waist  
Of his athletic foe embraced  
With both his arms, and holds him tight,  
And hugs him close with all his might.



His enemy with adroiter grip  
And stronger arm, upon the hip  
Takes him, and lifts him from the ground,  
And runs with him the arena round,

Then flings him down and says: — "Lie there;  
Another time thou 'lt hardly dare  
To cope with me; this day remember,  
The first day of my own November."

How long upon the sward there lay  
The vanquished wrestler I can't say,  
But six months after, he was seen  
Encountering, on the selfsame green,

His grim opponent. Short and few  
The words that then passed 'twixt the two;  
But here and there, and high and low,  
Each battered each with many a blow;

The sweat out on their temples broke,  
The dust around them rose like smoke;  
His late success the one inspired,  
Shame and revenge the other fired;

And now the fair, the stronger seemed;  
The swarthy now you 'd stronger deemed;  
Till, all at once, his active foe  
Dealt to the swarthy such a blow

As laid him senseless on the sward: —  
"There now," he cried, "take thy reward  
For thy November victory,  
And still in May remember me."

Wondrous it seems, but when the sere  
November set in the next year,  
On the same green the champions same,  
By chance or fate, together came

And fought again. Victorious he  
Whó the last year had victory  
Won on that day, and low he lay  
Who had the victor been in May.

And so each following year, they say,  
In each November and each May,  
Came off a fight upon that green  
Those ancient enemies between.

And still the ruddy, fresh, and fair  
Was conqueror in May's genial air,  
And triumphed all the summer long,  
Héro of many a joyous song;

And still November saw him fall,  
Stripped from his brow the coronal,  
And hailed his gaunt opponent king  
And conqueror, till the following spring.

Begun at MAINBERNHEIM (near WÜRZBURG), Nov. 29. Finished while  
walking from NEUSTADT to MÜNCHAURACH (near ERLANGEN), Nov. 30, 1853.

SHE wrought it for him with her own true hand,  
 Of blue and white silk wrought it, and with patterns  
 Adorned it of all sorts of fruits and flowers —  
 Róses and violets and marigolds,  
 Lilies and pansies and forget-me-not,  
 Red blushing apples and long pendent pears —  
 And in the middle, under a tall oak's  
 Outspreading branches, her own form depicted  
 Seated beside him on the mossy turf,  
 Her hand in his locked, his sword laid beside him,  
 And in his buttonhole a sprig of wild thyme.  
 With busy needle three months long she wrought it,  
 Sitting up late at night and rising early,  
 And on the morn he set out for the wars  
 Tíed the scarf round his neck and bade him wear it  
 In memory of her and of the day  
 They pledged each other hand and troth beneath  
 That firm and constant oak's wide-spreading branches;  
 And then with tears and sad foreboding kissed him,  
 And prayed God bless him and protect him always,  
 And bade farewell, and stood and after him  
 With straining eyes looked till he disappeared  
 In the far distance; then sick sick at heart,  
 Lónely and sad and slow, homewards returned  
 And néver from that hour heard of him more.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 21, 1854.

## THE THREE CREEDS.

THREE travellers far out of the South, East, and West  
At one table are met and regale on the best  
Capon, pastry, and champagne the inn can afford,  
And thus to each other talk, over the board: —

"I met," says the first, "as I came here tonight,  
That fár-famous spectre in steel armour dight,  
In his hand was a lance, his sword hung by his side,  
And his beard was as black as with ink 't had been dyed" —

"Stop thére!" cried the second; "I too met the knight,  
But I swear by the cross that his beard was snow white;  
I marked it with bóth my eyes as he passed by  
Not twó arms' length óff; and the moon riding high."

"I sáw the knight too," thus the third traveller cried;  
"A long lance in his hand and his sword at his side,  
He róde with me tóward this house more than half wáy,  
And if ever was gráy beard, that knight's beard was gray."

"It was black, Sir, jet black" — "I insist 'twas snow white" —  
"Gray, gray, if a man may believe his own sight" —  
"Black" — "gray" — "white" — "Sir, I wouldn't believe  
my own brother."

"Sir, I think I can see just as well as another."

As loud they disputed and still warmer grew,  
Came a knocking outside and the door open flew,  
And into the room, in his steel armour bright,

• With his lance and his sword, stalked the grim-visaged knight.



Cold oozed the salt sweat on each traveller, I trow,  
And stark stáring erect stood the hair on his brow,  
As Charlemagne's spectre sat down at their board,  
And looked round chill upon them without saying word.

In a full suit of steel he was clad cap-a-pie,  
But his vizor was up, and his face plain to see:  
Roman nose, chalky teeth, lips drawn into a grin,  
Hollow cheeks, eyes of fire, not one hair on his chin.

So he sat, and looked round while you 'd tell four times four,  
Then got up, turned his back, and walked out through the door,  
Silent, solemn, and noiseless as on Windsor height  
The captain on guard stalks his watch at midnight.

More free then the travellers began to draw breath,  
And the blood to their cheeks came, just now pale as death;  
'Twas the second that spóke first: — "And didn't I say so?  
And haven't you both seen now, his beard 's white as snow?"

"No, I haven't," cried the first; "contradict as you will;  
I said first it was black, and I say the same still;"  
"It 's as gray," cried the third, "as a cuckoo in May;  
What child does not know Charlemagne's beard was gray?"

"Í dont know it" — "Nor I" — The three travellers so  
In Aix la Chapelle bandied "No," "Yes," and "No."  
In what year? if you ask me, I vow I don't know;  
For that question 's disputed too — "No," "Yes," and "No."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 13, 1854



## ZULEIMA.

„In dem schwarz und dunkelrothen  
Goldumbligten Festgewand,  
Zieht die glutgewöhnte Tochter  
Spaniens an des Nordens Strand,  
In der Brust das ew'ge Sehnen  
Nach verlorenem Liebesglück,  
Und der Thräne feuchte Perle  
Glänzt im dunklen Flammenblick.“

Julius Schanz.

“PÁLL sister with the blue eyes  
And the fine and fláxen ringlets,  
Whý so shý of á poor gípsy?  
Hów can Spain's dark daughter hárm thee?

“Hóld thy hánd out. Háh! I seeé it —  
Pále-faced maidens toó have lovers;  
Sit down ón the bánk here with me,  
This white hánd requires some stúdy.

“Lét me seeé; acróss the pálm straight —  
Lúcky thát, he 's táll and wéll-made.  
Fróm the veín to thé forefinger —  
Lúcky thát too, hé 's of high blood;

“Ánd there 's lúck here in this árched line  
Róund the thúmb's base whén the hánd 's closed —  
Pále-faced sister, thóu art háppy  
Íf he 's ás good ás he 's hándsome.

“Bút these five spots ón thy thúmb-nail,  
Threé alóng it ánd two cróssing —  
Sister, sister, hé 'll betráy thee;  
Seeé my thúmb-nail hás the sáme cross.”

Whérefore gázes Spain's dark daughter  
Ón her ówn long, súnburnt fingers?  
Hás she quíte forgót the blué-eyed  
Nórthern maid that síts beside her?

Áh! her mínd is fár off wándering  
Ón the báńks of Guádalquivir;  
Áh! she 's thínking óf the stránger  
Thát there wooéd and wón and léft her.

Óf the stránger yóuth she 's thínking  
With the fáir skin ánd the líght hair;  
Thóugh he léft her shé will lóve him  
Íf he lóves no óther máiden;

Shé will lóve him thóugh he léft her,  
Ánd thróugh áll the wórld will seék him —  
Poór blind próphetéss, how líttle  
Guéssést thóu he ís so neár thee!

Óne by óne her líght guitár stríngs  
Slówly sádlý shé ís scréwing;  
Cóuld she thé last áir remémber  
Shé played fór him ére he léft her,

Ás they sát in thé verándah  
Óf the vénta ín Sevilla,  
Ón that súltry Júly évening,  
With Spain's fúll moon ón them shíníng,

Whén he swóre he 'd álways lóve her,  
Néver leáve her ór forsáke her,  
Ánd the néxt moon thát on Séville's  
Tówers and dómes should póur her fúll líght,

Should with silver tip the bridal  
Cháplet ón Zuleíma's fórehead,  
And glance gaily fróm a góld ring  
Ón her lóng and táper finger.

Bút there 's nó ring ón that finger  
Thóugh twelve móons their light have sínce filled,  
And by órange cháplet néver  
Sháll that dárk brow bé encircled;

And that stránger yóuth she 's néver  
Seén or heárd of, fór those twélve móons:  
Hás he sét sail fróm Gibráltar?  
Ín the cóld North is he woóing?

Shé has léft the Guádalquívir  
And the wárm sun óf Sevilla  
With guitár in hánd to wánder  
Nóthward á poor fórtune-téller;

Nóth to wánder ánd to seék him  
Ón the Thámes' banks ór the Húmbér,  
Ánd in mány a cóld and gráy eye  
Fór twelve móons in váin has sóught him.

With a dárk-eyed Spánish maiden's  
Glówing héart Zuleíma 'll lóve him,  
Íf he hás not tó anóther  
Gíven the héart that wás Zuleíma's.

Íf he hás — the pále deceíver,  
Cálcúlate thóugh hé may shréwdly,  
Hás not cóunted úp the réckoning  
Ás Spain's dárk-eyed maid will cóunt it.

Distant ás her thoughts thus wándered;  
Ánd with hér guitár strings idly  
Playéd her fingers, ánd the dárk fringe  
Óf her lids half híd her eýes' light,

Ánd with still encreásing wónder  
Thé pale Nóthern gázed upón her,  
Cáme, with hóund and hórn, a táll youth,  
Ánd the blúe-eyed maid accó sting: —

“Whére hast beén? Through woód and válley  
Áll day lóng I've soúght my Éllen;  
Trúant maíd, and cánst thou thus play  
With the fón d heart óf thy Wílliam?”

“Cóme, with this leash Í will bind thee  
Thát thou stráy no móre from Wílliam” —  
Ánd he thréw abóut her white neck  
Thé embroidered scárf Zuleíma

Hád wrought fór him with her ówn hand  
Ánd bound round his néck in Séville  
Ón the évening thát he plé dged her,  
Ás they sát in thé verándah

Óf the vénta, in the móonlight,  
Oáth and tróth thát hé would néver,  
Néver úntil deáth forsáke her,  
Hér, his ówn dark-eýed Zuleíma.

Éllen's árm is lócked in Wílliam's;  
Cálléd the dógs back with a whistle;  
Fróm the spót the páir are túrning —  
Goód God! wás thát glánce Zuleíma's?

'Twás Zuleíma's; bút it wás not  
Like Zuleíma's glánce in Séville  
Whén she bound th' embroidered scárf round  
William's néck in thé verándah,

Bý the moónlight, and looked ón him  
With such éyes as thé gazéllé looks  
Ón the kindly hánd that féeds it  
Night and mórníng with fresh fódder:

With such gláre as springs the tigress  
Ón the jáckal thát has véntured  
Near the júngle whére her cúbs lie,  
Ón the fálse youth spráng Zuleíma,

Ánd the lóng and shárp stilétto  
Spáin's dark daúghters in their gárter  
Cárry fór offénce and défence,  
Ín his néck left tó the hílt plunged,

Ánd while vainly tried the trémbling  
Blué-eyed maíd to extráct the weápon,  
Ánd for hélp called, and the ébbing  
Lífe's blood with th' unlúcky scárf stáunched,

Túrned her báck and wálked off slówly.  
Hápléss maíd, go; Í forgíve thee;  
Má'y'st thou réách Seville in sáfety,  
Ánd thy nátive Guádalquivir.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 20, 1854.



"DÓCTOR, whén will you at hómé be?"

Deáth, one mórning, thús said tó me,

Ás I mét him át a pátient's —

Deáth and Í are óld acquaintance —

"Í 've been thinking tó call ón you,

Bút don't wish to ínterrúpt you

Ín your pleásure ór your búiness;

Sáy the hóur that 's móst convénient."

"Ás you 're só good, Deáth," I ánswered,

"Every hóur to mé the sáme is;

Á friэнд's vísit 's álwáys wélcome,

Súnday, weékday, níght or mórning.

"Bút if Í might máke so frée, Death,

Í 'd just bég one fávor óf you;

Dróp in ón me únexpécted,

Í hate céremónious vísits.

"Cóme to mé as friэнд to friэнд comes,

Ón a súdden, whén least thought of;

Pípes and gróg are álwáys reády,

Ánd the máches ón the táble.

"Drínking, smóking, wé will sít, Death,

Tête-à-tête till wé grow heárty;

Thén for ány spreeé you like best,

Oút we 'll sálly ón the báttler."

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 29, 1853.

*Betsy sings at her spinning-wheel.*

MY William 's tó the seá gone,  
The déep déep rólling seá;  
Fly, weéks and mónths, awáy quick  
Till hé comes báck to mé.

Sweet wére the wórds my William  
Said ás he wént awáy: —  
“We 'll lóve each óther, Bétsy,  
Until our dýing dáy.

“Think óf me óften, Bétsy;  
As you sit át your wheél,  
And lét no coáxing slý youth  
Your héart from William steál;

“And Í to you will cónstant  
And éver faithful bé,  
And nó sly maíd my héart shall  
Kidnáp awáy from theé.”

Thread, threád, run througħ my fingers;  
Wheel, wheél, turn mérrilý:  
For évery turn, my William  
One túrn is néarer mé.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 22, 1854.

*Betsy sings at her spinning-wheel.*

LAST night as I was spinning,  
A-spinning at my wheel,  
I thought I heard a light foot  
Behind me sóftly steal.

Ah, could it be my William!  
And a tear came to my eye,  
And my heart it gave a flutter,  
And my thread it went awry.

I did not dare look round me  
For fear it was not he,  
And while my heart went pit pat: —  
“Betsy, don't you know me?”

“And don't I know my William,  
That 's come home safe to me?”  
And in my arms I clasped him,  
And gave him kisses three: —  
“And now I have you, William,  
You shall never more leave me;  
Let those who have no Betsy  
Go roaming o'er the sea.”

He threw his arms about me  
And gave me kisses three: —  
“As long as I have Betsy  
I'll go no more to sea.”

And nów I ám so háppy  
As hére I sit and spin,  
That nóthing in this wórld more  
Can tróuble mé one pin;

For Í have gót my William  
Safe cóme back fróm the seá,  
And Í 'm as fónð of William  
As my William 's fónð of mé.

Thread, threád, run thróugh my fingers;  
Wheel, wheél, turn mérrilý;  
For Í have gót my William,  
And my William hás got mé.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

AS at the Danube's waters deep  
Was drinking once a Turkish sheep,  
Cáme from the North with hideous yell  
A Russian wolf, as stories tell,  
And 'cross the mighty waters cried,  
That did the sheep from him divide: —  
“Fierce sheep, how, dar'st thou terrify  
The frogs that in yon marshes lie?  
For fear of thee they dare not croak;  
Ceáse ere my anger thou provoke;  
Théy are my friends and I 'll not see  
Them trodden under-foot by thee.”  
Then meekly thus the sheep replied: —  
“The Danube's rolling waters wide

Me and the frogs from thee divide,  
And right well they and I agree,  
Disturb not thou our harmony;  
I never have offended thee."

"Thou liest, bold sheep, did I not see,  
Though wide the stream twixt thee and me,  
Hów, but just now, down to the brink  
Thou cam'st and stoop'dst thy head to drink,  
As though thou minded wert to drain  
Ríver and marsh and the whole plain,  
And leave my friends, the frogs, to fry  
Under the flaring sun and sky?"

His fangs, as thus he said, he gnashed,  
Gláred with his eyes, and furious dashed  
Ínto the flood. The sheep, dismayed,  
Turned round and fled, and cried for aid;  
The shepherds, far off, heard the cry,  
And answered: — "We 'll come by and by;  
Thou mayst upon our care rely."

The river 's crossed and on the sheep  
The hungry wolf comes with a leap,  
Téars him to pieces in a trice —  
Your Russian wolf was never nice  
Cárver of mutton — and well nigh  
Had in his stomach packed a thigh,  
When up the shepherds came with stones  
And cried: — "Leave us at least the bones;"  
And drove him off, and for their pains  
Took home and roasted the remains,  
Ánd a good supper had that night  
And laughed and sang till morning light.

Begun at BRUCHSAL, Nov. 21, 1853; finished while walking from  
BRUCHSAL to HEIDELBERG, Nov. 22, 1853.



I dónt remember well the date,  
 But once, as it was growing late,  
 And with long walking I was tired,  
 Thús of a German I inquired: —  
 "Pleáse, Sir, how fár off 's the next town?"  
 Eyed me from head to foot the clown,  
 Then answered gruff: — "Thou travell'st late."  
 "I know it, Sir; and therefore great  
 Is my anxiety to know  
 How many miles I 've yet to go."  
 "And whát may then your business be  
 Ín the next town?" said he to me;  
 "And hów long there will be your stay?  
 And hów far have you come today?  
 Whére were you born? where do you live?  
 True answer to these questions give,  
 And thén I 'll tell you, if I know,  
 How many miles you 've yet to go."  
 "Good night," said I, and left him there  
 Áfter me looking with a stare.  
 As ón I went, in doubt and dread  
 Whére I should lay that night my head,  
 I met a Frenchman: — "Pleáse, Sir, say  
 How far to \*\*\* and whát 's the way."  
 He bowed, took off his hat, and said: —  
 "Just twó short leagues; go right ahead  
 For half an hour, then to the right;  
 I hope you may arrive with light."  
 Next Fortune an Italian threw  
 Across my path: — "Praý, Sir, will you

In kindness to a stranger say

How far to \*\*\* and which the way."

"Just half a league; but it 's too dark —

The windings of the way to mark,

Só I 'll turn back, if you permit,

And gó with you a little bit —

Náy, it 's no trouble, quite a pleasure;

And I 'll from you an equal measure

Accept of kindness, if we ever

Meét in your country, and if never —

Whý, 'tis no matter." So he said

And through the dark my footsteps led

Tó the towngáte, then tó the hotel,

Ánd, having waited till the bell

Was rung and answered, bade good night

Ánd with the word was out of sight.

Begun while walking from GERICHSEIM to WÜRZBURG, Nov. 27.

Finished while walking from WÜRZBURG to ROTTENDORF, Nov. 28, 1853.

A poem, when it 's first engendered

Ín the poet's teeming brain,

Is like a dark and troubled morning

Shót through by the dawn's first rays;

But when the poet's germ completed

Wáits for the parturient throes,

A poem 's like the hour of sunrise

Ín the blue ethereal heaven.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 2—3, 1854.

ODDS bóbs, brother Tom, do you knów, by the Pówers,  
It 's a mighty fine wórld this, this fine world of ours,  
With its rolicking, frolicking, eating and drinking;  
The óny one bád thing I knów in it 's thinking.

He 's a jolly old fellow, that round red-faced Sun,  
That so knowingly looks down all day on our fun,  
As cantering, cápering, on we go hopping  
From one spree to another without ever stopping;

And though Mistress Moon 's whéy-faced and modest and shy  
Yet she 's wélcome for áll that, when nobody 's by,  
To peép through the branches where under a tree  
My árm 's round my doxy and hér arm 's round me.

Yet fíne as this wórld is, and we áll know it 's fine,  
'Twere a poór drimly drúmly world, sure, without wine;  
So to pále water-drinkers let 's leáve cares and pains,  
And with life's true elixir replenish our veins.

We 'll drink eách to the other and health to his lass;  
Tom, sénd round the bottle and fill up your glass;  
Let Jóve keep his Nectar, so we have the vine —  
Anóther dozen, fellow — it 's cápital wine.

God bléss Queen, lords, commons, and country, and town;  
God keép our friends úp and our enemies down;  
And may Britons live happy and mighty and free,  
As lóng as Great Britain's shore 's wáshed by the sea.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 28, 1854.

TO SELINA.

„Es sind zwei kleine Fensterlein  
In einem großen Haus,  
Da schaut die ganze Welt hinein,  
Die ganze Welt heraus.“

THROUGH prètty little windows two  
Of bright and shining glass,  
Oút on the world I cast my view  
And seeé all things that pass.

Through thése same pretty windows two  
The world looks in on mè,  
And seesé that in all things I do  
I 'm thinking but of thee.

And thou 'st two pretty windows blue  
Through which thou send'st thy soul;  
Would they had never met my view!  
My heart had then been whole.

They 're often wet, those windows blue,  
Those diamond panes of thine —  
Ah! máke me not for ever rue  
That thy glance e'er met mine.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

## COFFEE.

Íf thy heárt and spíríts sink,  
Cófíee cófíee bé thy drínk;  
Cófíee stróng and cófíee hót  
Píping fróm the cóllíed pót.

Póur it óút; it pleáses mé  
Thé clear brówn cascáde to seé  
Árchíng fróm the spoút, and úp  
Fíllíng thé whíte chína cúp.

Fíll the cúp, the saúcer fíll;  
Póur it líberál, póur it stíll;  
Stínt me ín wíne, but néver thínk  
To stínt me whén I cófíee drínk.

Cándy, íf the cófíee 's bád,  
Ánd rích creám you 're frée to ádd;  
Íf it púre and génuíne bé,  
Leáve ít ín íts púríty.

Anóther cúp, anóther stíll,  
And stíll anóther; póur on tíll  
Eíther I sáy stop, ór there 's nó  
Anóther dróp lefť ín the pót.



Nów my heárt and spírits rise;  
Róund the wórld my fáncy flíes,  
Ánd with sweéts retúrns to mé,  
Láden like the hóney beé.

Nów I 'm weálthy, wíse and greát;  
Time for mé has lóst its weíght;  
Lét the clóck strike, wát care í  
Whéther mínutes creép or flý?

Páper, péns here — í 'll indíte  
Póetry till mórning light;  
Time enóugh to thínk of sleép  
Whén the dáwn begíns to peép.

O'erflówing bówl of spárkling wíne  
I néver did nor wíll decline,  
And BÁCCHUS stíll shall hóned bé  
By évery jóvial sóul and mé,

But whén I wíte or réad or thínk,  
CófFee cóffee bé my drínk,  
CófFee stróng and cóffee hót  
Píping fróm the cóllied pót.

Written while walking from MOSBACH to WALLDÜRN (between HEIDELBERG  
and WÜRZBURG), Nov. 25 — 26, 1853.

## TEA.

W<sup>I</sup>SHY-W<sup>A</sup>SHY if thou 'dst bé,  
Pléntifúllý drink of teá;  
Bé it stróng or bé it weák,  
Teá 's the drink will blánc'h thy cheék.

Íf thou 'rt heárty, stoút, and hále,  
Drinking teá will máke thee ail;  
Íf thou 'rt sick and neéd'st a núrse,  
Drinking teá will máke thee wórse.

Líonheárted if thou bé,  
And mórn and évening drínkest teá,  
Ere lóng thou 'lt creép abóut the hóuse,  
Pítifúl as ány móuse.

Drink teá ere thou liest dówn in béd,  
No slúmber sweét lights ón thy heád;  
From fríghtful vísions, féars, and dreáms,  
Thou wákest with terrífic screáms.

Íf in the mórning thou drink'st teá,  
Heávy and sád all dáy thou 'lt bé,  
With stómach windy, weák, and dúll,  
Ánd, though émpy, féeling fúll.

I 'll nó't hear tálk of whólesome teá;  
Bé it black cóngo, brówn boheá,  
Or flówery pékoe, ór the green  
Hýson drunk bý our nóble Queén

Áfter a mátrimónial míff  
Or whén Lord Jóhnný hás been stíff,  
Ánd she 's a heáð-ache, it 's the sáme  
Sure póison, whátsoe'er its náme.

Hím that drinks mórn and évening teá  
Shún as thou 'dst shún an énemý;  
Cáptious and quárelling át a stráw  
He finds in évery thíng a fláw,

And with his néarest friénd will breáke  
Becaúse his ówn heart 's síck and weák;  
Thou 'lt píty him íf thou ríghtly thínk'st,  
O háppy mán, that cóffee drínk'st;

But kéep far fróm him; thóugh nó't báð  
In heárt and gráin, he 's thórough mád,  
Drúnk, or posséssed, beyónd all cúre  
So lóng as teápots sháll endúre;

And in his fíts thou 'lt seé him flíng  
His légs aboút, and heár him síng: —  
“Jénny, pút the kéttle ón;  
Páddy, blów the béllows stróng.”

But whén he hás a strónger fít  
His éyes grow bríght and shárp his wít,  
And glíb his tóngue, and íf his friénds  
Have faúlts they 're át his fínger énds,

And hé 'll not spáre, though 'twére his bróther,  
His fáther, síster, ór his móther;  
So shún him thoú, and tó drink teá.  
Íf he invítes thee, thínk of mé.

Composed while walking from WALLDÜRN to GERICHSHcim (near WÜRZBURG),  
November 26 — 27, 1853.

### JULIUS TO PAULINE.

THERE 's nót an hóur that pásses  
But Í hear sóme one sáy: —  
“Ah, whát a wórlđ of woé 's this,  
Of tróuble, night and dáy!

“It 's sórrow, páin, and síckness,  
And heávinéss and gáll;  
I wish I 'd díed an ínfant,  
Or nót been bórñ at 'áll.”

But Í dont fínd the wórlđ so,  
My ówn bríght-eyed Paulíne,  
For sínce I fírst behéld thee  
A háppy mán, I 've been.

And íf the wórlđ 's impérfect,  
I knów one cértain méans  
T' ímpróve it — lét kind Heáven be  
Less stíngy of Paulínés.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 31, 1854.

PAULINE TO JULIUS.

THERE wás a tíme I dóubted  
On eárrth dwelt háppínéss,  
And wóndered wén I héárd men  
God fór his goódnéss bléss.

The wórld to mé at thát tíme  
Seemed crippled ánd ill máde;  
The súnner sún but scórched mé,  
I shívered ín the sháde.

But sínce the tíme my éyes first  
On theé, déar Július, lít,  
All thínks to mé seem lóvely  
And pérfectly to fít;

The sún 's néver too hót now,  
The sháde néver too coól,  
Not-ríght 's but the excéption  
And Ríght the géneral rúle.

And bý and bý wén Július  
Is míne and only míne,  
There 'll bé no more excéption,  
But évery thínk dívine.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 31, 1854.



## FUTURE, PRESENT, PAST.

NÓw I háve thee, slippery sérpent,  
Lét me leisurely admire thee;  
Há! what 's this? those rainbow cólors,  
Whích so chármed me ére I caúght thee,  
Áll have vánished, ánd I find thee  
Bút a háteful, úgly blíndworm.  
Thére! begóne! I cáre not fór thee;  
Thouú shalt nótagáin deceive me.  
Wónderfúl! there théy agáin are,  
Évery cólor óf the rainbow,  
Brighter stíll and bríghter glówing,  
Fárther fróm me ás thou glídest —  
Áh! could Í agáin but cách thee,  
Thouú shouldst nótagáin escápe so eásy.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 5 — 6, 1854.

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*To a snuffy old maid who persecuted the author with her attentions.*

THY dropping nose says thou grow'st old;  
Thy dropping nose says thy blood 's cold;  
Thy dropping nose says, "Love 's not here"  
Thy dropping nose says, "Come 'not near."  
Thy dropping nose says quite enough,  
Even if it didn't say thou tak'st snuff.

Written while walking from ROTTENDORF (near WÜRZBURG) to MAINBERN-  
HEIM, Nov. 28, 1853.

GOOD night said,  
Snúg in bed  
    Stretched out I lie;  
Clóthes tucked in  
Under chin,  
To sleep I try.

'Twill not do;  
Áll night through  
    I túrn and toss,  
Lét me lie  
Lów or high,  
    Léngthwise or 'cross.

Whát can 't be  
So tróubles me?  
    Tea, coffee, stróng?  
Háve I walked  
Wórked or talked  
    Too fast or long?

Í 'm not sick;  
Púlse not quick;  
    I háve no pain.  
Lét me see;  
Whát may 't be  
    So túrns my brain?

It is not  
Piping hot  
Coffee or tea,  
Too much talk,  
Too long walk —  
What can it be?

Plague take Bess;  
Now I guess  
How the wind lies;  
Fool! that I  
Vented nigh  
Those dangerous eyes.

Low or high  
Let me lie,  
'Cross or lengthwise,  
Every where  
They are there,  
Those plaguy eyes.

Whether they  
Blue, black, gray,  
Or hazel be,  
I 'd be loth  
On my oath  
To guarantee;

All I know  
Is, they so  
Before me keep  
Dancing bright  
All the night,  
I cannot sleep.

Wére I King  
Thére 's a thing  
I móre would care,  
Thán that dogs  
Shóuld neck-logs  
Or múzzles wear.

Í 'd encrease  
Mý police,  
And measures take,  
Bright-eyed maids  
Shóuld wear shades  
While théy 're awake.

Thick, close hood  
Ór vail should  
Keep in the light,  
Ór muffed glass  
Nót let pass  
The rádiance bright.

Sóund might then  
Sleép young men  
The lívelong night,  
Ín their bed  
Ás if dead,  
Till mórning light.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 25, 1854.

RAM - SAM - TAM TIBBOO.

ONCE on a time, says history,  
There reigned in Timbuctóo  
A curly-haired, black autocrat,  
Called Rám-Sam-Tam Tibboó.

His height was nine and ninety feet;  
His breadth fifteen or more;  
Unluckily his weight precise  
The chronicles ignore;

But from his height and breadth to judge,  
He must at least have been  
Some twénty tons when he was fat,  
Some twélve when he was lean.

All kings are great, all kings are wise,  
All kings are good, I know;  
But wise and good and great as hé  
Reigned néver here below.

His palace was a mile in length  
And threé miles round about,  
And six-score feet high every door  
To let him in and out.



His chairs were all of adamant,  
His sofas all of gold,  
His pipe a hollow cylinder  
Out of pure silver rolled,

And wide enough was in the bore  
And long enough, they say,  
To have carried off a steamer's smoke,  
Hád we it here today.

The shadows of great things are great,  
As every body knows;  
But Tibboo's shadow was so great  
Even to the clouds it rose.

Especially the setting sun  
Would throw it up so high  
That you could see it moving like  
A giant in the sky.

And then the people, struck with awe,  
Would prostrate fall before  
The unsubstantial Titan form  
And humbly thus adore: —

“O thou incomprehensible  
Likeness of great Tibboó,  
Deign graciously to look on us  
People of Timbuctoó.

“Tibboó of earth the ruler is,  
Of heaven the ruler thou;  
Wé are the subjects of the two,  
Before the two we bow.

“O teach us which to honor most  
The substance or the shade,  
Thee who created hast all things,  
Or him who thee has made.

“Hé is thy father, thou his son,  
And hé thy son again;  
Derived from thee his power and right  
To rule over all men.

“Long may he rule and long may thou  
Rule with him, mighty shade;  
And soon may each the other see  
By the whole world obeyed.

“Stand ye to us, we ’ll stand to you,  
Ye indivisible pair,  
And trample under foot all who  
To impeach your rights shall dare.

“Your enemies our enemies,  
Your friends shall be our friends,  
And in your names we ’ll overrun  
Earth to its utmost ends.

“And still our rallying cry shall be:—  
Hurrah for thé great Twó!  
And long may they reign over us  
People of Timbuctoó!”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 13, 1854.

## TRUDGING ALONG.

How I wish you 'd a sight of us trudging along!  
You wouldn't laugh at us, for that would be wrong,  
But I think you 'd be making about us a song;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

My once glossy black hat 's turned dunduckety brown,  
And Katharine's straw bonnet 's dinged deep in the crown,  
And Oh! my heart bleeds when I see her poor gown;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

For it 's tattered before and it 's spattered behind,  
And turned twenty colors by sun, rain and wind;  
You 'd be puzzled the original color to find;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

Our shoes' uppers are broken and so are their soles,  
And the heels of our stockings are worn into holes,  
But our patience is great and our sufferings consoles;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

So weary and dreary and hungry and slow,  
With our feet all in blisters, and corns on each toe,  
Admiring these foreign parts onward we go;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

All day long we 're asking how far off is Rome;  
And all night long we 're fretting about friends at home,  
And wondering what makes them not like to roam;  
Sing diderum deé, dee, diderum deé.

For ás in this whole world there 's nót to be found  
A spot perfectly happy, the advice must be sound —  
If your wise you 'll keep constantly changing your ground;  
Sing dídërum deé, dee, dídërum deé.

And só we go trudging on all round the year,  
Let the weather be cold or hot, misty or clear,  
And we only wish sóme we know wére with us here;  
Sing dídërum deé, dee, dídërum deé.

Written while travelling on foot from GRELLINGEN (in the MÜNSTERTHAL)  
over the WEISSENSTEIN, to BERN; Oct 25—27, 1853.

#### MAN'S UNIVERSAL HYMN.

THE Lord 's my God and still shall be,  
Fór a kind God he is to me,  
And gives me a carte-blanche to rob  
His óther creatures, and to fob  
Fór my own use their property,  
So good and kind he is to me.  
He bids me pluck the goose and take  
Her sóft warm down my bed to make,  
Then turn her out with raw skin bare  
To shiver in the cold, night air;  
Her néw-laid eggs he bids me steal  
To make me a delicious meal,  
And, when she has no more to lay,  
Commands me cram her every day  
With oaten meal 'till she 's so plump  
The fat 's an inch deep on her rump,  
Then cut her throat and roast and eat,  
And thank him for the luscious treat.

The Lord 's my God and still shall be,  
Fór a kind God he is to me;  
He makes the bee construct his cell  
Of yellow wax and fill it well  
With honey for his winter store,  
And, when it 's so fúll 'twill hold no more,  
Cómes and points out the hive to me,  
And says: — "I give it all to thee;  
Small need 's for winter store the bee  
Who never a winter is to see;  
Kill him and eat his honey thou,  
Í 'm the bee's God, and thee allow."

I lóve the Lord my God, for he  
Loves all his creatures tenderly,  
But more than all his creatures, me.  
He bids me from the dam's side tear  
The tender lambkin and not spare: —  
"Piteous though bleat the orphan'd dam,  
Túrn a deaf ear and dine on lamb."

I love the Lord my God, for he  
Loves áll his creatures tenderly,  
But more than all his creatures, me.  
He bids the gallant horse live free  
And more than life love liberty;  
Then says to me: — "The horse is thine;  
Thou shalt in slavery make him pine;  
Confine him in a dungeon dim,  
Fétter him every joint and limb,  
Maim him, cut off his tail and ears —  
Thou know'st the use of knife and shears —  
A réd-hot brand the bleeding sears;  
Don't mind his quivering or his groans,



I 'd have men's hearts as hard as stones.  
So far so good, but much remains  
Still to be done ere for thy pains  
Thou hast a willing, servile brute,  
Who shall not dare the will dispute  
Of his taskmaster; a bold, free  
And noble spirit he has from me,  
And worse than death hates slavery;  
This noble spirit how to quell  
I 'll teach thee now — remember well  
Í am the God and friend of both  
The horse and thee, and would be loth  
Either to one or to the other  
Aught ill should happen; thou 'st a brother  
In every creature great or small;  
The same Lord God has made ye all —  
So when thou 'st cropped him ears and tail,  
And maimed him so he 's neither male  
Nor female more, fasten a strong  
Stout bar of iron with a thong  
Between his jaws; then through a ring  
Ín the bar's near end run a string  
Of twisted hemp, and hold it tight  
Ín thy left hand, while with thy right  
Thou scourgest him with a long lash so  
That, will-he nill-he, he must go —  
Not onward, for thou hast him bound  
Fast by the jaw, but round and round,  
Thou in the middle standing still  
And plying the lash with right good will;  
At first, no doubt, he 'll fume and fret  
And fall perhaps into a sweat  
Of agony, and upward rear,  
And spurn the ground, and paw the air —

What is 't to thee? lash thou the more;  
When tired behind, begin before,  
Still holding him by the muzzle fast;  
Pain breaks the stoutest heart at last;  
Ere a short month he 'll do thy will,  
Gallop, trot, canter or stand still  
At thy least bidding, carry, draw,  
And labour for thee until raw  
And galled his flesh and blind his eyes  
And lame his feet, and so he dies,  
If thou so little know'st of thrift  
And of the right use of my gift  
Of all my creatures unto thee  
Both great and small whate'er they be,  
As to allow thine old worn-out  
And battered slave to go about  
Consuming good food every day  
And standing awkward in the way,  
When for the fee of his shoes and hide  
Thou might'st have all his wants supplied  
By the knacker's knife; be merciful  
And when he can no longer pull,  
Nor carry thee upon his back,  
To the knacker send thy hack."

Ye little birds, in God rejoice,  
And praise him with melodious voice:  
Small though ye are, he minds ye all,  
And "never to the ground shall fall  
A sparrow without his consent,"  
By which beyond all doubt is meant —  
Man, take thy victim; clip his wing;  
Put out his eyes that he may sing  
As sweet in winter as in spring;

Confine him in close prison-house  
Where scarcely could turn round a mouse;  
What though I made him wild and free  
In the wood to range from tree to tree  
And more than life love liberty,  
Lét it not fret thee, he is thine  
By virtue of a writ divine —  
Cáge him, if he sings soft and sweet;  
If bad his voice, kill him and eat.

Indwellers of the deep, blue sea,  
To praise the Lord unite with me;  
Ye grampuses and mighty whales  
That lash the water with your tails  
Ínto a foam, and spirt it high  
Úp through your nostrils to the sky,  
Rejoice with me; the Lord of heaven  
Ínto my hands your lives has given,  
And taught me how best to pursue  
And hunt ye through the waters blue  
With barbed harpoón, till far and wide  
The ocean with your life's blood 's dyed.

Ye salmon, herring, wide-mouthed cod,  
Praise in your hearts the Lord your God,  
Who has made you of the ocean free,  
Then whispered in the ear to me: —  
“Gó, take thy nets and trawl for fish;  
On fast-days they 're an excellent dish  
With vinegar, mustard and cayenne” —  
Praise ye the Lord; I 'll say Amen.

Come hither every living thing,  
And in full chorus with me sing

The praise of him who reigns above,  
The God of justice, and of love,  
Who for my use has made ye 'all,  
Bird, beast, fish, insect; great and small.  
For me ye build, for me ye breed;  
For me ye work, for me ye bleed;  
I fatten on ye; ye are mine;  
Come praise with me the work divine  
And its great author, just and good,  
Who has given ye all to me for food,  
Clothing or pleasure, or mere sport;  
His praise to all the ends report  
Of the wide earth: sing, ever sing  
The all-righteous maker, father, king.

Begun near AUGST during a foot tour in SWITZERLAND, Octob. 22;  
finished on the NECKAR near HEIDELBERG, Nov. 24, 1853.

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"In my mind's eye, Horatio."

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

I 'd like to know the reason why  
Thou look'st so upwards toward the sky;  
Is 't at the sun or at the moon?  
Or is it at a big balloon?

POET.

It 's neither at the sun nor moon  
I 'm looking, nor a big balloon;  
I 'm looking at a pewter spoon;  
Art satisfied? good afternoon.

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

But there 's no pewter spoon up high  
In the clouds there or the sky;  
Pewter is heavy, and 'twould fall  
If pewter spoon were there at all.

POET.

A pewter spoon I plainly see  
Between the clear blue sky and me;  
I see the handle, see the bowl,  
Each part as perfect as the whole.

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

If pewter spoon were there, 'twould be  
As clear and plain to me as thee;  
So say no more; for I 'd as soon  
Believe of green cheese made the moon.

POET.

Well well, I 'm wrong; but had it been  
My father's ghost that I had seen  
In my mind's eye —

ADMIRER OF POETRY.

Oh! then 'twere quite  
A different case, and thou 'dst been right.

POET.

Ye poets of the loftiest flight,  
Such are the men for whom ye write;  
The critics such who blast your name,  
Or hoist you on the wings of fame.

Begun while walking from MÜNCHAURACH to ERLANGEN, Nov. 30, 1853;  
finished while walking from HÖCHSTADT to POMMERSFELDEN, Dec. 2, 1853.



## CONTEMPT OF COURT.

HE \* sat upon the judgment-seat in ermine,  
And judged the causes as they came before him;  
Heard counsel plead, and weighed the evidence  
On both sides to a hair; then charged the jury,  
Expounding to them statute, law, and custom,  
And laid the case before them disembarassed  
Of all its ambiguity and clear  
And palpable to every comprehension;  
Then took their verdict and pronounced his fiat,  
Which his apparitors contended who  
Would first and speediest put in execution.  
While he was thus engaged came Finis, sudden,  
And, in direct contempt of Court, a smart tap  
With his forefinger struck him on the forehead,  
And down he fell, his ermine discomposing,  
And left the unfinished sentence and the crowds  
That waited on his words as on a God's;  
And three or four men came and in their arms  
Carried away a foul, disgusting carcase.

Composed during the night in bed, TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 26—27, 1854.

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\* "At the opening of the Commission here this morning for the trial of prisoners, Mr. Justice Talfourd was seized with an apoplectic fit while charging the Jury, and expired in less than five minutes." *Stafford Journal*, March 13, 1854.

## FRIENDS.

THIS world 's chokefùl of falsehoods  
From beginning unto end,  
But the greatest falsehood in it  
Is — It 's hárd to find a friénd;

For friénds are quite as many  
And eásy to be got  
As blackberries on brambles  
When the autumn 's dry and hot.

“Then téll me how to gét them  
And for éver I 'm your friénd” —  
Ho, hó, are we already  
So very near the end?

If I téll you how to gét friends,  
You 'll for éver be my friénd,  
And só will every living soul  
To whóm I give or lend.

As long as you get fróm me,  
As lóng as on you I spend,  
And nót one moment lóngér,  
Every mán of you 's my friend.

This world, it 's said, is máde for  
Many and noble ends;  
I hólđ it 's a mere market  
For buying and selling friends.

You can háve them of all prices  
And every quality  
From Cávalier and High-toast  
Down to Toády and Rappeé.

But you 're not to expect to gét them  
And nóthing for them give;  
The sélłers of commodíties  
Must bý their traffic live.

So if your purse lets light through,  
And you can't make clink the gold,  
You 've no búsiness in the market  
Where friénds are bought and sold.

Hard cásh, good bills, or bárter,  
And cómmon trádesman skill,  
And you 're freeé on friendship's fáir-green  
To choóse what wares you will.

But gó not there a-bégging  
In name of God or man —  
*Quid pro quo* 's good Látin  
For Dávid and Jónathán.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 4, 1854.

"SINCE on the Roman sentry's rugged breast  
 I first drew breath, I 've known no hour of rest:  
 All my youth through, ten times each day I 've been  
 Dúcked in a pond to keep me sweet and clean;  
 Arrived at ripe age I was torn away  
 By violent hands, and in a prison lay  
 Long years on years, shut out from light of day  
 And the sweet air, with thousands, who like me  
 Bórn heirs of freedom lived in slavery,  
 And, plunged in darkness and perpetual night,  
 Had almost quite forgot the sun and light;  
 Tórtures were our time's measure, for each day,  
 As darkling, crowded, helpless, there we lay,  
 A pair of strong hands, pouncing on us down,  
 Thúmped our poor carcasses from foot to crown  
 And pounded to a jelly, while between  
 Évery two poundings a most foul, obscene  
 And horrid monster — cruel Nature, why  
 Fíll a millstóne with life and energy? —  
 Thréw himself ón us with the whole of his weight,  
 As if his object were to annihilate  
 And put us out of suffering. Foolish, we,  
 And to life clinging through our misery,  
 Lived ón; now thumped and pommeled out of breath,  
 Now squeezed and bruised within an inch of death.

At last, one day, a mighty rocking came,  
Ás of an earthquake, and the solid frame  
Rént of our prisonhouse with such a roar  
Ás in this world was never heard before,  
And, áll at once, upon our dazzled sight  
Lét in, in floods, the long forgotten light  
Accompanied with such a blast as tore  
Mé from my comrades, nót to see them more,  
And húrried to the clouds and spun me round  
As little boys a top spin on the ground;  
And now 'twould drive me north, east, south, away,  
Thén to the west back, then 'as 'twere in play  
Would lét me sínk down to the ground half way,  
Then come beneath me and with upward swirl  
Cáth me and far into the blué sky whirl,  
High as sailed ever tóward the sun and moon  
On voyage of discovery bold balloon.

At last it lét me and into the sea  
Dówn from the giddy héight — ah, pity me! —  
With many a headlong somerset I fell,  
Nót to be drowned — alas, I swam too well!  
Three days and nights I floated aimlessly  
Híther and thither on the boundless sea,  
Full often cursing the málicious fate  
That saved me from the millstone monster's weight  
And the two pommeling hands and from the blast,  
Ónly to drown me in the deep at last.

As raving thus I floated on and on,  
A something dark between me and the sun  
Came downward on me swooping, and up high  
Óút of the water bore me toward the sky,  
Then lét me drop, upon the land to fall  
And by the blast be trundled like a ball  
Fórwards and back and sideways, or swept round



In éddyng circles o'er the uneven ground,  
Till bruised my flésh all and full many a bone  
In horseplay broken against stock or stone.  
And so my tale of woe draws to an end;  
The Fâtes this morning my deliverance send;  
A zephyr kind in through the open door,  
Wâfts me to shelter on thy boarded floor  
In this snug corner, where, Oh! let me rest,  
If gentle pity ever touched thy breast;  
Hére in the sanctuary of the poet's room,  
Where seldom enters sweeping-brush or broom,  
Sâfe from the plagues of water and of air  
And from that monster's weight and from that pair  
Of heavy, beetling hands that never spare,  
Unnoticed let me live, unnoticed die,  
In this congenial cobweb's company."

With pity touched, the tender poet sighed  
And wiped a tear, and in these words replied: —  
"Unhappy emblem of the poet, live  
In such poor shelter as 'tis mine to give;  
Póets are feathers tossed by every blast,  
And, glad of any refuge at the last,  
They creep into some garret, and unknown,  
Unhonored, dié unpitied and alone."

Begun while walking from BULLE over the DENT DE JAMAN to CHARNEY  
on the LAKE OF GENEVA, Nov. 1, 1853. Finished at GRELLINGEN in the MÜN-  
STERthal, Nov. 11, 1853.

'Tis the first  
Sweet outburst  
Of buds and flowers;  
Fr  sh and gay  
Breaks Sol's ray  
Out through the showers.

H  nce! away!  
Che  rless day  
And l  ng long night;  
M  ja, bring  
Quick the spring,  
L  ve and delight.

TROMPETER-SCHL  SSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.

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### MOTHER TO EMIGRANT SON.

FAREW  LL, my boy!  
My h  pe, my joy;  
God g   with thee,  
And fr  m all ill  
Pres  rve thee still  
Where'er thou be.

With breaking heart  
From the   I part  
To live alone,  
And cr  , all day,  
He 's g  ne away!  
My s  n, my son!

Written while travelling from AMBERG to RATISBON, August 25, 1853.

## THE TWO BIRDS OF TENNO.\*

ON Tenno's tall acacia tree  
A Linnet sat, and thus sang he: —  
"Come out, dear comrade, come to me;  
'Tis sweet to live at liberty."

"I can't get out," the Finch replied,  
And fluttered hard against the side  
Of the barred cage that on the wall  
Was hung of Tenno's ancient hall.

Prisoners three years the birds had been  
In the same cage, a Linnet green  
And yellow Finch, and every year  
Each to the other grown more dear.

At last, one day, out through the door  
Of the wire house, never before  
By Julietta left ajar,  
Away into the wood afar

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\* The village of Tenno, with its ancient castle well known in the history of the Italian Tirol, is situated on the top of a lofty and almost perpendicular rock projecting southwards in the form of a spur from the most northerly part of the steep, high, continuous and bare amphitheatre of mountains by which the basin of the Lago di Garda is inclosed and shut out from the world on the north and east and west. The story of the two birds is literally true and was related to me on the spot by Signora Giulietta Prati, to whom the birds belonged.

Flew happy Linnet. Juliet, why  
That instant turned thy watchful eye,  
And the door closed, and all alone  
Finch left to mourn his partner flown?

Next morn on the acacia tree

The Linnet sat, and thus sang he: —

"Come out, dear comrade, come to me;

'Tis sweet to live at liberty."

"I can't get out," the Finch replied

And fluttered hard against the side

Of the wire prison. All in vain,

The mourner's passion to restrain,

The well-known voice, the proffered grain,

The fresh-culled groundsel — all in vain —

Chirrup or voice obtained no heed,

Untasted lay the favorite seed.

And still without on Tenno's tree

The Linnet sang his melody: —

"Come out, dear comrade, come to me;

'Tis sweet to live at liberty."

And still within the Finch replied,

And round and round against the side

Of his strong prison fluttered still,

As if he wished himself to kill;

And still, "I can't get out," he cried;

And still against the cage's side

In answer to his friend's call flew,

And weaker still, and weaker grew,

Till, on the third day, from her bed  
When Juliet rose, she found him dead.  
A heart so tender and so true  
Among mankind I never knew.

Composed while walking from LANDECK over the ADLERBERG to DALAAS,  
in VORARLBERG, October 4—5, 1853.

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*"Antiqua sub religione."*

NUMBER Thirteen 's unlucky and always has been,  
Since Judas the traitor was number Thirteen;  
But Twelve is a number that ever shall be  
Counted lucky by all pious Christians and me,  
For it 's júst Twelve you make if you add to th' Eleven  
Remaining apostles the Lord out of heaven.  
Eleven 's lucky álso, because there were just  
Apostles Eleven that stood firm to their trust;  
But Ten 's neither lucky nor unlucky quite,  
For of the Ten bridesmaids but Five had no light.  
Nine and Eight are both lucky, for Nine months He lay  
In the womb of the Virgin, and on the Eighth day  
Was circumcised, who our sins' ransom to pay  
Died on the cursed tree. Number Seven 's lucky too,  
For 'twas ón the Seventh day Lord of Christian and Jew  
From áll his work rested, if Moses says true.  
Six and Five to be numbers unlucky I hold,  
For 'twas júst Six times Fíve silver pieces were told  
Down to Judas Iscariot. Always lucky was Four;  
The Evangelists never were fewer nor more.  
Thrice lucky, Thrice happy 's the charmed number Three,  
For Three kings from the Eást came the Saviour to see,



Three persons there áre in the Hígh Trinity,  
Triúmphant the Thírd day Christ rose from the dead.  
Number Two is unlucky, all wise men have said,  
Since Two thieves with the Saviour were crucified;  
But of all numbers Óne is the glory and pride,  
For there 's Óne faith, One báptism for great and for small,  
One Christ, One Redeemer, One Lord over all.

HOFFER'S HOUSE, INNSBRUCK, Septem. 12, 1853.

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### THE YOUNG SPHINX.

"THERE áre two líttle wórds, Papá,  
That mách all bút a T,  
And yét they meán quite ópposite things —  
What máy those twó wórds bé?"

"Lét me alone, you líttle fool;  
What mákes you péster mé?  
I 'm súde it 's néither hére nor thére  
What twó wórds théy may bé."

"I sáy it is both hére and thére,  
Quite súde and without dóubt;  
And nów I 've tóld you whát they áre,  
I hópe you 'll fínd them óút."

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 10, 1854.

MARY'S SWEETHEART TO HER DOG RAP.

RÁP, I énvý theé thy slúmbers  
Ón thy cúshion át the fireside,  
With thy mistress sitting bý thee,  
Sómetimes chátting, sómetimes silent,  
Sómetimes sád, and sómetimes mérry,  
Búsy sómetimes, sómetimes idle,  
Bút at nó time, whéther idle,  
Búsy, silent, sád or mérry,  
Theé forgétting ór thy cómfort.

RÁP, I énvý theé thy slúmbers  
Ón thy cúshion át the fireside,  
Bút I énvý móre thy wáking  
Tó be pátted bý thy mistress,  
Tó be kíssed perháps and cúddled,  
Ánd admítted tó the ónly  
Heáven I knów or hópe or cáre for,  
Máry's láp and sílken ápron,

Composed while walking from KONRADSREUTH (near Hof) to BIRNECK,  
August 20, 1853.

## I 'M AWAY O'ER THE MOUNTAIN.

I 'm awáy o'er the mountain, awáy o'er the lea;  
Take your staff in your hand and along come with me;  
Leave the city to him who the city enjoys —  
I 'm sick of its turmoil, its smoke, and its noise.

We 'll tread the green sward, we 'll inhale the fresh breeze;  
We 'll feel the warm sunshine, and see the brave trees;  
We 'll hear the larks singing, and smell the sweet flowers  
Refreshed by the dew or the light, passing showers.

Up the steep hill we 'll zigzag through heather and moss;  
We 'll dive into the glen and the steppingstones cross;  
We 'll climb the rock's face and the wood's alleys thread,  
Where the chesnut and oak shake hands óver our head.

We 'll couch with the red deer, we 'll rise with the roe;  
We 'll rést when the sun 's high, go fást when he 's low;  
When we 're thirsty we 'll drink of the cool, crystal stream;  
There 's no want, in the farmhouse, of éggs, cheese, and cream.

Then awáy to the mountains with light step and free,  
And awáy through the valleys come bounding with me;  
Leave behind you your cares, put two shirts in your pack,  
And may áll our friends háppy live, till we come back.

Written while travelling in Stettin from INNSBRUCK to STERZING,  
Sept. 13, 1853.

## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

"Who máde this greát big wórld, Papa,  
And áll the fúnny thínks I seé,  
Mysélf and yóu and deár Mamma  
Ánd the black dog and Minnie Mie?"

"My dárling boy, God made us all —  
How óften múst I téll you só? —  
The sun, moon, stars, and earth's great ball;  
Gíve me a kiss and let me go."

"But who made God's own self, Papa?  
Thát is the thing I want to know,  
For évery time I ask Mamma,  
She frówns and sáys: — Don't tease me so."

"Nó one made God, you little fool;  
Gód never wás, nor cúld be, máde;  
If thát is all yóu 've léárned at school  
Yóu 've a bad master, I 'm' afraid."

"And isn't it hárder, ódder fár  
For Gód to bé, withóut being máde,  
Thán for earth, ský, and every star  
To bé as they áre, withóut God's aid?"

"Nó, child; this wórld 's too wónderfúl  
To bé at áll withóut God's aid" —

"But Gód 's far móre of wónder fúll  
And yét, you sáy, was néver made."

"You shock me, child; God óf himsélff  
Exísts through áll etérnity."

"Far harder thát, than of itself  
The wórld is, wás, and stíll shall be."

"Well wéll, have dóne; and whén tonight  
Good Fátther Stípend cómes to práy,  
Ask which of ús is ín the ríght —  
Not óne word móre, but rún and pláy."

"Just óne bare wórd; has Pa no qualm  
To choóse for júdge one ín his páy?  
Give mé a cross for Stípend's pálm,  
And thén who knóws what he may say?"

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 28, 1854.

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THE kíng sat in the gárden,  
A bírd hopped in the búsh;  
The kíng all in delight, said: —  
"I 'm sùre it is a thrúsh."

As soón as the kíng said so,  
The bírd began to sing;  
The kíng all disappointed: —  
"It is but a starlíng."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 2, 1854.



VINCLA JUGALIA.

As I sát melanchólic, one níght after tea,  
By the side of the fire with a book on 'my knee,  
Neither reading nor thinking, but whiling the time  
With sóme hurdygurdy nonsensical rhyme  
That kept twirling incessantly round in my brain,  
I heard to the shovel the poker say plain: —  
“Lovely Shovel, this hearth's greatest beauty and pride,  
An humble admirer that here by thy side  
Long has borne for thy dear sake heat, cold, dust and smoke —  
Nay, let not his boldness thine anger provoke —  
Dares at lást to break silence and trembling confess,  
Without thee in this world there is no happinés  
For poór, wretched Poker; ah! turn not away;  
One kind loók, even although no kind wórd thou should'st say.”  
“You 'll not think me,” thus answered then Shovel, half pettish,  
“You 'll nót think me prudish, I hope, nor coquettish —  
Like some fair ones that sometimes sit here by the fire —  
If I téll you, in vain to my hand you aspire;  
It griéves me, believe me, but plain truth is best,  
And all round-about ways from my soul I detest;  
Until nów I 've lived single, and single I 'll die;  
So if you 'll be married, please somewhere else try.”  
“Ah, bé not so hárdhearted,” ás to her side  
He leaned himself óver, thus Poker replied;

"Heaven néver bestowed on thee súch charming grace,  
 That delicate figure, that sweet, smiling face,  
 That thou should'st from thy líps down dash jóy's proferred cup,  
 And within some dark cloíster's walls shút thyself up,  
 To divide the sad day betwixt pénitence and prayer,  
 And túrn sweet life into one lóng long nightmáre;  
 Nay, if Heáven wants a bride there are plenty, I trow,  
 To be proud of the honor, but keep from him thou;  
 Time enóugh to bestow on that suitor thine heart,  
 When to páck up thou 'rt summoned and múst hence depart."  
 "As for tát," answered Shovel, "I 'm much of your mind,  
 And feél no whit more for a marriage inclined  
 With heáv'nly bridegroóm than with earthly; LIVE FREE,  
 Might I bút choose my motto, 's the motto for me;  
 If you doubt that on goód reason 's built what I say,  
 Ask Mr. and Mrs. Tongs over the way;  
 Or, withóut asking quéstions which míght but perplex,  
 Just judge for yourself how that rivet must vex  
 Both the óne and the other; no matter how hot  
 Poor Mrs. Tongs is, there she 's bound to the spot,  
 Till it pleases her liége Lord and master to stir;  
 While a sheép might as well think to sháke off a burr,  
 As hé without hér to get nearer the fire —  
 All in vain, all in vain, she would rather expire."  
 "Say no more, Miss," said Poker; "a word to the wise —  
 But deuce táke it that Shovels have súch pretty eyes."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 9, 1854.

## THE YOUNG POET.

“SEE, what a pretty chain, Mamma,  
    Máde of bright góld links threeé;  
Whát will you give me if I tell  
    What thése three góld links bé?”

“Whát will I give you? I will give  
    My Néddy kíses threeé,  
If he can tell me what they áre  
    More thán bright góld links threeé.”

“This énd one here is old grandmóther  
    With the long lóng gray háir,  
That sits beside the fire all day  
    Ín the great élbowl-chair;

“And hére am I, at the other end,  
    Mammá's good little són;  
And, in the middle, there 's yourself —  
    Haven't Í three kíses wón?”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 21, 1854.

### TIRED.

ABOUT the meadow as I strayed  
Once with Selina, to the maid,  
Half joke, half earnest, thus I said: —

“I ’m tired of silence, tired of talking,  
Tired of standing, tired of walking,  
Tired of sitting, tired of lying,  
Tired of laughing, tired of crying,  
Tired of eating, tired of drinking,  
Tired of acting, tired of thinking,  
Tired of labor, tired of leisure,  
Tired of pain and tired of pleasure,  
Tired of ignorance, tired of knowledge,  
Tired of school and tired of college,  
Tired of false and tired of true,  
Tired of Christian, tired of Jew,  
Tired of myself, tired even of you  
Despite those lovely eyes of blue.

“I ’m tired of up and tired of down,  
Tired of country, tired of town,  
Tired of fop and tired of clown,

Tired of high and tired of low,  
Tired of fast and tired of slow,  
Tired of near and tired of far,  
Tired of peace and tired of war,  
Tired of weak and tired of strong,  
Tired of short and tired of long,  
Tired of fair and tired of foul,  
Tired of hat and tired of cowl,  
Tired of pen and tired of sword,  
Tired of deed and tired of word,  
Tired of real, tired of fictitious,  
Tired of virtuous, tired of vicious,  
But most of all, tired of religious.

“I ’m tired of empty, tired of full,  
Tired of lively, tired of dull,  
Tired of merry, tired of sad,  
Tired of sorry, tired of glad,  
Tired of sane and tired of mad,  
Tired of youth and tired of age,  
Tired of fool and tired of sage,  
Tired of noble, tired of mean,  
Tired of dirty, tired of clean,  
Tired of fat and tired of lean,  
Tired of slender, tired of bulky,  
Tired of jolly, tired of sulky,  
Tired of rude and tired of civil,  
Tired of saint and tired of devil.

“I ’m tired of black and tired of white,  
Tired of day and tired of night,  
Tired of sunshine, tired of shade,  
Tired of forest, tired of glade,  
Tired of hill and tired of plain,



Tired of wind and tired of rain,  
Tired of dust and tired of slop,  
Tired of bottom, tired of top,  
Tired of crooked, tired of straight,  
Tired of early, tired of late,  
Tired of hot and tired of cold,  
Tired of young and tired of old,  
Tired of quiet, tired of noise,  
Tired of girls and tired of boys,  
Tired of uncles, tired of cousins,  
Tired of tens and tired of dozens,  
Tired of great and tired of small,  
Tired of one and tired of all.

“Now, sweet Selina, ask not why  
Of this fair world so tired am I,  
Lést you should meet the rude reply: —  
Of nothing half so tired am I  
As the two questions *what?* and *why?*”

“It ’s wonderful how we agree,”  
Selina smiling answered me,  
“For I than you am not less tired” —  
“Hów, or of what, O most admired?”  
“Bóth of yourself and of your ‘Tired’.”

Begun while walking from GÜCKELSBERG to CHEMNITZ, August 18, 1853;  
finished at the Convent of VIECHT in LOWER INNTHAL, Sept. 7, 1853.

I néver was yét in such terrible haste  
That I hád not a minute or two to waste,  
If I met with a friend or a girl or a glass —  
So hére 's to you, boys; let the bumper pass.

How many 's hére óf us? one, two, three, four;  
Odds bobs! I could never yet count to a score;  
But évery man, sure, is a friend of mine,  
That sits with me drinking the réd, red wine.

Lass, come hére if you 're merry, and sit on my knee;  
Clasp your arm round my néck close, and táke kisses three;  
Take the first for yourself, take the second for me;  
And one into the bargain will surely make three.

But my glass lies in shivers; so now for a pull  
At the deép bowl itself while it 's foaming brimful;  
There 's the bottom, God bless it; amen and amen!  
Now fill it up, boys, till I do it again.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 8, 1854.

## OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

I dreamt one night — it was a hórrid dream —  
Thát I was dead, and made was the division  
Between the innocent flesh and guilty spirit,  
Ánd that the former, with a white sheet wrápt round  
And nailed up in a box, was to the bottom  
Súnk of a deep and narrow pit, which straight  
Was filled to overheaping with a mixture  
Of dámp clay, rotting flésh and mouldering bones,  
And lidded with a weighty stone whereon  
Was writ my name and on what days precise  
I first and last drew breath; while up the latter  
Fléw, without help of wings or fins or members,  
Bý its mere lightness, through the air, to heaven;  
And thére being placed before the judgment-seat  
Of its Máker, and most únsatisfactory  
Ánswer returning to the question: — “Wherefore  
Wást thou as I made thee?” was sent down  
Túmbling by its own weight, down down to Hell,  
To sink or swim or wade as best it might,  
In súlphurous fires unquenchable for ever,  
With Socrates and Plato, Aristides  
Fálsely surnamed the just, and Zoroaster,

Títus the good, and Cato and divine  
 Hómer and Virgil, and so many millions  
 And millions more of wrongfully called good  
 And wise and virtuous, that for want of sulphur  
 And fire and snakes and instruments of torture  
 And room in Hell, the Universal Maker  
 Wás by his own inherent justice forced,  
 That guilt might not go scót-free and unpunished,  
 To set apart so large a share of Heaven  
 For penal colonies and jails and treadmills,  
 That mutinies for want of flying-space  
 Began t' arise among the cherubim  
 And blessed spirits, and a Proclamation  
 Of Martial Law in Heaven was just being read  
 Whén, in a sweat of agony and fear,  
 I wóke, and found myself in Germany,  
 Ín the close prison of a German bed,  
 And at my bedside Mr. Oberkellner  
 With printed list of questions in his hand:  
 My name and age and birthplace and religion,  
 Tráde or profession, wherefore I had come,  
 How long to stay, whither next bound, and só forth;  
 Áll at my péril to be trúly answered,  
 Ánd upon each a sixpence to the State,  
 Which duly paid I should obtain permission  
 To stay where I wás so long as the State pleased,  
 Without being prosecuted as a felon,  
 Spý, or disturber of the public peace.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 15, 1854.

THOUGH day by day  
She pined away  
And wasted still,  
She 'd éver try  
When Í was by  
Nót to seem ill.

Át the sad last  
Her look was cast  
Ónly toward me,  
And ón me still  
She gázed until  
She ceásed to be.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 24, 1854.

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ÓN! to the field!  
Néver to yield;  
Or turn or flee;  
It is the drum  
Cálling to come  
To victory.

Together stand  
For fatherland  
And God on high;  
Draw éach his sword,  
Fórward 's the word,  
Cónquer or die.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, Febr. 24, 1854.



A downright fool you máy persuade,  
A wise man eásier still;  
But hálf-fool hálf-wise, I 'm afraid,  
Must álways háve his will.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

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KIND heáven, in mercy to the fool,  
Gáve him, I 've heard an Indian say,  
Guíde of his life, a golden rule:  
The fool he thréw the rúle awáy.

What wás the rule? To hold his tongue  
And listen to what others say.  
The wise man found the rule, and sits  
Silent and heárs fools tálk awáy.

Written in the ROYAL LIBRARY, DRESDEN, March 30, 1854.

TO SELINA.

"Something, I warrant you, that  
the sun has never yet seen."

ÓFT as around the world the sun  
His daily, yearly course has run,  
Spying all things with curious eye,  
That stand, or walk, or creep, or fly,  
There is a thing he has never seen,  
Guéss, if thou canst, what is 't I mean;  
Thou 'st seen it often, so have I,  
In heat, in cold, in wet, in dry,  
Súmmer and winter, day and night,  
By gas no less than candle light,  
In palace, cottage, wood, and glen,  
In solitude and the haunts of men,  
On land, on sea, and in the air,  
The sky, the clouds — and everywhere.  
Mány 's the time I 've seen it run  
Across a lawn on which the sun,  
Fróm a sky clear and without haze,  
Was sending down his noontide rays,  
And marked how never a ray at all  
On the strange creature seemed to fall.

Mány 's the time I 've seen it float,  
Without the aid of ship or boat,  
Across some mighty seafrith wide,  
Ánd when it reached the further side,  
Márked 'twas no wetter than before  
It sét out from the opposite shore.  
I 've seen it, when it heard by chance  
A fiddle play, get up and dance,  
But néver heard it sing at all,  
Though it frequents soirée and ball  
And therefore should be musical.  
Sómetimes as slow as any snail  
I 've seen it a steep house-side scale,  
Ín at the topmost window peep,  
Then down again as slowly creep.  
Sómetimes I 've been amused to see  
How with a squirrel's agility,  
'Twould hop, in wood or shrubbery,  
From bough to bough, from tree to tree,  
Ór in a dingle play bo-peep,  
Or 'cross the widest ravine leap.  
I 've heard it said 'tis cowardly  
And apt, if you pursue, to flee,  
Bút, if it sees you turn, grows stout  
And faces manfully about,  
And follows you, close at your heels,  
Until you turn again, then wheels,  
And flees from your pursuit again  
In terror, over hill and plain.  
It 's philosophic, I 've no doubt,  
For I have seén 't both cuff and flout  
Endure with equanimity,  
And never return an injury.  
Sómetimes indeed it makes a show

As if it would pay blow with blow  
 And thrúst with thrúst; but never mind —  
 To gentleness it 's still inclined,  
 And lets its hand so lightly fall,  
 Whenever it lifts a hand at all,  
 It would not hurt an infant's cheek  
 Or spider's slenderest gossamer break.  
 Of áll God's creatures, it is said,  
 'Tis the most docile and well bred —  
 Áll education 's mimicry  
 And hé 's best bréd who 's móst like mé —  
 Go on, it goes on; stóp, it stóps;  
 Léap and it leaps; hop thou, it hops;  
 Look úp, it looks up; thine head stoóp,  
 Íts head at once begins to droop;  
 Walk, and it keeps thee company,  
 And measures step for step with thee,  
 Respectful, though not distant, still,  
 And moulding after thine its will.  
 Éven as I write these words, it writes  
 Búsy beside me, and indites  
 A copy or facsimile  
 Of every word I write to thee,  
 And now that I 've come tó the end  
 Subscribes itself with me,

Thy Friend.

Begun while walking from BANZ to COBURG, Dec. 4, 1853; finished at  
 DRESDEN, January 7, 1854.

## HAD I MY WISH.

HAD I my wish my life should be  
A mixture of philosophy  
And practical philanthropy;  
My house within a nook should stand  
Upon my own ancestral land,  
Sheltered on both sides and behind  
From every colder, ruder wind;  
Full to the South should look my door  
Closed never 'gainst the neighbouring poor;  
The morning sun should freely shine  
Into my bedroom, and I 'd dine  
In the west parlour ere his rays  
Had blended with the evening haze;  
At breakfast, dinner, evening tea,  
I 'd meet my smiling family;  
A girl, a boy, and their sweet mother;  
At times a sister or a brother  
Or valued friend; and at the fire  
All winter should the gray grandsire  
And his youth's partner, honored pair,  
Sit in well bolstered elbow-chair,  
And tell with lively, glistening eye  
Stories of times long since gone by,  
And how full forty years ago  
Persons they knew said so and so.  
My few, well chosen books should be  
Not locked up in a library,



But free for use, some here some there —  
Knowledge should common be as air.  
Better have nó wall-fruit at all  
Than round my garden build a wall;  
A hedge of holly and wild rose  
The little Eden should enclose;  
Lilies within and pinks should bloom  
And wallflower shed its sweet perfume,  
And wintry robins safely sing,  
And blackbirds hail the approach of spring,  
And linnet gray and speckled thrush  
Build in dense laurustinus bush.  
And there a bower I 'd close entwine  
Of clematis and eglantine,  
Or darling sweetbriar, and sit there  
At noontide heat in rustic chair,  
Cónning the Homeric page divine,  
Or Virgil's more pathetic line,  
Or hapless Ovid's glowing Muse,  
Or, if a wayward fancy choose,  
Ráving with Hamlet, or a tear  
Shédning on Juliet's early bier.  
Só would I live; and so I 'd die,  
Ánd in the village churchyard by,  
Whén my hour struck, be laid to rest,  
Near those whom living I loved best;  
A stone should mark the spot and say: —  
He lived and loved and had his day.

Begun Sept. 14, while travelling in Stellwagen from STERZING to BRIKEN;  
finished while walking from MALS to NAUDERS, Oct. 2, 1853.

## THE EDITOR TO THE READER CONCERNING THE AUTHOR.

THE poet of these numbers lived in times  
When men were rude and had no heart for rhymes;  
When — gentler feelings, truth and honor fled —  
Cómmerce raised high his ignominious head,  
Strétched out his grasping arms from zone to zone,  
And claimed earth, air, and ocean for his own;  
When greed of gain and consequent power engrossed  
The thoughts of all, and Christians' thoughts the most;  
When men were not ashamed in open day  
To crowd to church, lift úp their hands and say: —  
“Great God, believe not those all-seeing eyes  
To which our heart's foul closet open lies,  
But trust those ears which hear us when with prayer  
And praises loud we stroke thee with the hair,  
And over to our purpose strive to bring  
Our God as if he were some earth-born king  
Accustomed to reward those courtiers best  
Who deepest híde their réal thoughts in their breast.”  
Our poet's lot was cast in that dark age  
When steam, rail, telegraph was a public rage,  
And every gentler voice and sweeter sound  
Wás in one locomotive tempest drowned

Of screech and puff and whistle, truck and train,  
Guards, luggage, porters jostling might and main,  
And country squires and corporation cits,  
Travelling each one as if he had lost his wits,  
Or an express were, carrying the Queen's mail,  
Or a mad dog with kettle at his tail.  
Ah! hapless poet, that couldst not indite  
A treatise on the Menai tunnel's height  
Or breadth or weight, or how to cleanse a sink  
And purify a trading city's stink;  
That never, all thy life, couldst sing a hymn  
Or even one Duddon sonnet dark and dim;  
For whom or for whose Muse there was no place  
Among that hard- that iron-hearted race;  
Hadst thou but lived in this more generous age,  
When nobler themes all heads and hearts engage,  
How thou 'dst been honored! how thy praise had hung  
On every lip, and thrilled from every tongue!  
Laurels had crowned thee, and when thou hadst died —  
For poets die although their country's pride —  
Inscribed on adamant had been thy name,  
And hung up in the eternal hall of fame.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 6, 1854.

### FEAR NOT DEATH.

FEAR not Deáth — Death 's bút a cipher,  
Á mere blánk, a nón-existence;  
Whén thou díest thou bút retúrnest  
Tó the státe in which thou láyest  
Únobstrúcted, únmolésted,  
Áll the pást etérnal áges,  
Whíle all thínks that líved were súffering.

Féar to líve; it 's Lífe that súffers;  
Áll thínks róund are Lífe's torméntors;  
Líving, súffering, bút two dífferent  
Wórds expréssive óf the sáme thínk;  
Í and Thóu bút thínks that súffer  
Till we 're Í and Thóu no lónger;  
Deáth an énd to Í and Thóu puts,  
Ánd with Í and Thóu to súffering.

Thóu that díest, féar to díe not;  
Nót even Lífe thou lósest, díýng;  
Tó have lóst, thou múst survíve Death;  
Lóss belónks bút tó the líving.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 31, 1853.

ÁT this hóur on this same évening  
Lást year Í was gáy and háppy,  
Hére alóng this grássy roádside  
Saúntering with my nówly wédded.

Únderfoót the springy dáisy,  
Óverheád the táll elm bráanches,  
Ón this roádside wé were wáلكing  
Ánd this háwthorn hédge admíring.

Rích it wás as nów with blóssoms,  
Ánd as nów gílt with the slánt beams  
Óf yon slówly sétting Máy sun,  
Ánd the déw as nów was fálling.

Ón this spót, where nów I 'm stánding,  
Árm in árm we stoód and listened  
Tó the trílling óf the bláckbird;  
Ín the sáme bush nów he 's trílling.

Ánd these swállows, thát have sínce then  
Seén far lánds and seás and cíties,  
Pást us tó and fró that évening  
Smóóth and swift as nów were glíding.



Háwthorn hédge and sétting Máy sun,  
Trílling bláckbird, glíding swállows,  
Déwy roádsíde, élms and dáísies,  
Áll are hére as ón that évening;

Bút my nówly wédde'd 's lýng  
Ín her cóffín, ín the chúrchyard,  
Whére I 'd ráther bé besíde her  
Thán here wándering bróken-heárted.

WAISENHIAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, July 10, 1853.

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### WHAT STRONG CASTLE 'S THAT YONDER?

“WHAT strong cástle 's that yónder, fair shepherdess, say,  
That ón the híll's shóulder stands ríght thwart my way;  
It 's late and I 'm weary, and nó hostel 's near;  
In that cástle for wáyfaring pilgrim what cheer?”  
“From that cástle's gate, pilgrim, keep far far away;  
By thírty two warders it 's wáched níght and dáy;  
Belów on the threshold stand warders síteen;  
In the gáte-tower, ábove, síteen warders are seen;  
In a suit of white ármour each warder is díght,  
In a suit of white ármour keeps wách dáy and níght.  
Terrífic to come néar, terrífic to see,  
Stand those grím warders thére in their white panoplý;  
Thóugh to sléep they may seem, they are stíll on their guard,  
And fáithfúllý róund the gate kéep wách and wárd;  
But shóuldst thou by sóme lucky chánce pass them áll,  
And the gríding portcúllis nót dówn on thee fáll

And crúsh thee to atoms, within hangs a bell  
 Which rings of itself, to the castle to tell  
 That a stranger has entered, and young and old call  
 From guardhouse and battlement, bútt'ry and hall  
 To lay hólð on th' intruder and heels over crown  
 The steep, yawning abyss withinside hurl him down,  
 To be smáshed in the fall, or, more painful and slow,  
 In dámp, noisome vapors be stifled below;  
 So for Jésus' sake, pilgrim, approach not that gate,  
 What though thou be weary and hungry and late,  
 But thy trust put in Him who for all men bore sorrow,  
 And cóuch on the bare wold, and fast till tomorrow,  
 Then ón thy way speed to the next hostelrie;  
 So shált thou survive, wife and children to see,  
 And in thine own fatherland bléss God and me."  
 So she saíd, and the pilgrim the warning obeyed,  
 And, beseéching Heaven's bléssing upón the sweet maid,  
 His weary length there on the grassy sward laid, '  
 And till dáwn of light slépt sound, then wént on his way  
 And in his own fátherland télls to this day  
 Of those thirty two warders in white armour dight,  
 And the stróng castle-gáte they watch all day and night,  
 And the sélf-tolling bell, and abyss yawning deep;  
 And may Gód's holy mother the wáyfarer keep  
 From that ill castle fár, and with áll blessings bless  
 Both now and hereafter that fair shepherdéss.

Begun while walking from ESSENBACH (near RATISBON) to MOOSBURG,  
 Aug. 29. Finished at INNSBRUCK, Sept. 11, 1853.

### LARK'S SONG.

Up high, up high,

Into the sky

And clouds I fly,

And joyous sing

On hovering wing

My melody:

Ptsit ptsit pteril'

Pteril pteril

Ptsit ptsit pteril.

The damp night 's gone,

The bright warm sun

Shines in the East,

And with one voice

All things rejoice,

Bird, man and beast:

Ptsit ptsit pteril

Pteril pteril

Ptsit ptsit pteril.

Above me high  
How blue the sky  
And free from haze!  
How yellow glow  
The fields below  
In the golden rays:  
Ptsit ptsit pteril.  
Pteril pteril  
Ptsit ptsit pteril.

And yon snug spot,  
Never forgot,  
Where hid from sight  
My faithful spouse  
Nursing keeps house  
All day and night:  
Ptsit ptsit pteril  
Pteril pteril  
Ptsit ptsit pteril.

With right good will  
Ptsit ptsit I trill  
As higher still  
And still more high  
Intó the sky  
And clouds I fly:  
Ptsit ptsit pteril  
Pteril pteril  
Ptsit ptsit pteril.

Begun when walking from FELDKIRCH to TROGEN, Oct. 7; finished at  
LEIBSTADT in Canton ARGAU, Oct. 21, 1853.

## APOLLO AND THE AUTHOR.

APOLLO

(returning the Author his book).

Nor wholly bad this book, nor worthless quite;  
And yet I thought thou couldst far better write.

AUTHOR.

Better no doubt I could —

APOLLO.

Why not, Sir, then?

AUTHOR.

Your Highness will excuse — I wrote for men.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 29, 1854.

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*In a room where a corpse was laid out.*

CÓME not near;  
Deáth is here,  
The high, the hóly;  
Bénd to him  
Heárt and límb,  
Distant and lówly.

Í-AM-NÓT,  
Nought of nought,  
Ábsence of essence,  
Ón this spót  
To man's thóught  
Reveáls his présence.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 10, 1854.



THERE is a hall in which at times  
I sit and meditate my rhymes;  
'Tis with old tapestry hung round;  
Dark figures on a sky-blue ground,  
Drawn to the life, and changing still  
As if obedient to the will  
Of puppet-showman, or a wand  
Waved by unseen magician's hand;  
Unbid by me they come and go,  
Such forms as long long years ago  
My heart and arms and ears and eyes  
Alas! took for realities.

Néver upon that tapestry  
Shóws itself form unknown to me;  
All áll are out of times gone by,  
Familiar áll to heart and eye;  
Yet not exactly they 're portrayed;  
There 's still some difference in shade  
Brightness, or outline; or a tone  
Thrown over them not quite their own —  
Not thát precisely which they wore  
When they were known to me before;  
Méllower, in general, they appear,  
Méllower but less distinct and clear,  
As the creations of a dream,  
Or mountains in the distance seem.

It 's mý delight to sit and gaze  
On those fair forms of other days;  
The well known lineaments to trace —  
Each feature of each long-lost face;  
And I 'd that chamber never quit  
Íf the dear images, that flit  
Upón its antique tapestry,  
Looked with the same kind glance on me,  
Ás they looked ón me in past years,  
Sometimes in joy, sometimes in tears,  
But still with love — Ah, no! ah, no!  
Cóldly they come, coldly they go.  
And with the same look from me sever  
As if before they had seen me never;  
And só at last with watery eye  
And héavy heart, and many a sigh,  
I rise up slowly from my seat  
And leave the Hall of Bittersweet.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 29, 1854.

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DEÁTH, I 'd bég one fávor óf thee:  
Whénsoe'ér thou 'rt pleásed to táke me  
Fróm my weéping Kátharine, táke me  
Áll at ónce — I 'd háve no Fárewells  
Whére the pártíng is for éver.

WAISENHAUS-STRASSE, DRESDEN, June 13, 1853.

REÁDER, you 'll dó me jústice,  
I húmbly trust and hópe,  
And nót class mé with Býron,  
Or Longfellow, or Pope.

I 'll háve no second láúrels,  
No lieútenant's renown;  
This hánd 's made for a scéptre,  
This brów 's made for a crów.

The stáge has its four mónarchs,  
The épos has its threé,  
The lyrists on two thrónes sit,  
The ténth throne is for mé.

All kinds of measures róund me,  
All kinds of thoughts, shall stand;  
All pássions, pains and pleasures  
Kneel lów and kiss my hand.

And só I 'll reign for éver,  
Supérieur and alóne,  
Higher than King or Kaíser,  
The póet on his thróne.

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
March 29 — 30, 1854.

ÓNCE it háppened — Í 'll not téll you  
 Whén or whére or hów or whérefore,  
 Lést you 'd think me bút concócting  
 Óne of mý accústomed ídle,  
 Slípshod, goód-for-nóthing fábles,  
 Ánd not quárrying hárd and sólíd  
 Hístórý, like Báb Macaúlay —  
 Ónce it háppened, in a gárret  
 Fóur pair báckward líved two rábbits,  
 Thát had thére been gènéráted,  
 Bórn and bréd and éducatéd.  
 Wíse they wére, those twó white rábbits,  
 Ánd líved háppilý togéther, |  
 Álways sleéping in the sáme box,  
 Álways eáting át the sáme time  
 Óút of thé same péwter plátter  
 Which the sáme kind-heárted místress,  
 Líving in the streétward gárret,  
 Twice a-dáy replénished fór them.  
 Só they líved — those twó white rábbits —  
 Ín all hármoný togéther,  
 Till one dáy as théy wére whiling  
 Time awáy in ídle góssip,  
 Óne says tó the óther: — “Tátty,

Wás not thát a wóndrous rábbít  
 Máde this greát room ánd this plátter,  
 Ánd our kind, good-heárted místress,  
 Ánd the frésh leaves ánd the wáter  
 Thát she bríngs us níght and mórníng?"  
 "Í don't knów; I néver sáw him —  
 Dón't care óne jackstráw abóut him.  
 Goód 's our místress, goód the plátter,  
 Goód the leáves, and goód the wáter,  
 Bút I knów no móre than thou dost  
 Óf the rábbít thát us áll made" —  
 "Shócking! shócking! Í 'll not héar it —  
 Óff! begóne, and bý thysélf live!  
 Néver móre from thé same plátter,  
 Únbeliéver, shált with mé eat."  
 Só said, thé beliéving rábbít  
 With a súdden leáp and báckward  
 Kíck of hís hind feét his cómrade  
 Ín the ríght eye strúck and blínded;  
 Ánd from thát day fórwárd éver  
 Wáging wár ágáinst each óther  
 Fróm two ópp'site gárret córners,  
 Líved in míserý those rábbíts.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 16, 1854.



BRAVO!

OF all the darling words I know  
There 's none I love so ás 'Bravó!'  
I never did nor will decline  
'Well done!' 'That 's good!' 'That 's very fine!'  
But to my heart if straight you 'd go  
You must cry out 'Bravó! Bravó!'  
You 're free to say: — "I don't like rhyme;"  
Plain trúth with mé was never crime,  
Nor háve I ever hoped to find  
Áll men to poetry inclined;  
So if you 're of a different grain,  
Téll me at once, and tell me plain;  
But dole not out your approbation —  
I spit upon a Poorhouse ration;  
My heart and soul are in my verse;  
Dóubled my life, while I rehearse;  
I stand no more on earth, I rise  
And soar in triumph to the skies;  
I 've left, I 've left the world below;  
I 've mingled with my verses' flow;  
Higher and higher stíll I go —  
Fóllow me with your loud 'Bravó!'

Composed during the night, in bed; TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN,  
Febr. 18 — 19, 1854.

"Sir, can you tell me what life is like?"

LIFE is like a river,  
Ever flowing onward;  
Life is like the deep sea,  
Often vexed by tempests;  
Life is like the blue sky,  
Often by clouds darkened;  
Life is like a high road,  
Where men travel daily;  
Life is like a great school,  
Where boys learn their lessons;  
Life is like a ladder,  
We go up and down it;  
Life is like a taper,  
Ever burning shorter;  
Life is like a treadmill,  
Where you labour ever;  
Life is like a long straw,  
Scarcely worth the pulling;  
Life is like a fever,  
Hot and cold alternate;  
Life is like a shadow,  
There 's no substance in it;  
Life is like an alehouse,  
Drink, and pay your réck'ning;  
Life is like a lawyer,  
Full of quirks and quiddets;  
Life is like a doctor,  
We are all its patients;

Life is like a lóttory,  
Full of blanks and prizes;  
Life is like a treasure,  
To be spent not squandered;  
Life is like a gréat stage,  
Tród by many actors;  
Life is like a marriage,  
Lasts until death freés you;  
Life is like a sáwpit,  
All can nót abóve be;  
Life is like a picture,  
Full of lights and shadows;  
Life is like a foótrace,  
When it lasts you lóse breath;  
Life is like a mádhuse,  
Many fools are in it;  
Life is like a supper,  
Eát, drink, and to béd go;  
Life is like a smithy,  
Hammer, hammer, hammer;  
Life is like a chéssboard,  
Many checks, then chéckmate;  
Life is like a cúckoo,  
Sings the same note ever;  
Life is like a rocket,  
Whizzes and then goés out;  
Life is like a gréat wood,  
Many paths are in it;  
Life is like a nósegay,  
Fresh a while, then withered;  
Life is like a póet,  
Full of whims and fancies;  
Life is like a spoíled child,  
Ever wanting sómething;

Life is like a swindler,  
Cheats all who put trust in 't;  
But of all things likest  
Life is to a bubble  
Which a child blows out of  
Soapsuds with a pipestalk,  
And which rainbow-colored,  
Graceful, light and handsome,  
Floats in th' air a moment,  
Then all of a sudden  
Bursts and to the ground falls  
A mere drop of soapsuds.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 3, 1854.

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"Praise, honor, power, and glory to his  
NAME for ever and ever, Amen."

GÓD, in his pity for the work of his hands,  
Came down from heaven, put on the human form,  
And went about among men doing good  
And working miracles. Men spat upon him,  
Tormented him to the uttermost, and killed him —  
Himself, their maker, the almighty Gód, killed;  
And, having killed him, fell down on their knees  
And of his NAME begged pardon, to his NAME  
Raised temples, to his NAME thanksgivings  
Loud and long sang and still sing; ever ready,  
In similar form should he appear again,  
Again in his own NAME to spit upon him,  
Tormént and put him to a cruel death.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 27, 1854.

## MY STEARINE CANDLES.

HE 's gone to bed at last, that flaring, glaring,  
Round, réd-faced, bold, monopolizing Sun,  
Ánd I may venture from their hiding-place  
To bring my pair of stearine candles forth  
And sét them, firmly stayed, upon my table,  
To illúminate and cheer my studious evening.  
Thou hast my praise, Prometheus, for thy theft,  
And, wére I to idolatry addicted,  
Shouldst be my God in preference to Buddh,  
Bráhma, or Thor, or Odin, or Jove's sélf.  
Hér of the olive branch I 'd hold to thee  
The next in honor, and before her shrine  
In gratitude would keep for ever burning  
A lamp of súch Athenian oil as Plato,  
Demosthenes, Pythagoras, and Solon  
Were wont in bed to réad by, after midnight.  
The third, last person of my Trinity  
Should bé th' inventor of the stearine candle;  
Hé that enabled me to sit, the long  
Midwinter nights, in study, by a light  
Which neither flickers nor offends the nostrils,  
Nór from the distance of a thousand miles,  
Or thousand years, or bóth perhaps, keeps ever  
Ánd anon calling me — like some bold child  
The mother's hand — to come and snuff and snub it;  
But steády, cleánly, bright and inodorous,  
Than tallow more humane, than wax less costly,  
Gives me just what I want, and asks back nothing.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 25, 1854.



## TURNING TABLES.

"Júst at this tíme last yeár, Lord! whát a rout  
Our tábles kicked up, túrning round about!  
What ails them, this yeár, that they stir no more  
Than if each foot were mortised to the floor?"

As thus one night in pensive mood I said  
Hálf to myself, as I undressed for bed,  
I thought, or dreamed, a table, that beside  
My bed was standing, in these words replied: —

"Sir, if you 'll condescend to hear a table,  
To solve that question I 'll perhaps be able."  
"Make no apologies," said I, "for who  
Áll about súch things knóws so wéll as you?"

"I thank you, Sir; and what I have to say  
Is simply this: — I look upon 't this way —  
Nóthing for ever lasts, but there 's no thing  
Hálf so shortlived as Participle Ing.

"The Bringing of last year is this year Brought,  
The Thinking of last year is this year Thought,  
The same it is with Brewing, Baking, Churning,  
I 'd like to know why not the same with Turning.

"Í, for my part, protest I cannot see  
Why lást year's Turning Tables should not be  
Túrned Tables this year." "Right, egad," said I,  
"And cleáred up, all at once, the mystery;

"The Turning of last year is turned to Turned,  
The Turning Tables turned to Tables Turned,  
Túrned on the Turners this year are the Tables,  
And lást year's histories turned to this year's fables."

So said, the table thanked, and round my head  
Securely bound my cap, I went to bed,  
And neither word said more nor heard, that night;  
Bút as a tóp slept sound till morning light.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 29, 1854.

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ÓNCE to his master said a youth: —  
"Whát is a myth, Sir? Ís 't plain truth  
Or is 't a lie?" "Don't bother me.  
For whát use is your diction'ry?"

The youth has taken his diction'ry,  
And turns it over patiently,  
Leáf after leáf — mythology,  
Religion, law, philosophy,  
Tradition, history, poetry,  
Phýsics and hieroglyphics, fable,  
Hell, purgatory, paradise, Babel,  
Mithra, Thor, Satan, Jove and Iris,  
Buddh, Vishnoo, Brahma and Osiris,  
Sámson, Goliah, Polyphemus,  
The wolf of Romulus and Remus,  
The rod of Aaron, the bush burning,  
Witchcraft, possession, tableturning,

Deucálion, Japhet, Cuman Sibyl,  
 Priest, prophet, oracle, ghost, saint, devil,  
 Apocrypha, Zend, Talmud, Edda,  
 Kóran, Purana, Schu-King, Veda —  
 In vain, in vain; it 's áll one haze,  
 Mist, darkness, labyrinthine maze,  
 One long inextricable riddle  
 Without beginning, end or middle;  
 At last the book before his eyes  
 Began to swim and thus he cries: —  
 "I can't tell what it 's all about;  
 Do hélp me, Sir, to make it out."

The master flew into a passion: —  
 "A myth, Sir, 's a creed out of fashion;  
 Now go, sit down again, and read  
 Your book, to find out what 's a creed."  
 "Thát much I think I guess." "Indeed!"  
 "A myth *in* fashion, Sir, 's a creed."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 28, 1854.

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## SOVEREIGN PEOPLE AND DIVINE RIGHT.

### SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.

Dówn! kiss the dust; thus on the nape of thy neck  
 I plant my iron heel, and thus I crush thee.

### DIVINE RIGHT.

Crúsh, and spare not; thy crushing with new vigor  
 Antéan fills me for my resurrection.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 3, 1854.

HIST! COME DOWN.

Híst! come down;

Ín the whole town

Nó one 's awake;

Clear and bright

Thé starlight;

Húsh, no noise make.

Nóthing fear,

Édward 's here,

The ladder tight;

Néar the ground;

Thé last round;

All right, all right.

Moúnt the steed;

Neéd of speed;

Thine árm round mé;

Sóft and slow

Fírst we 'll go,

Then bold and free.

Streét the last;

Tówngate passed;

Don't loók behind;

Swift with me

Ó'er the lea,

Swift as the wind.

Break of day;

Fár away

See those gray walls;

Mine those towers,

Mine those bowers,

And lofty halls.

Máin chime;

Ín good time

We 're át the gate;

Enter in

Hérzogín;

On theé all wait.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 3, 1854.

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### IRISH THUGS.

BÁRNEY, close behind the ditch down;

Nót a stír until I bíd you;

Hé 's too fár off yét entirely;

Point the múzzle, bút don't fire yet.

Whén you dó it, dó it coólly,

You are dóing Gód good sérvíce;

Nót a bít of dänger in it;

Nów he 's neárer; áre you réády?

Stáy; not yét — there 's sómé one cóming;

Fíre! he hás it — hów he júmped up!

Wé 've both hít him, bút he 's nótdéad —

Thrów the gún down; táke the hámmer.



Smásh his heáð into a jélly;  
Whó 'd have thought his skúll so hárd was?  
Húrry nóthing, nó one 's cóming;  
Róll him tó the ditch shough óver.

Thát 'll dó — give mé your coát now;  
Hére, take míne; and úp the loánin.  
Néver stóp till you 're past Biddy's.  
Áfter máss — in Býrne's — next Súnday.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

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BÚDDHA, thé humáne and kíndly,  
Ás he trávelled througħ a júngle,  
Cáme to whére lay strétched a tígress  
With her fóur cubs, weák and húngry.

Búddha with him you may guéss well  
Nó food hád to suít a tígress,  
Ánd the neárest hóuse was míles off,  
Ánd the tígress' cáse was úrgent.

Whát hadst thou done, géntle réáder,  
Hádst thou beén in his position?  
Áh! I dóubt not, léft the tígress  
With her cúbs to díe of húnger.

Ór hadst thou the nécessáry  
Cóurage hád, and múrderous weápons,  
Thou hadst sláin and óut of páin put  
Bóth the tígress ánd her fóur cubs.

Bút a different heáirt was Búddha's,  
Ánd his fálse relígon taúght him  
Sýmpathý with áll things líving,  
Ánd to dó good, tó his ówn loss.

Ánd he 'd álwáys beén accústomed  
Tó think húmbly óf his ówn self,  
Ánd did nót belíeve God's créatures  
Wére made sólely tó be mán's slaves.

Só he wént, and nót with Christian  
Vérbal sélf-humíliátion,  
Bút in fáct himsélf despísing,  
Ánd his féllow créature pítying,

Láid himsélf beside the tígress  
Ánd her fóur cubs, fór their súpper —  
Áll in váin! they 're too exháusted  
Tó lay fáng or cláw upón him.

Gét up, Búddha, ánd be óff fast;  
Thou hast dóne enóugh in cónscience;  
Cúrtius, Régulus ánd the Décii  
Áre but égotísts beside thee.

Dífferent Búddha's wáy of thínking:  
Fróm the gróund he pícks a shárp stone,  
Cúts his fínger ánd the bloód smears  
Ón the tígress's and cúbs' líps.

Néver tó tíred pílgím's párched mouth  
Dróp of wíne half só refréshing,  
Ás the táste of Búddha's wárm bloód  
Tó the fámlshed cúbs and tígress.

First they licked their lips, their ears cocked,  
And from sleep seemed as if waking,  
Languidly on Buddha's head then  
Laid one of the cubs his forepaws.

Buddha's pity 's not away thrown;  
Taste of blood 's elixir vitae  
For your Bluecoat and your Redcoat,  
Why not for your jungle tigress?

With returning strength and fierceness  
Fell the tigress and her four cubs  
On the meal by Providence sent them,  
And no bone left of kind Buddha.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 9, 1854.

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### *O ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ.*

IN my well bolstered study chair as once  
In busy idleness I sat, reflecting  
On human vanity, there came a thought  
With such a lively motion 'cross my brain,  
That from my seat I started and cried out,  
Though there was no one within call or hearing: —  
“I 'll do it and begin this very moment.  
What though I 'm inexperienced, and before  
Have never anything of a similar kind  
Attempted, there 's a charm in novelty  
That recompenses labor, failure, blunders;  
Better and nobler even the abortive effort  
Than sheer do-nothing, mere passivity,

Dull vegetation in my elbow chair." So saying I rang the bell, and bade my servant  
 Bring me a billet of wood out of the cellar,  
 And a sharp knife, back-saw, and whetting stone,  
 Oil and a chisel, and should any one  
 Ask for me, enjoined him strictly he should answer  
 That I was sick, busy, or dead, and could not,  
 Would not, and at the peril of his place  
 Should not be interrupted: — "For I was" —  
 But here my prudence interposing cried: —  
 "Silence!" and with my hand I motioned him  
 Out of the room, and straightway fell to work.  
 And, first, of all the unsightly prominences  
 And residue of bark I cleared the billet,  
 And, having satisfied myself that sound  
 And suited for my purpose was the wood,  
 Drew with the point of my knife a circle round it,  
 Nearer so much to one end than the other,  
 That one end for the head, the other end  
 Might for the trunk serve and extremities  
 Of the doll whose image, sketch or prototype  
 Had for some days, weeks, months past, like a ghost,  
 Haunted me day and night, sleeping and waking.  
 The circle then with my knife's edge I notched,  
 Deepened and widened, and by slow degrees  
 Fashioned into a neck not utterly  
 Inelegant or shapeless; next the corners  
 So pared and rounded of the shorter end,  
 That underneath my diligent hand I soon  
 Began to see a head growing apace,  
 With nose, ears, cheekbones, brow, and underjaw,  
 And on the skull sufficient prominences,  
 Moral and intellectual, to fill  
 The heart of a phrenologist with rapture.

A transverse slit the mouth made, and for sockets  
 The eyes had two holes burnt out with the red hot  
 Point of an old, attenuated poker;  
 Two kidney-beans, stripped of their shells and rounded,  
 Did very well for eyeballs, and had each  
 A pupil in a jet-black miniature wafer.  
 The seat of reason and expression thus  
 Completed happily, I had less care  
 About the more ignoble parts; a few  
 Bold, rough and rapid strokes turned all below  
 The neck into the taper trunk of a *Hérmes*;  
 Inscribed on which with eager, trembling hand  
*ΑΥΤΟΣ ΕΗΘΙΕΙ* and the poet's name,  
 I sat me down to admire and contemplate  
 My handywork, and had perhaps till now  
 Continued sitting, and admiring still,  
 Had not a gentle tap come to the door,  
 And, peeping in, my servant: — "Please, Sir — morning;  
 And breakfast more than two hours on the table."

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 7, 1854.

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PERPETUALLY successive, in the gross  
 Material circumambient atmosphere,  
 The light of day, the darkness of the night;  
 Perpetually alternate, in the fine  
 Rarefied ether of the sentient spirit,  
 Joy's radiant brightness and the shade of sorrow.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.



LÓVELY 'tís indeéd, this gárden  
With its áppletreés and róses,  
Túlíp béds and stráwberry blóssoms —  
Bút it is not Émma's gárden.

Smoóth and neát these grávelled wálks are,  
Ánd not bý one weéd disfigured —  
Bút they 're nót the wálks in which I  
Úsed to stróll all dáy with Émma.

Sweetly óut of yónder thórbush  
Thrills the bláckbird's évening whistle —  
Bút it 's nót the évening bláckbird  
Whistling únder Émma's window.

•Cheérful peéps that whitewashed cóttage  
Througħ the lilac ánd labúrnum —  
Bút no Émma 's lístening in it  
Fór my foótstep át the háll door.

Whitewashed cóttage, thrílling bláckbird,  
Grávelled wálks, and stráwberry blóssoms,  
Yé are tó be hád in thousánds —  
Bút I ónly knów *one* Émma.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, May 10, 1854.

WOLFWOLF.

A húndred thousand yeárs ere  
    Ádam was made, or Eve,  
Sir Wólf was this world's máster,  
    I 've héárd and dó beliévé.

“We dón't care fór those óld saws;  
    Lét us have something nów;  
What 's háppened so mány yeárs since,  
    Who knóws if it be trúé?”

I bég your pardon húmbly;  
    Áge is best guaranteé  
For the trúth of many a stóry;  
    So lísten, pray, to mé.

A húndred thousand yeárs ere  
    Ádam and Eve were born,  
Ór the far-famous six days  
    Cóunted up even and morn;

Befóre the Irish fórests  
    Were túrned into black bóg;  
Befóre the realms of Frógdóm  
    Were góverned by king Lóg;

Before the chalk depósitos,  
Before the sands of góld,  
While yet about the fixed earth  
The sún and planets rólled;

I 've heárd, and dó belíeve it,  
Wólves were as numerous thén,  
And líved in the same mánner  
As nów-a-days live mén.

They hád their town and cóuntry,  
They hád poor, rich, wise, greát;  
They hád King, Lords and Cómmons,  
They hád the Fourth Estáte.

Their Kíngs derived their tíles  
Fróm a great wolf above,  
Greáter than Buddh or Bráhma,  
Than Ódin, Thor or Jove.

They hád their courts of jústice,  
And of injustice toó,  
And préyed upon each óther  
As mén at present dó.

They hád their trade and cómmerce,  
Exchánges and townhálls,  
And flírted with fair wólflins  
At óperas and bálls.

They hád their soldiers, sailors,  
And greát ships of the líne,  
Their Cóngreve rockets, cánnon,  
And Minie rifles fine;

And júst as unconcernedly  
Would cút each other's throáts  
As if they Mussulmén were  
Or Christians in red coáts.

“And whát did those wolves fight for?  
If we may be so bóld” —  
If you hád not interrúpted,  
It had beén already tóld.

Sometimes they fought for hórner,  
Sometimes they fought for spite,  
And sómetimes — would you think it? —  
For a bit of lamb they 'd fight.

But whát they oftenest fought for,  
All chrónicles decláre,  
Was whether red or yellow  
Wás the great Wólfwolf's hair.

Sometimes the Reddites cónquered,  
Sometimes the Yellowites —  
Ah, many and many a bráve wolf  
Fell in those bloody fights!

“Hów was the question settled?  
It 's thát we 'd like to knów;  
They 'd surely time to settler it,  
It háppen'd so long ago.”

Whenéver the Reddites cónquered,  
Wolfwólf, as it is said,  
Grew red, all of a súdden,  
And still continued red

Until such time as victory  
For the Yéllowites declared,  
And thén as 'twere by miracle  
Wolfwólf grew yellowhaired.

“How wás the question settled?  
We wónt bear this suspense;  
It 's not to be believed but  
At lást they learned some sense.”

At lást to armistices  
And prótocols they cáme,  
And dréw up a convénion  
And úndersigned the sáme,

To thé effect that thénceforth  
Wolfwólf from tail to head  
On óne side should be yéllow  
And ón the other réd.

“We 're really quite delighted  
There 's an énd to the dispute;  
There 's sómething very húman  
In that ferocious brute.”

Unlúckily howéver  
Not óne word had been said  
Which side should be the yéllow  
Or which should be the red;

So ón the morning áfter  
The peáce was ratified  
They fóught another báttle  
The nów point to decide;



Neither would take the léft side,  
And bóth would have the right,  
And só they slew each óther  
From mórning until night.

“But whát was Wólfwolf dóing  
While théy were fighting so?  
We ’re cúrious upon thát point;  
Do téll us if you know.”

Wolfwólf — you need not dóubt it —  
Had quíte enough to do,  
Striving to please both párties  
And always changing hue.

“But whát did it all cóme to,  
For súde it had some énd?  
Whích of them got the right side?  
Do téll us that, good friend.”

As thús both parties brávely  
Contéded for the right,  
And sléw each other nóbly  
In fáir and open fight,

Anóther party, slily  
Fórming itself by night,  
Came dówn on the bellígerants  
With óverwhelming might,

And right and left both Réddites  
And Yéllowites hewed down,  
Crýing: — ‘Up with the Brównites!  
Wolfwólf was ever brown.’

“And whát then did Wólfwólf do?  
He couldn't, sure, forsake  
The friénnds that had bled fór him,  
Ór a new color take.”

Again I beg your párdon;  
True tó his policy,  
Wólfwólf with victory sided,  
And chócolate brown was hé;  
And Yéllowites and Réddites  
Were húnted up and down  
And cáptured on search warrants  
Cóuntersigned: Wólfwolf brown;  
And sóme on Wheels were broken,  
And sóme burned at the stake;  
The rést flayed, hanged or shót were;  
Áll for brown Wólfwolf's sake;  
And néver from that dáy forth,  
As hístories declare,  
Had Wólfwolf even so mÚch as  
One réd or yellow hair.  
“We thánk you for your stóry,  
And óne and all agree —  
If éver there was a villain,  
Wólfwólf was surely he.”

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, April 2, 1854.

## MY DREAM IN BETHEL.

LAST night, methought, I fell asleep in Bethel,  
And saw a ladder reaching to the clouds,  
And on its rounds the poets of the world  
Toward heaven ascending, each with golden harp  
Or lyre in hand, and crown upon his head,  
And flowing raiment of pure, dazzling white;  
And on the lowest round I saw my shadow;  
And, all about, the nations of the earth  
Stoód looking on and cheering; and behold,  
As higher still and higher on the ladder  
The poets mounted with their harps and lyres,  
Mý shadow mounted nót, but stood stock still  
Upon the lówest round, till all the crowds,  
That round the ladder's foot were gathered, vanished,  
And óther crowds came with new, strange hurrahs,  
When suddenly my shadow grew gigantic  
And, spreading out a pair of hüge wings, soared  
Above the ladder and all those upon it  
Ínto the clouds, which opened and I saw  
My shadow light upon the highest of two  
Bright, snowy, mountain pinnacles that peered  
Abóve the clouds into the clear blue ether —  
Whereát with a loud cry of joy I woke.

TROMPETER-SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, March 15, 1854.

# D I A L O G U E

BETWEEN

A STETHOSCOPIST AND AN UNBORN CHILD.





# DI A L O G U E

BETWEEN

A STETHOSCOPIST AND AN UNBORN CHILD.

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STETHOSCOPIST (*applying the Stethoscope*). Holla! any one there?  
CHILD (*within*). Who calls?

S. A friend.

C. Let me alone; what do you want?

S. The time 's come; all 's ready.

C. What time 's come? what 's all ready?

S. Warm water, clothes, and nurse.

C. What warm water? what clothes? what nurse?

S. Warm water to wash you, clothes to dress you, nurse to suckle you.

C. Don't want any of them — wont have any of them.

S. You must have them; you can't do without them.

C. I can, and I will; let me alone.

S. I wont let you alone, you must come — you must have them.

C. I say I wont. Who are you at all? or what have you to do with me?

S. I 'm the Doctor.

C. Who 's the Doctor? what 's the Doctor for?

S. To take care of you — to do you good.

C. I don't want any care; I don't want any good. I'm well enough as I am.

S. Come; you shall and must.

C. I wont; where do you want me to go? what do you want me to do? let me alone.

S. I want you to come here — to come to me.

C. Where are you?

S. Here.

C. Where?

S. Here.

C. Where 's here?

S. Here.

C. Go away; let me alone.

S. Come, I say.

C. I wont.

S. You must.

C. You 'll do something to me if I go.

S. Never mind, but come.

C. Tell me first will anything be done to me if I go.

S. Yes, you 'll be washed.

C. What 'll I be washed for?

S. To make you clean.

C. I 'm clean enough — let me alone. If I go, is that all will be done to me?

S. No; after you 're washed you 'll be dressed — the clothes will be put on you.

C. What for?

S. To keep the cold from you.

C. Then it 's cold where you are?

S. Yes.

C. I wont go.

S. You must.

C. I wont go where it 's cold.

S. You wont feel the cold once the clothes are on you.

C. Well, is that all? will it do when I've got the clothes on me?

S. No, you must get suck.

C. What 's suck for?

S. To keep you from growing sick, and dying.

C. What 's growing sick, and dying?

S. You can't understand that yet.

C. Well then, when I'm washed and get on the clothes, and take the suck, is that all?

S. No; that 's only the beginning; after that you must get medicine.

C. What 's that?

S. Something to keep you from growing sick, and dying.

C. Then it 's the same as suck?

S. Not quite, but for the same purpose.

C. I wont go. It 's a bad place you 're in.

S. Good or bad, you must come.

C. Well, is there any thing else after the medicine, or is it the last?

S. Then the clothes are to be taken off you, and you are to be washed again.

C. And that 's all?

S. No; then the clothes will be put on you again, and you 'll get suck again, and then —

C. I tell you I wont go at all; let me alone; I wont talk to you any more.

S. Make haste.

*No answer.*

S. Make haste, I say.

*No answer.*

S. Holla! holla!

C. Let me alone; go out of that.

S. Are you coming?

C. No; would you have me go to where it 's cold, and where I must be washed twice, and put on clothes twice, and take suck twice, and medicine twice?

S. Like it or not it 's all one — come you must.

C. Well if you promise me that I 'll have to do all you say only twice —

S. I 'll make no promises — I 'd be sorry to deceive you.

C. Must I do it all more than twice?

S. Yes; very often — over and over again.

C. How often?

S. I don't know; very, very often. You 'll be always doing some one or other of these things, or having some one or other of these things done to you, or if not exactly one of these things, something pretty much the same.

C. How often in all do you think?

S. I really can't say how often; almost always until you die.

C. Die! I thought you said doing these things would keep me from dying.

S. Yes, for a little while, but not always.

C. How long?

S. I really can't say. You 'will die immediately if you don't do them; and not quite so soon if you do.

C. Then if I go, I think I wont do them at all. Better die a little sooner and save all the trouble.

S. You would not say that, if you knew what a terrible thing death is.

C. Go away; it 's very bad of you to want me to go to a place where there must be always something doing to me to keep me from dying, and where nothing will keep me long from it. I wonder you would ask me to go to such a place at all.

S. Staying where you are wont save you; you 'll die equally whether you stay there or come here.

C. Then I 'll stay here, where there 's nothing to be done to me, rather than go to you where there 's so much to be done to me to so little purpose.

S. But it makes a great difference whether you die where you are or here.



C. Why, what difference does it make? Didn't you say it was a terrible thing to die where you are? what worse can it be to die here?

S. A great deal worse — no comparison worse.

C. How 's that? I don't understand that; it 's dying in both cases; where you are, after much trouble and doing all manner of things to keep yourself from dying, and here, after no trouble at all.

S. Poor innocent child, how little you know about it! I pity you.

C. Do you know I think I 'd begin to like you if you wouldn't frighten me so. I 'd never have known any thing about dying if you hadn't told me — but what 's the difference between dying here and where you are? it 's dying, after all.

S. The difference is this: if you die where you are, you 'll remain dead for ever; if you die here, you 'll be made alive again, and never die any more.

C. Then my mind 's made up to staying and dying here. Alive, and dead, and then alive again, seems to me a very clumsy round-about way; once dead, I think one may as well remain dead, and no more about it; especially if the life one is to have after being made alive again, is anything like the life you say you have where you are.

S. I shudder when I hear you talk so. It is an awful thing to die and remain dead for ever.

C. As to the dying, you have it equally whether you remain dead or are made alive again; and as to the remaining dead, who knows but if I were made alive again I would come in for as bad a life as you say you have where you are.

S. It would be either a great deal better or a great deal worse than this; certainly not the same — not like this at all.

C. Would it be like what I have here?

S. No, not at all — quite different.

C. Then how do I know that I would like it?



S. If you happened upon the one that is worse than this, you certainly would not like it, for it is made on purpose that you should not; but if you happened upon the other, it is equally certain that you would like it, for it is made on purpose that you should.

C. And which would I be most likely to happen on?

S. Why, to tell you the truth, you would be beyond all comparison most likely to happen on the one you wouldn't like.

C. What are the odds?

S. I don't know precisely; some say a thousand to one, some say a hundred thousand to one, some a million to one.

C. I believe you take me for a fool.

S. Why?

C. To suppose I would think for a minute of running such a chance. But stay — would I be let come back again if I didn't like that second life?

S. No; never.

C. And I must always stay in it no matter how much I disliked it?

S. Yes; for ever and ever and ever without end.

C. And do you really think me such a fool? No; if I must die I 'll stay and die here, where I am sure of not being made alive again. I 'll run none of your chances.

S. By doing so you lose all chance; not only the chance of the bad life, but the chance of the good one also.

C. How do I know I would like the good life, as you call it, even if I was so lucky as to get it? maybe I mightn't think it good at all; and even if I should find it as good as you say, I wouldn't like to go and live where you are, in order to get it; it is a shocking idea to me, to go where I must be always washing, and putting on and off clothes, and taking suck and medicine, and then, after all, dying, and being made alive again with nine hundred and ninety nine chances in a thousand that I would get a life made purposely to be disagreeable to

me and in which I must stay and live for ever, and only one chance in a thousand of my getting a life intended to be agreeable to me, and if I should be so fortunate as to hit upon that thousandth or hundred thousandth or millionth chance, finding after all that it was the very kind of life that above all others I hated.

S. I say again you don't know what an awful thing it is to remain dead for ever.

C. How do you know better than I? Were you ever dead for ever?

S. No; certainly not.

C. Then how do you know it's such a terrible thing?

S. Why really I don't know from experience, but I guess it is so.

C. Then it's nothing but a guess you're making all this work about. Can you tell me what being dead for ever and never made alive again is like?

S. No, I cannot.

C. And yet it's so awful? It's being made alive again should be awful to you, and not being let remain dead.

S. Why?

C. Because the second life must be at least something like the first else it wouldn't be life at all, and the first according to your own account of it is awful enough.

S. I have just thought of something that being dead for ever is like.

C. Well, let's hear.

S. Why, I should think it's very like the state we were in during the past Ever.

C. What state's that?

S. The state of not being at all — the state of nothing, or nothingness.

C. Well, at all events there's nothing bad in nothing — neither good nor bad; it's sheer nothing, and therefore neither bad nor awful.

S. I see there 's no use in arguing with you.

C. Not a bit, unless you argue better than you have done yet. Every word you have said has only made me more determined to stay where I am.

S. I wanted to persuade you to agree to what you couldn't help — to do willingly what you must do whether you will or no.

C. You have just produced the opposite effect.

S. Well, I must say I rejoice that it does not depend on your will; that you will be forced to your good.

C. It 's a sad condition to be forced to do what you think good, and I think bad. Would you like to be forced to do what I think good, and you think bad?

S. No matter whether I would like it or not, it 's the very condition in which you are.

C. Alas! Alas! what a sad condition! well at all events I 'll stay here till I 'm forced.

S. If you only knew what a fine thing is to happen to you on the road, you 'd be in a hurry to come at once — you 'd think you never could be here soon enough.

C. Hah! hah! hah!

S. What makes you laugh?

C. I 'm laughing at yourself. When you find you can't frighten me into what you want, you think you 'll try what coaxing and cajoling will do. Go on; what fine thing 's to happen me?

S. On the way between where you are and where I am, you 're to get a soul.

C. A soul! what 's that?

S. I can't describe it to you better then by saying it 's a soul, a spirit.

C. At least you can tell me what it 's like.

S. No, I can't.

C. Did you ever see one?

S. No, I never did.

C. Did you ever feel one?

- S. No, never.
- C. Ever taste, or smell, or hear one?
- S. No.
- C. Have you one yourself?
- S. Yes.
- C. Have you it long?
- S. Yes; as long as I can remember.
- C. Then surely you must have either seen or felt or tasted or smelled or heard it before this.
- S. No.
- C. Then how do you know you have it?
- No answer.*
- C. What use is it to you?
- No answer.*
- C. Where did you get it?
- S. On the way between where you are and where I am.
- C. Then you were once here?
- S. Not exactly there, but in a precisely similar place.
- C. And were forced out of it as I am to be forced out of this?
- S. Yes.
- C. And got the soul on the way?
- S. Yes.
- C. Whereabouts on the way did you get it?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Was it near here or near there?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Was it waiting for you, or was it coming to meet you?
- S. I don't know.
- C. Where was it before you got it?
- S. I don't know.
- C. What did you do with it when you got it?
- S. Nothing.
- C. But you're quite sure you got it?
- S. Yes, perfectly sure.



C. And have it still?

S. Yes.

C. Where?

S. I don't know.

C. Was there warm water and clothes and suck and medicine waiting for you too?

S. Yes.

C. Maybe the soul was in some of them.

S. No; I got it first.

C. Between the place you were forced out of, and the first washing?

S. Yes.

C. Was it far between?

S. No, quite close.

C. That was lucky; you hadn't to go far looking about for it.

S. No; I hadn't to look for it; I didn't know any thing about it at all.

C. Then nobody had told you about it, as you have told me?

S. No; I was forced out at once without any notice.

C. My obligation to you 's the greater.

S. I beg you 'll not mention it.

C. It 's well you got it at all, as you weren't expecting it, didn't know anything about it, and couldn't either have seen or felt it, if you had; I suppose it knew about you.

S. I think it must, else how so exactly hit the nick of time?

C. Wouldn't it have done equally well a little later — suppose after your first being washed and dressed and getting suck and medicine?

S. No; not by any means as well.

C. Why?

S. I might have died in the interval, and then what would have become of me?

C. You needn't ask me; it 's I should ask you; tell me what would have become of you in that case.

S. I should have remained dead for ever.



C. Now I begin to understand you; it's by means of this soul you get the second life. Am I right?

S. Perfectly; the soul is immortal, never dies.

C. Then the soul has only one life; what never dies can't have two lives, unless it has them both together.

S. Certainly.

C. But you die, don't you?

S. Yes, to be sure.

C. And are made alive again?

S. Yes.

C. Then while you're dead what becomes of the soul that never dies?

S. I never thought of that.

C. Well, no matter about that; I suppose it will be taken care of, as it was before you got it.

S. I have no doubt of it.

C. It will be kept for you and you'll get it again when you're made alive the second time, just as you got it when you were made alive the first time?

S. I suppose so; there can indeed be no doubt of it.

C. Then after all it's not by means of the soul you get the second life, any more than it's by means of the soul you get the first life; on the contrary you get the soul after you have already got the second life, just as you get the soul after you have already got the first life. If I'm not right I hope you'll correct me.

S. You must be right, for it's certain I die, and it's equally certain the soul never dies.

C. Then the way is really this: First you're made alive, as I am now, without any soul; then you go from where I am to where you are, and on the way you get the soul; then you die, and, as the soul never dies, it leaves you and you are without a soul again; then you are made alive again, and then finally you get the soul again.

S. Just so; I think that is a very clear account of the matter.

C. You 're made alive first each time, and get the soul after; and the first time you get the soul it doesn't hinder you from dying, but the second time it does.

S. Yes.

C. It 's a pity it hasn't the virtue the first time you get it.

S. Aye, that it is! then we 'd have no dying at all; that indeed would be the fine thing!

C. I don't mean that it would be better there should be no dying — unless indeed one would be allowed to stay always where I am at present — but as you tell me that can't be, and that I must go to where you are whether I like it or not, then I think it 's better there should be dying, provided only that dying was final and would put an end to your trouble; but as you inform me again that it 's not final and will not put an end to your trouble, but rather be the beginning of it, and that after being dead for a while, you are to be made alive again, and live on for ever, just as if you had never been dead, then I think it better to have no dying, at all, for what is it but mere lost trouble — sheer bad management — bother for nothing? — Stay, what 's that pulling me? Is that the soul? am I getting the soul now?

S. As there 's no use in talking to you —

C. Oh! oh! oh! don't pull me so hard.

S. Come along — this way — come along —

C. Oh! oh! oh!

S. Come along, I say — come along, my little philosopher — come along —

TROMPETER - SCHLÖSSCHEN, DRESDEN, February 4, 1854.



1. The first of these is the fact that the  
the world is a very different place  
than it was in the past. The world  
is now a very different place than it  
was in the past.

2. The second of these is the fact that  
the world is a very different place  
than it was in the past. The world  
is now a very different place than it  
was in the past.

3. The third of these is the fact that  
the world is a very different place  
than it was in the past. The world  
is now a very different place than it  
was in the past.

4. The fourth of these is the fact that  
the world is a very different place  
than it was in the past. The world  
is now a very different place than it  
was in the past.







